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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



1231 "Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt SOBULES, unanimique PATRES."

VOLUME TWELFTH.



NEW HAVEN:

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VOL. XII.

No. I.

THE

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CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"This most graceful volume contains the most  
valuable papers, and is a gem."

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THE  
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VOL. XII.

NOVEMBER, 1846.

No. 1.

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THE TENDENCY OF CONSERVATISM.

"It cannot be too often repeated, line upon line, and precept upon precept, until it comes into the currency of a proverb, *To innovate is not to reform.*"—BURKE.

THE strong propensity to theorize, which has ever been the characteristic of philosophers, is sometimes productive of the most injurious results. Especially is this the case where the meditations of the theorist are directed to the particular consequences of actions, rather than to their remote and general results.

It may be said that the truly contemplative mind is accustomed to take large views of things; that while it examines the individual parts, it still observes their connection with each other, and their relation to the whole; that it deduces conclusions not from hasty glances at trivial and unimportant circumstances, but from calm and deliberate views of the general tendency of events. This may indeed be true, but the generality of theorists, at least in this age of systems, not unfrequently assume false grounds of reasoning, and too often deduce from them the most unwarrantable conclusions. Hence it is, that in the opinions even of vigorous and clear-sighted reasoners, there exists so great a discrepancy; hence it is, that the various theories and systems, and reform projects, the moral and political dogmas, to which casuists are constantly giving birth, are so different and so contradictory.

From the evils which exist in society, viz., the prevalence of vice and crime, the ascendancy of ungoverned passions, the quarrels of individuals, and the wars of nations, one philosopher argues that man is a loser by association with his kind; that he is actually a sufferer from the effects of commerce, education, government, law, in short, from all civil and social institutions. From the same data another reasons that the defect is not radical, and does not consist in the nature of society, but only in its organization; that by the adoption of certain new principles a complete change may be effected in the character of man; that in consequence of this change, all uncharitableness will cease, all pride, passion, prejudice, terminate. Both reason from fallacies. The former forgets that the beneficial effects of association greatly prepon-

derate over the evils which it occasions, and rejects essential good for accidental evil. The latter advocates a mere hypothesis, which is but the offspring of an enthusiastic and excited imagination. The fact is, in the zeal for reform which characterizes almost every age, in the strong perception of existing evils and the desire to see those evils eradicated even at the expense of the good which accompanies them, men forget to revert to first principles for instruction, and, guided only by rashness, they rush into revolutions which at one time eventuate in the extravagances of democracy, at another, in the oppressions of despotism.

A glance at history is all that is requisite for a confirmation of the truth of these remarks. Such a glance will inevitably show that "Liberty is a plant of slow growth, difficult of maintenance, and of speedy decay." For history affords numerous instances of nations arriving at a comparative degree of civil freedom, only to be corrupted by the prevalence of error and vice, and then to lose, by violent political convulsion, whatever they had gained by a long course of strict adherence to principles of moderation. The prosperity of nations is accounted for in part by supposing them to be governed at first by principles carefully deduced both from the history of the past and the events of the present; principles universal in their application, and just in all the currents and changes of human affairs. Their subsequent decline and adversity is often owing to their neglect of those principles, and to the adoption of those which are formed from a narrow instead of an extended survey, and which are consequently applicable only to particular circumstances and on particular occasions.

In the present age, when the disposition to theorize above alluded to is so plainly apparent, when systems of education, and morality, and political economy, are so rapidly brought into existence and promulgated in such quick succession; when the love of novelty and the inordinate craving for excitement, to which all men are prone, is giving vent to itself in schemes involving the most treasonable doctrines with the grossest absurdities, it is evidently incumbent upon all those who prefer liberty to libertinism, to separate themselves from the influences of party spirit, and to rise above the turbulent contests of the time; to investigate the causes to which these strange revulsions of public feeling are owing, to eradicate these causes when discovered, and to infuse in their stead that *spirit of conservation* which is the true source of public strength; which, while it restrains political rashness, gives activity and force to the whole system on which government depends.

This point cannot be too forcibly impressed. In the wide extension of commerce, in the establishment of the useful arts, and amid the spread of intelligence and education, it is natural to suppose that the public welfare is, in a great measure, attributable to these circumstances. Reflection, however, will show that they are rather the effects than the causes of national prosperity. Commerce can only be carried on by a country in which *property is secure*; in which the possession of his own house, his own land, and the product of his own labor, is guaranteed to every individual by the strong arm of the law; in which one



man cannot deprive another of the well-earned fruit of his industry, merely because the former needs it more than the latter. The same is true of arts and manufactures; and the cause of education cannot progress where freedom of thought and opinion are prohibited, where the liberty of the press is shackled, or where there are any restrictions upon the means of communicating intelligence. For the pursuance of all these objects, the acknowledgment and preservation of man's *\*natural* rights are also requisite. We have then these elements of national welfare, viz;—security of life and property, freedom of opinion, liberty of the press. The government of which these are the characteristics is a good one, whatever be its form or mode of operation. It will be seen, at once, however, that it is no easy task to reconcile perfect freedom of opinion with a complete security of life and property. Man is by nature neither benevolent nor philanthropic; his disposition is rather to do “evil, only evil, and that continually.” Moreover, the temptations to evil are powerful, and its apparent advantages are immediate. The prospect of immediate gratification is ever a stronger inducement to action than considerations of remote advantage. Hence envy and jealousy are fruitful sources of civil commotion; and when these feelings pervade the mass, when to dissatisfaction with their own condition is added that general passion for change which has in all ages proved so destructive; when cupidity and avarice, and a thirst for power, are kindled within their breasts, it generally happens that violence ensues—violence which results in bloodshed and devastation.

“—the circling hunt of noisy men  
Burst law's enclosures; leap the bounds of right,  
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey.”

Here, then, it is, that Conservatism is needed, here that its effect is most beneficial, that its influence is most widely felt. In the strife of faction, when men demand the overthrow of cherished institutions, the removal of old forms and usages, the establishment of new and dangerous precedents, its power is happily exercised. It acts as a drawback upon rashness and imprudence. It restrains the force of popular zeal. It allows the removal of what is useless or injurious, yet it prevents the destruction of what is vigorous and sound. It does not forbid all changes and reformatations; it encourages them when they are needed, and is their only competent guide. But it forbids the inroads of misguided violence, and withholds the hand that would tear down the tower, to strip off the ivy which clusters around it. It is the essential requisite of a well-balanced government, and should ever be brought into action when a tendency towards radicalism is displayed.

It will be no difficult matter to show that there is a restlessness abroad in the public mind, that there is prevalent a growing dissatisfaction with existing forms and institutions. Indeed, every one who is at all familiar with the events which are transpiring around him, must

have noticed the progress which this feeling is making. It is not, like the workings of a secret conspiracy, confined to the minds of a few daring and desperate spirits. It pervades all ranks, both rich and poor, influencing alike those who revel in purple, those who riot in rags. Nor is it confined to any particular country or section of country. Wherever public opinion has any strong hold upon the administration of government; wherever public opinion is capable of being acted upon and influenced by the clamorous voices of designing politicians, there never have been, and never will be wanting, those whose object and whose interest it is to stir up the sparks of incipient discontent, and, by a pretended zeal for the welfare of the people, to fan the flame of civil discord till it threaten the conflagration of civil freedom.

This is the case even in European states, where the people are removed from any direct and immediate participation in the exercise of power. They feel a desire to be something they are not, to have something they have not, and without rightly considering the nature of the evils under which they labor, or the proper means of delivery from them, they rashly embrace the projects of aspiring but misguided spirits, and rise only to be crushed more deeply than before. Such has been the nature of almost every European revolution on record; and such must inevitably be the nature and the fate of every revolution which is not undertaken on mature deliberation, in opposition to what is radically wrong; which is not carried on with moderation and with a sense of its absolute necessity.

In our own land, where there is no restraint upon the expression of opinion; where every one is expected to think for himself upon subjects of this nature; where every idler who is too lazy to engage in business for himself must needs become a street Cicero, and interfere in the business of the republic—business too, which requires the careful and profound attention of statesmen and diplomatists—it is hardly to be expected that all should be free from the wild effects of contending passions; and hence it is that we hear so frequently raised the voices of popular demagogues, crying at one time for retrenchment and reform, at another for lavish expenditures on particular objects; at one moment inveighing against the author of a public measure with all the rancor, and virulence, and venom of party strife; the next, with strange inconsistency, eulogizing him as the embodiment of patriotism;—as though they, in their ignorance, knew aught of all the secret springs of action, all the well-balanced interests, “wheels within wheels,” which move the complicated machine of civil government! Miserable, indeed, is the condition of that people which is guided by such wretched advisers.

With no idea of the true spirit of liberty, no notion of its mode of action or of the means of its preservation among themselves, they mistake lawlessness for freedom, and regard justice as tyranny; impatient of the authority which themselves have sanctioned, they trample upon all tokens of restraint, and making themselves the receptacle of supreme power, they proceed to the execution of their own will, uncontrollable because irresponsible, “in their zeal for the goddess, adoring

but the idol." There are those now living who well remember the events of those terrible THREE DAYS in France, and all may learn from their history that power suddenly consigned to the multitude always vents itself in blood-thirsty persecution.

There seems to be, in some portions of our community, a strong tendency towards the incipient stages of such a condition of affairs. Not that this tendency exhibits itself in the agitation of those great political questions, which from time to time are discussed in our national councils. It is well that these questions should be agitated—well that the mass of the people should become acquainted with subjects of such vital importance, so far as the nature of the case will allow ; yet it must be remembered that these subjects involve a thousand considerations which would never occur to any but those well versed in affairs of state ; and it will consequently be seen that when the ignorant and illiterate set themselves up as oracles of wisdom, professing to know more than those who have made legislation their study, vituperation and abuse will usurp the place of argument, and the want of reason will be amply compensated by the abundance of acrimony. It is a question of some importance where all this hostility is at last to end, and the eye that descries danger in the rising storm is at least not deserving of ridicule.

At all events, no harm can arise from an investigation of the sources from which evil is apprehended. If the apprehension is unfounded, no one can object to the inquiry ; if there is reason for it, it will thus be discovered, and a knowledge of the reason may suggest a remedy. Independently, then, of the great political considerations which have already been alluded to, there are other circumstances which may well excite the anxiety and indignation of the peaceably disposed—circumstances which, from their mischievous tendency, call for the speedy exercise of a spirit of conservation.

There is in every community a certain class of men whose delight it is to foment subjects of discontent. The sole object of their efforts is personal aggrandizement ; the pretext which they use is a zeal for the populace. Not inaptly termed "levelers," they would do away with all those distinctions of honor and of office which superiority of industry or of intellect confers upon different individuals. In the place of those who occupy honorable stations, acquired by patriotic exertions, and maintained by the fruits of honest industry, they would exalt the votaries of meanness, poverty and ignorance. Exclaiming against the luxury, prodigality and licentiousness of the opulent, they would exasperate the poor against the rich—the employed against the employer. Infusing into the minds of their followers a hatred of all the natural forms of society, and a thorough contempt for the maxims of human experience, they would imbue them with principles, the direct tendency of which is corruption, spoliation, universal plunder. They are well aware, too, of the ruinous condition to which they would reduce society. If not, they are incapacitated from seeing it solely by the blind frenzy of ambition. Most of them are *deliberate* villains—calculating calmly and coolly on the result of their iniquitous measures, and carry-

ing them out with a subtlety and careful discrimination that would do honor to a better cause. The passions of the multitude are the engine which is to work their exaltation; and having called into action all the motives which usually influence men to deeds of crime, such as cupidity, avarice, unbounded licentiousness, they would let loose this wild array upon the advocates of law and order, thus kindling a strife which cannot eventuate in the prosperity of any one—a strife of Agrarianism, which a long experience has shown to be the most disastrous of all civil conflicts; from which no result can be expected save massacre and confiscation—the natural results of the *despotism* of Democracy.

Of all evils to which a nation can be exposed, this false profession of patriotism and philanthropy, for the accomplishment of criminal designs, is surely one of the greatest and most fatal. It makes virtue subservient to vice, rewards confidence with perfidy, causes the highest moral endowments of our nature to minister to the most profligate purposes of our ruin. The ignorant and illiterate are naturally prone to an innovating spirit; and when influenced solely by the eagerness of curiosity, they are ever ready to give ear to new systems of polity. They know nothing of the difficulty of restoring an equilibrium which has once been disturbed; and idly supposing any circumstances which possess the charm of novelty preferable to what is old and perhaps defective, they are willing to overthrow all the usages of society, to entangle mankind in the barbarism of civil contention, because, forsooth, from a *chaos* of civil elements, a new, and, consequently, a better system may hereafter arise. Much more will their fickle nature seek to gratify itself, if it can do so under the sacred sanction of patriotism and philanthropy. Their leaders and advisers may be profligate men—men actuated by selfish and unworthy motives. If they only possess a zeal for the public welfare—if they only clothe themselves with the specious cloak of hypocrisy—if they but combine with the malice of guilt the meanness of deception, they become at once zealous and high-minded patriots, and the multitude will follow them in their ambitious schemes, will re-echo their praises, will *act* as they direct, when opportunity occurs.

It is true, that the number of those who openly advocate doctrines of spoliation is comparatively trifling; but those who insidiously strive to give currency to similar sentiments are by no means few. Besides, the tendency of such views is ever to spread. “The casual delirium of a few, by a mysterious reverberation, often becomes the frenzy of many;” and so well calculated are these views to acquire favor, so well adapted are they to dazzle the vulgar, that the fickle nature of the populace finds in them the prospect of a sure and speedy gratification, and it will require but little to cause the irritation and excitement thus induced to break out, at length, in open insurrection. It is needless to attempt to expose the fallacy of those who pretend to believe in the possibility of an equal distribution of property. It is necessary, from the very nature of the case, that difference of capacity, difference of education, difference of occupation and habit, should produce inequality in this respect. Mankind would not else be even gregarious: for this

inequality, creating the dependence of one upon another, the mutual obligation of one to another, is the strongest bond which holds society together. Surely no elaborate argument is required, to show that tendencies like these must be regulated and controlled. Yet, it is said by the more violent of these would-be reformers, "if difference of education creates inequality, let there be no such difference. It is inconsistent with the true spirit of Democracy that any such difference should exist. Every citizen should receive the same degree of education with every other. Thus, and thus only, can competition become fair—thus, and thus only, can men obtain an equality of rights and privileges." Of course, it is impossible—and the advocates of these sentiments are fully aware of it—that the laboring classes should receive the same degree of education with those who are not necessitated to obtain subsistence by manual labor. They can not exalt the standard of laborers to that of those who are able to spend their whole time in the acquisition of knowledge. Their professed object, therefore, is to reduce the standard of the latter to that of the former. They would do away with all the higher institutions of learning as nurseries of Aristocracy, dry up the fountains of literature and science, prohibit all supererogatory knowledge—thus establishing a state of mental degradation, of intellectual imbecility, which is utterly incompatible with the existence of a free and popular form of government. It would not be more ridiculous to compel men to eat the same sort of food, to wear the same style of clothing, or even to *think* exactly alike.

Society would seem, from these reflections, to be fast verging toward a restless and disjointed condition. Old forms are losing their energy. Fanciful theories are fast gaining ground, and there seems to be a general readiness on the part of the people to engage in new and untried projects of social and individual amelioration. Men seem to grow forgetful of that law of our being which associates moral feelings and affections with external objects—which imparts to the outward world some semblances of the feelings and emotions which exist within—which teaches that the natural objects with which we have been in some way connected, may become, as it were, a part and parcel of ourselves—that the place of our birth, the home of our infancy, the graves of our fathers, are and ought to be objects of our affection and reverence, "eloquent with the voices of our joys and sorrows." It is melancholy to feel that these ties, these *local attachments*, are daily and hourly becoming less regarded. Yet such is, indeed, the fact, and its consequences are greatly to be dreaded, especially in our own land. There is less here to connect the Present with the Past than exists in other lands. We can scarcely be said to possess a history. The dangers and trials of the first settlers, and the early struggles of the Revolution, are little thought of by the adventurous youth of modern times. They have no sympathy with the principles of their fathers—no interest in the events of the past. Impressed with a realizing sense of the maxim, "*quisque suæ fortunæ faber est*," they look upon themselves as independent of all others, and early break away from the restraint of local influences, to hurry forward, with adventurous spirit, into some dark



and shadowy Unknown, forgetful of all associations, all attachments, in their blind eagerness for "some new thing." Besides, the great body of the American people can not look back to the same common origin. They are not all *brethren*; the bond of union which holds them together is external, and penetrates not to the inward feelings of the heart. Like the ocean, it is formed by the confluence of a thousand mighty streams, mingling together their individual currents; yet, unlike the ocean waters, each stream preserves, in a measure, its individuality, and its course can be traced far back, distinct from all the rest. The descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers venerate the principles which led *them* to sacrifice physical for spiritual advantages; they cherish with affectionate reverence the vestiges which *they* have left behind them. So, too, there are those who love to linger over the reminiscences of a time when the good old Dutchman smoked his pipe in the chimney corner, and mused with wonder on the innovations of his more active neighbors. And there are a hundred other similar ties, which bind similar communities to some central sphere, whose influence is unfelt, unperceived by the nation at large.

It would seem, then, that there are already elements enough at work in our national system to prevent, for a long time to come, a thorough and complete unity of sentiment and purpose in its different members. And although we have little to fear from the operation of such causes as these, causes which must of necessity grow less and less active, we should look with suspicion upon the introduction of any theory whose results, at all times doubtful, may in our circumstances be extremely dangerous. We should be careful how we sacrifice substantial advantage for theoretical excellence. National advancement is consequent upon stability, rather than restlessness; and that social structure will inevitably decline which is utterly dissevered from its early foundations. Like a tree of the forest, its shoots will wither and its leaves will fall, if the earth be torn from its roots, and they exposed to the attacks of violence.

We have already alluded to some of the sources from which fears of disorganization may justly spring. Our allusions have been general, rather than particular, because it is from the general result of combined causes, rather than from the particular consequences of any single scheme, that danger is apprehended. Eruptions on the surface of the human frame evince the impurity and diseased state of the blood which circulates within. So outbreaks and convulsions in civil life, indicate a disturbed and unsettled state of public opinion; and it is from the character and tendency of the public mind that we are to judge of the stability of our institutions. To give a proper direction and tone to public sentiment should be, then, the object of every patriot; and when the American people learn to disregard the clamors of those who would fain see them involved in civil commotion—when they become assured, as they well may be, that the evils which infest our own body politic are as light and as few as those under which any government labors, the ship of State will move surely on, and the incumbrances which now retard its course will be worn away by the rapidity of its progress.

## THRENEMA.

READER, do you sometimes feel a melancholy pleasure in looking back upon the past and making the friends of other days the companions of your thoughts? Do the recollections of scenes that are gone, and of friends who have fallen by your side, sometimes come in upon your soul with a power as but of yesterday? Suffer me to attempt a transcript of the thoughts which have arisen, as one after another the hours of the night have been tolled by the shrill monitor above us. I have sat here in the companionship of none but the beings of my own fancy, till now the twelfth note of the old time-teller is mingling with the echoes of its solemn-toned rival; and I have felt that it was a pure and unselfish pleasure to surround myself with the ideal forms of departed friends, to dwell upon their virtues and live over again the hours which bound us together. In the intercourse of life it is difficult to know how much of our gratification springs from mutual compliment, or, to use a plainer term, from mutual flattery; but the chastened joys of remembrance are unmingled with any selfish feelings or desires.

And do we not owe it to those who have been cut off while sharing with us in our hopes and our fears, to dwell with tenderness upon their untimely fate. The prizes of life once glittered before them, and when the cold hand of disease made them feel that they could never be theirs, when their star of hope went out in gloom, it was a consolation to believe that they should not be forgotten by the friends whose affection and confidence they had enjoyed.

When the aged die, we know that their work is done, and if well done, it has brought them its own reward. The business of their lives has been accomplished, and the results of their labors will remain to remind those who shall enjoy them, that they have lived and labored to some good purpose; or, if they have failed to turn life to good account, their opportunity is gone, and nothing can be hoped from the imbecility of age. In manhood, death seems a greater misfortune and more to be regretted, but the loss is not total; the course of usefulness of a man in the height of his powers may be broken up, but not before he has given the world an earnest of what a lengthened life would have accomplished; but when death comes to one in his early days, it finds him with the great business of life in prospect. As yet all has been preparation for an anticipated future, a process which goes privately and noiselessly on, and if disease here cripple his energies, or death appear to snatch him from his work, he feels that all his high hopes and noble purposes are lost. The only earthly consolation left, on which the parting soul can rely, is the thought that a few friends may sorrow over his blasted hopes, and perhaps pay the tribute of a tear to his memory.

A letter, soiled and worn, lies by me, which tells of one over whom

the gates of the grave are now closed. When I first met him he was entering upon studies preparatory to a College course. With extreme sensibility of feeling, and modest even to a fault, he shunned rather than sought the notice of his fellows. Obstacles such as few have to contend with, had, for a long time, kept him from gratifying a strong desire to become a student and enjoy the privileges of a literary institution; and when these difficulties began to clear away, and the prospect to open before him for the realization of his hopes, he placed perhaps too much of his happiness in those pursuits to which he had wedded the affections of his heart. He seemed to love learning more for the pleasure he found in it, than for the advantages it might afterwards afford in the acquisition of wealth or honor.

He entered upon his new pursuits with all that liveliness of delight which is experienced only when long-cherished expectations are first realized. He had come from the vigorous employments of the field, and the change from active to sedentary life told fearfully upon his health. Unwilling to discover the symptoms of disease which others did not fail to observe, he completed his preparatory course with little interruption; but now he could not longer shut his eyes to the startling fact that his physical energy was fast wasting away, nor could he altogether repress his misgivings in regard to the future. A short respite from study revived his spirits, and for the time improved his health; but the prospect brightened only to grow yet more dark than before; a few weeks spent in College discovered an alarming progress of disease, but he still continued to discharge the duties imposed upon him. Day after day he obeyed the early summons, and went out from the damp walls of his sleeping room, to the morning exercises, literally drenched in chilling night-sweat; but he was taxing his wasting strength beyond endurance, and when yielding to the importunity of friends he was prevailed upon to suspend his studies, he did so, sustaining himself with the hope that he should be able in a few weeks to resume them. He did resume them, but in a state of health scarcely better than when he left them.

He knew his condition, but dared not acknowledge it to himself;—he felt that if he gave over the prosecution of his plans, little would remain to make life desirable, and with the fearful consequences in view, he determined to go on to the utmost limit of his strength. That limit was soon reached, and he relinquished forever the pursuits he had so ardently loved.

Once he returned to visit the scenes where his fondest hopes were buried, and to look upon friends in the enjoyment of those privileges which could be his no more. It was painful to see him, as he listened to the merry laugh and looked upon the healthful forms of those with whom he had been associated, while the emotions so legible upon his features told that he felt his own heart breaking within him.

His acquaintances were few, but to that few he was ardently attached, and he lingered many days to enjoy their companionship; not that he was incapable of appreciating the affection and kindness which he knew he should meet at his home, but because he was about to

leave behind him those with whom he felt the deepest sympathy. I saw him but a few days before he died; he was weak and emaciated, but no one thought him so near his end as the event proved he was. A smile passed like a ripple over his wan features, but he turned his head to hide the gathering tear which told the grief he never spoke.

A few days after, I was startled with an invitation to his funeral; it was a scene of real mourning—the father struggling to suppress his grief—the audible sobs of the mother—the tears and averted looks of relatives, and of the friends who had known and loved him who was now lying in the stillness of death before us, showed how deep is the mourner's sorrow.

It was a cold and cheerless winter's day that we buried him; the thick and chilly mist was settling over us as we lowered him into his narrow dwelling. I have since stood by his grave; instead of the damp night gathering down upon the little hill where we laid him, the warm breath of spring was wasting around the fragrance of blossoming trees and opening flowers, and I thought, as I stood there, of Halleck's beautiful lines upon one more widely known, but not more tenderly loved:

“Green be the turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days;  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise.”

Reader, the above is no fancy sketch; those who can turn their thoughts back through three years of College life, may remember an invalid student, of slender form, sharp features, and a dark quick eye, moving about these grounds with a faltering step: It was REUBEN S. BLODGET, *the first victim from the class of 47.*

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#### IT IS MERRY AND FREE.

It is merry and free on the open sea,  
Where the tumbling billows dash and howl,  
But dearer to me is the greenwood tree,  
The tossing bough and the forest's growl;  
Then over the Prairie, away, away!  
What wave so swift as our forest steeds?  
Away from our cabins at peep of day!  
Away for the glades, where the wild deer feeds.

At the wintry morn, when with circling flow,  
The dancing blood in the keen air springs,  
We're up and away o'er the sparkling snow,  
That under our tread with music rings.

How the silvery snow-flakes flash and fly,  
 From the iron hoofs that are fleet and strong!  
 The gray quail starts with her whistling cry,  
 And the pheasant whirs as we pass along.

And over our saddles while day is bright,  
 We fling the dun deer and the prairie bird,  
 And we think of the eyes that will dance in light,  
 When the homeward tramp of our steeds is heard.  
 Then hurrah for the life of the woodman free,  
 In his hut by the clearing, wide and rude,  
 Though 'tis merry and free on the rolling sea,  
 Oh give me the life of the green wild wood.

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"A SPIRITUAL CONFAB."

"Of all the several ways of beginning a tale, which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own is the best;—I'm sure it is the most religious—for I begin with writing the first sentence, and trust to 'high heaven' for the second."—TRISTAM SHANDY.

PLEASANT thoughts certainly are pleasant things, but pleasant thoughts, together with pleasant company, are even better still—while thrice happy is he who, in addition to both, can boast him of a pleasant temper. So thought I, one cold wintry night in December last, as I clambered up to the fourth story in "Old South Middle," and safely deposited myself in my own room. Yes, said I to myself, I will enjoy this one night, even should I never see another. What boots it to be free, if we don't enjoy our freedom? And, besides, I never yet "slept over" with an easy conscience, when I was not "half seas over" the night before. So come—come, then, thou rosy morn, and catch me napping if thou wilt. This will ensure pleasing fancies, said I, touching at the same time a fatty-proportioned demijohn; these, pointing to the cigars strewn over the table, might tempt old "Stapleton" to quit his pipe; my room-mate has gone to Derby, thanks be to heaven! and what on earth is better than a *social* evening by oneself. So, first having duly arranged all things within arms-reach, and having safely deposited, in one corner of the room, some fine editions of Scott, Voltaire and Macaulay, my favorite authors, as also a large copy of the "Illuminated Bible," I threw myself lazily into my large easy chair, and began to stir vigorously the fire. Soon, however, a most suspicious looking tea-kettle commenced its simmering sound, which told, in well known accents, that all was ready; and as the wind whistled without, and the snow-flakes fell lightly against the window, I languidly lolled back, to enjoy the blessings of a quiet, tranquil, dreamy hour.

How long I remained in this state of delicious sensibility, my feelings acted upon only by those influences which shed such a charm around a winter evening, I cannot say. Neither can I tell how often I had so far aroused myself as to replenish my glass, renew my cigar, or add another portion from the above mentioned *tea-kettle*. Yet, I well remember, that it was after I had again moistened my lips with the delightful beverage, and just as I was sending forth a fragrant whiff from a mild Havanna, the curling smoke of which seemed to wreath a heaven around my head, that a sudden rap at my door brought me to my senses.

The exstatic moment at which I would have dropped asleep, had been anticipated, the delicious state of dreamy, shadowy, spiritual being, had been interrupted, and you may easily imagine, that it was in anything but a Christian tone that I exclaimed, "The devil—come in."

My back was still turned, when the door opened, and my polite salutation was answered by a quaint nasal voice, that quietly remarked, "Nay, friend, I am not the devil."

"Not, hey! Well, who the thunder are you?" cried I, still too lazy to turn, and feeling in no humor for quibbling about names.

"That you shall know, friend—my name is Enoch—Enoch Still-boy;" and as he spoke, he walked slowly around the table, and without awaiting a second bidding, seated himself upon the chair where, for the last half hour, my feet had been most skillfully perched.

As my eyes fell upon the person who had thus forced himself upon me, I started back in utter horror. I was sure that he had been wronged in my first supposition—for never had I read, even in romance, of devil habited as he was; and yet, I was equally certain that he must be some one of his distant relatives. There he sat, with countenance stiff and formal as a pilgrim of the last century; and yet, strange to say, a youthful expression was so blended with it, that, for my life, I knew not whether he was twenty or one hundred years of age. As for his dress, it corresponded almost exactly with that depicted in an old engraving, hanging upon the wall, which represented a student during the time of President Stiles. His faded gown, of huge dimensions, fell loosely around him, reaching a little below his knee-buckles—a quakerish looking hat was slouched over his head—while a buff waistcoat, of a dingy yellow, peeped prudishly up from around his neck. His lower garments, like those worn by Peter Stuyvesant on state occasions, were gathered in broad plaits about his loins, and thence became, like genius, swollen with pride as they descended in position, until, finally, seeming unable to contain themselves, they spontaneously parted asunder, and clasped tightly his thighs for support. Black silk stockings, displaying here and there a hole, together with a heavy powdered wig, that seemed to have been last dressed when wigs went out of fashion, completed the singular costume. These appearances, which it has taken some time to relate, flashed through my own mind in an instant, and involuntarily gazing upward at the old picture, I beheld his prototype before me. Even "Dutch

courage" is not proof against all things; and the thought of a private confab with a ghost—a spirit, or what not—is one of that number. Indeed, I began to have serious thoughts of permitting him to discuss the brandy alone—of leaving him to his studies—of ordering him out of my room; in fine, of doing, I know not what, when he suddenly chimed in—

"Never fear, sir—never fear; be of good heart, '*Revocate animos, maestumque timorem miltite*,' and I will explain to thee my coming."

Had it been possible to have escaped without disturbing his meditations, I believe I should still have declined embarrassing him with my presence, notwithstanding his kind assurances. As it happened, however, I was fairly besieged; so, making a merit of necessity, I continued staring him directly in the face.

"I see, friend, you still fear," he continued, "and that you would even now avoid me; but cheer thee, sir—cheer thee; for I, even as yourself, am but a harmless student. Yes, yes; fifty years ago, and I, too, sat by yon dormar window, searching hard after knowledge; yet now, I am an outcast, or rather, am a wanderer, as the *(Edipus* hath it—'*πολλας δόδους ελθοντα φρονιδος πλανοις*.'"

"What! you here fifty years ago—wandering—in—in—Greek," I stammered forth; my eyes the while gradually increasing in rotundity.

"Yes, here—here within these very walls; ay, and in this very room, although it scarce seems, at present, the same it then was. Alas! it now resembles more a juggler's workshop—'*nil fuit unquam tam dispar sibi*.' Yes, yes; I well remember," he continued, after a slight pause, while his voice began to assume a melancholy tone, "when, fifty years ago, I wandered forth from beneath those elms, disgraced in character for daring to stand with covered head '*Præside præsentis*.' Yea, truly, it was a sore affront, and sore also was the penalty; but my spirit waxed wroth, and in an evil hour I knew not humility."

"And do you mean to say, that—that—that you have been *suspended* for fifty years?" I muttered forth in a scarce audible tone, at the same time eyeing wistfully the door.

"So fate hath ordered it, my *Socius*; and although I doubt not but that our beloved President would have absolved me, on his death-bed, yet I arrived not till his spirit had flown. Now, alas! it is hopeless; for lo! 'A new king has arisen in Israel, who knows not Joseph.'"

"By the powers, but you are a queer customer."

"Ha! queer, say you?—and so I am queer; but what matters it if I be?—what though the outward man be odd, if the spirit be good and true? Prithee, friend, shall we pray?"

"Now, by all that's lively, old cock, an you go to smattering your *pater nosters* here, but I'll trounce you. Prayers, man! Why, we have had them twice every blessed day for the last two years—not to mention those on Sunday, thrown in by way of emphasis."

I had scarce ceased speaking, when he broke out in a high, solemn and commanding tone—

"Speak not disrespectfully, young man, of that which is your only safety. Speak not, in the lightness of thine heart, that which may be

thine eternal ruin! Sneer on—sneer on, if thou likest; yet never—never be thou *witty* at the expense of thy soul's salvation."

"Why, I didn't mean exactly that; but"—

"Peace! I know what thou wouldst say; yet, can it be that thou art one of those who tread profanely such hallowed ground, and desecrate this, the high altar of wisdom. Thy lips would be sealed, friend, with awe, could you but look back with me upon those who have passed away. Ay, 'twas then, truly, a noble sight, to see a chosen band of goodly youths, firm in faith, and toiling together in the glorious struggle—strong minds striving for that knowledge that almost passeth understanding, and bold, dauntless hearts, battling for the mastery; and yet preparing themselves the while for the good work—ay, for the work profitable to the soul."

And as he spoke, his small gray eye seemed to sparkle with unnatural brilliancy—his countenance, as it became animated, assumed a still more youthful cast—his frame swelled with conscious pride, and the entire sinister expression, which had at first impressed me so unfavorably, gave place to an appearance of high and conscious integrity. The effect, too, upon myself, was scarce less surprising. His animation had inspired me with confidence in his reality, and, strange as it may seem, I all at once felt myself as much attracted by his manner, and in love with his person, as if he had been for the last year my own room-mate.

"I say, friend Enoch," cried I, pushing, at the same time, the glass towards him, "take something to warm you; you'll find it the genuine brand, and I can recommend it from experience." Accordingly, I filled his glass with the rich, oily liquor, and passed it over to him, although, I must confess, I had my doubts, at the moment, whether a being of his nature would deign to indulge. To my utter astonishment, however, he quaffed it off as naturally as any of my roistering classmates would have done, exclaiming, as he smacked his lips—

"Ah, truly, that was good—better even than beer of the first strike. And, now that I remember, verily it reminds me of a strange mixture that our kind old friend, the Dean, used to take daily, to cure his rheumatics, as he called them. But I forgot to ask you, sir, whether Deans are as good now as they were of old; and the Treasurer, too, does he continue to afford the choice feasts that he was wont to give fifty years ago, when term-bills became due?"

"What Deans!—Treasurer—*usury—twenty per cent.—feasts*," I stammered forth in a broken voice; and then, perceiving his astonishment, immediately added, "By no means, friend—by no means; we students—that is, we who attend college, take care of ourselves, and save the Faculty the trouble. Oddfish, man! do you think that we, lads of—of *spirit*, of the present day, would deign to eat where there was no license, and where a *stray exclamation* or two might get us a warning? Why, man alive, you are behind the age by half a century."

"Behind the age!—an exclamation! Verily, friend, I fear me thine exclamations savor less of good than evil, and that even thy studies are any thing but those that Tully speaks of, when he assures



us, '*Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant. Secundas res ornant, adversis solatium et perfugium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.*' "

"Ah, friend, speak English, if you please. I know you are mumbling something about *rustication*; but though, heaven knows, I haven't got up a morning this term that I did not expect to be read out of the ranks before sunset, yet—still, I—I—am not to be laughed at—so speak English, if you please. Besides, Tully, as you call him, is not one of my text books."

"What, sir! and do you not now continue, as formerly, to practice the *usage*, as well as the *theory*, of the Latin tongue?"

"Why, you see, the truth is," replied I, with a slight shrug of the shoulder, "we think it sufficient, now-a-days, simply to get an *insight* into the language—that is, to become sufficiently versed in it to be able, with the aid of dictionary and grammar, to catch a glimpse of the meaning; but the beauty—the classic style—the prosody, and all such humdrums, are now exploded. We leave all such things to those plodding dolts called scholars, who dig away at them as though 'twere their dinner. My chum, by the by, is one of them, and although, generally, a good kind of a fellow, yet he becomes horridly dull when he dons his Latin toga."

"In good sooth, sir, you are a most ungracious youth. Latin toga, say you with a sneer! Verily, sir, but it was different fifty years ago.\* And pray what profit dost thou hope to reap from that smattering insight, as ye call it—from that precious skill of thine; that detects here and there a passage, and even makes that, I dare say, sound like the jargon of a shaveling who knows only his *Pax vobiscum*? What wouldst?"

"Stop, stop, friend; not quite so fast, if you please. Your remark is, I confess, somewhat true; but apply it, man—apply it. For my own part, I have a thorough contempt for all such antiquarian lore. Besides, you must know, sir, that men no longer act, as formerly, the part of old women, in keeping family secrets; so, why push every thing else out of their brains by cramming Latin in?"

"Young man, can you tell me for what purpose you came here?" he replied, in a harsh, grating tone.

"In truth can I, old crusty, and that readily," replied I, "for, as you might guess, it was through no free will of mine own that I came, but the old folks that sent me. They thought that I wanted *polishing*, and so here I came to get it. But, sir, to change the trumps, will you be kind enough to point out the benefit a man of *action* derives from such studies?"

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\* In an old manuscript, made out in 1727, we find the following:

"Orders of Yale College, chap. 14.—All undergraduates, except freshmen, who shall read English into Greek, shall read some part of ye Old Testament out of Hebrew into Greek in ye morning, and shall turn some part of ye New Testament out of ye English or Lattin into ye Greek att ye time of recitations, before they begin to recite ye *original tongues*."

"What! and do you still cling to your baby-thoughts, like a mother to her first-born! Verily, friend, I could almost despise you. But no," and he lowered his voice, as if apparently speaking to himself, "no! I should rather *pity* thee; for ignorance never knows itself. Yea, I should even remember, that Thought is as eternal and indestructible as matter, and that all pass through the same series of puny conceptions. Nor, again, should I forget, that even those who are highest, once *prided* themselves upon ideas which they now would teach others to discard. Yes, yes, friend," he exclaimed, turning full upon me, "I, too, was once *there*, and even thought with you, as I blundered over my grammar to the village schoolmistress."

"Well, sir, proceed," I muttered between my teeth, my anger beginning to rise at his contemptuous tone.

"And do you, then, seriously ask the question? Nay, I will not insult your own good sense by answering it; but look abroad for yourself—look around you. What ranks your statesmen so high above the bustling multitude—who can declaim equally as loud? Ay, 'tis knowledge, friend—knowledge! Why is it that ye pay such court and honor to the man of letters? Ay, 'tis his knowledge that ye wonder at. Yes, look—see, who stand in the high places of the synagogue, and have the care of both body and soul—if it be not those well versed in all the lore of the ancients, even to the unraveling the Coptic speech. Yes, yes, friend, believe it, 'tis knowledge makes the man—'*Sapientia omnibus præstat.*'"

"I have no doubt but you think so, Mr. Enoch, or whatever you are called; but I tell you, sir, it's all trash—it's all humbug; and as for your Latin, the only thing I ever heard worth a straw, and the only thing I could ever yet remember, was old Monsieur Plautus' dying speech—

'Miser homo est, qui ipse sibi, quod edit, querit, et id ægre invenit:

Sed ille est miserior, qui et ægre querit, et nihil invenit:

Ille miserimust, qui, quom esse cupit, quod edit, non habet.'

There, sir—there is Latin for you, and Latin worthy of the name."

"Tut, tut, friend; I see thy drift. Truly thou wouldst be thought a genius, and therefore despiseth what others make the most of. But genius never yet proved a glutton. Still, now I bethink me, thou mayest not be so faulty after all, for surely thou hast at thy tongue's end all the beauties of our mother language—all the chosen parts of the English classics. Is not this the reason why thou art so tender about intrusions upon thy brain?"

"Out of it again, sir—clean out. It is true, I can talk about them as long and as loud as any one, and, indeed, some of them I have even gone so far as to read—the 'Tale of the Tub,' for instance. But you see, we have, now-a-days, 'Macaulay' in their stead; and as he tells us what we *ought* to think about them, we save both time and trouble. By the by, you ought to read him—he's much better than 'Mr. Shakespeare,' and not half so much *chopped up*. The truth is, I do hate that

way 'Billy' has of shuffling off on other men's backs what he's ashamed to say himself."

"And who is it, pray, that thus arranges your ideas? Who did you say?"

"Why, Macaulay, to be sure, and Wilson, and Smith, and Jeffrey, and Allison, and Talford—all splendid writers, too—splendid! Seem to know every thing, and you can learn it all in less than no time. The fact is, there's where I get all my history; and I found out the other day, from one of them, who was King Charles' cook's scullion, the which, I dare say, Hume never once mentions."

"By my troth, friend, but I believe thee. Mention it! No, not he, I'm sure. What a pity, too, that he did not! for then, forsooth, thou might'st have read him."

"That's it—that's it; *exactly my idea*. Why, you are improving fast—quite sensible that—and, moreover, I venture to assert, (although I haven't read it,) that his work is not half so charming as 'Jesse's Court of England,' in which he speaks of the Dutchesses and their loves."

"No doubt, no doubt, I dare say; but did it never strike thee, friend, what an inconsistent person thou art? Did it never occur to you as passing strange, that one should stickle for his own way so vehemently, as thou dost, in every thing else, and yet suffer himself to be led by the nose in his ideas about books, and statesmen, and facts? Say, friend, did it never cross thy mind to inquire which was the greatest slave—he whose passions are restrained, or he whose thoughts are hectored over?"

"By thunder! I never thought of that. But what would we do without them? For my own part, I never had an *original* idea in my life, and never expect to have, and yet, how to get along without them I can't see. I never even read a dispute, unless it is either borrowed, or taken verbatim from some book on the subject—so, how do you think I would keep up my reputation for *smartness*, if it was not for the *Modern British Classics*?"

"Thy reputation! Verily, verily, a brave one it must be. Thy reputation—God save us!—for smartness, too! Heaven forfend us! Prithee, man, didst thou ever think?"

"Not exactly," replied I, with mouth agape, and anxiously awaiting some hints to be dropped as to the art.

"Then, never attempt it, my most astute friend. Follow thou my advice; and least of all, never bethink thee of books. For what will it profit thee, 'O *amice ignorante*'—what will it advantage thee, when others think so much better and cheaper. 'O *veræ Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges*.'"

"Precisely—exactly what I intended to say; you have just taken the words out of my mouth—all except the Latin. What do you say to clubbing together? I do wish you were my room-mate—(take another glass)—instead of that crusty old chum of mine, who is eternally poking his old saws at me, and talking about study. Up with your tumbler, friend; here's to Thomas Babbington Macaulay, the *friend of the thoughtless*."

"And the *fool of the learned*," he added, in his quiet way, as a sneer settled upon his lip.

"What! into your sour crout again? Come, come, now, be easy—let's try that over again. What say you? Here's to my chum—may study be the death of him."

"Verily, friend, but I do admire thy chum most exceedingly. He is a wise man—a man of solid parts; yea, a fellow of wit, of humor, of sobriety and taste, I dare be sworn, and I drink to his prosperity. Here's at you."

And off he tossed it, finishing with a smack of the lip, that seemed to exclaim, "*de profundis clamavi*." As luck would have it, however, an extra flourish, which he attempted to execute as he took the glass from his mouth, gave his little Quakerish looking hat and wig a toss, which sent them across the room. At this instant, I opened my eyes, which had been shut tight while I drained the last drop from the goblet, and lo! to my utter wonderment, I saw suffusing his face a broad grin, which, having before seen, I could never forget. With one spring, I seized him by the collar, and giving a tug that sent the yellow buttons, one and all, "to their final home," I exclaimed—"Why, chum—what the thunder!—is this you?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" and peal after peal of long, loud laughter was his only reply, for more than a minute.

"And you were only hoaxing me—no ghost, after all, hey?"

"Ha! ha! ha! None in the world—ha! ha! ha! Only a joke—ha! ha! ha!"

"And it was all fun you were after?"

"Nothing else intended—ha! ha!"

"And that stuff you were prating about, was all—all humbug?"

"Yes, all humbug—mere moonshine."

"Well! ha! ha! Didn't I say so from the beginning? Wasn't I right, after all? Besides, I rather guessed it was you, from the way you took to that," said I, pointing to the *empty demijohn*, and wondering the while whether that, too, was not mere moonshine.

At this moment the college clock began to strike, in its sullen manner, the hour of midnight; and as the sound died away on the air, the wind moaned still more drearily without—the snow changed from its soft feathery flakes into hard pattering hail, and for once in my life, a feeling of a-w-e stole over me as I crept noiselessly to bed. The truth was, I had tampered with a spirit that would not "down."

## THE HIDDEN MACHINERY OF CAUSE AND EFFECT.

CHANGE may be safely predicated as the inherent quality of every thing, both material and immaterial. This visible world around us presents a continual scene of transition from one state to another on the part of each and every one of its component elements. In like manner the principle finds as universal an operation in the phenomena of the moral world; for the mind, each moment of its active existence, acknowledges its power, in that tide of thought and feeling, which is constantly pouring its variegated waters through the channels of consciousness. Life in man continues only so long as the particles composing his body are passing away from this to another state in nature. It may be said with equal truth, that "the life of the mind subsists only by the succession of feeling after feeling."\* In fine, the whole world, both physical and moral, as falling within the scope of both sense and reason, is one "mighty system of changes."

In analyzing this universal principle of unceasing change, we detect the *cause* of its operation in the imperfection and consequent *dependent* nature of all created things, whether matter or mind; the *mode* in which it operates is the topic we shall consider.

The idea of change presupposes a subject and an object. To the former is given the name of *cause*; the latter is termed *effect*. The mutual relation is that of antecedent and consequent—a power being supposed to reside with the one, and a susceptibility with the other. In this relation is founded the connection between cause and effect; and when change is spoken of as a necessary quality of every thing, it is only a concise expression of the fact that a susceptibility resides in every thing for being influenced by a power foreign to itself. In the use of the term 'every thing,' we would be understood to modify its universality by the sole exception of the Deity. God changeth not; for He is the great "I am that I am," absolutely independent of every foreign influence. To Him we must ultimately return as the great First Cause, back of which there exists none other, and which acts immediately by his own direct interposition, as well as mediately, through the established laws of nature, and the agency of animal life. Accordingly, we may include every influence whatsoever, that operates in this world, under three general species of causality, viz: the Divine will, the agency of mind and animal life, and the laws of nature. Aristotle, in his catalogue of the efficient causes of events, mentions chance, in addition to the above. Nor was this belief peculiar to that philosopher. Previous to the light of Divine Revelation, the generality of mankind invested chance with an imaginary importance, which has since happily vanished; but believers in a Superintending Providence at all ages have detected the error of conceiving that the events of the world are left to themselves, as arguing an unconscious,

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\* Browne.

or at least indifferent ruler of the Universe ; whereas, the operations of an overruling mind are to be traced by the intellectual eye, whithersoever it turns. Chance is found in modern vocabulary, as expressing only the operation of *unknown secondary* causes ; unattended by this idea, it is a mere negation—a thing without entity—a conception only of the imagination.

The use of this word, therefore, in the sense of making any thing casual with respect to the Deity, must be pronounced impious. But owing to previous notions attached to the term, we employ it frequently to designate secondary influences. Its use, with such a signification, obviously involves no impropriety, and is required as a convenient mode of speech, when we would refer to events whereof the causes are either hidden in mystery or operate contrary to expectation.

Such causes as the above constitute no small portion of those that act in the world. Reason and observation will support us in affirming that by far the greater part of the *Machinery of Cause and Effect* is hidden from the observation of human eye ; and, as a consequence, that change takes place more from chance, than from causes of which man does or can take cognizance.

Human knowledge, at the best, is but limited, and full of imperfections, uncertainties, and seeming contradictions, so far as it does go. The mind is so constituted, that it overlooks in its widest scope a space, which is but a point in the boundless infinity of knowledge ; and yet so imperfect is the mental vision, even when employed upon this extremely limited field, that both the largest and the minutest objects almost entirely escape observation ; a clear image is formed on the mind's retina of those only that constitute the medium between the two extremes. The intellect of man holds the same rank in the order of intelligent beings, that his body does in the extent of space. Both equally removed from the infinity of the great and the infinity of the small, occupy a midway place in creation. Reason is neither sufficiently comprehensive to grasp a truth of extreme magnitude, nor nice and delicate enough in its texture to seize upon the exceedingly minute. We have heard it likened by a homely, though truthful comparison, to a pair of tongs, whose arms open not wide enough to comprehend a house, nor fit together with sufficient accuracy to pick up a needle. Such being the very limited nature of the human mind, vain indeed were it for man to hope to embrace within his vision at a bird's eye view, the *whole* of that boundless field of influences, which encircles all creation, and between whose most distant parts there exists an universal sympathy. Here is represented the individual tendency of every event that has occurred since events first began to be. Every second, we may say, records an infinity of them ; for this portion of time has been sufficient for hundreds of millions of men to act deeds, speak words, and conceive thoughts. It has witnessed the entrance into this world of thousands of new spirits, and the departure out of it of as many others. Nature, with her ten thousand laws, has been so many causes, producing effects. From every one of these events emanates a subtle secret influence—oftentimes the most powerful from

those apparently insignificant—and it all swells the boundaries of the field over which man would vainly claim the power of perfect vision. Such is the history of one second only, and the world has lived six thousand years. The eye of short-sighted man is able to dwell merely upon the little dot of the present, in the midst of this vast space; even there he can recognize only causes of midway importance—the very great and the very small alike escape observation. How futile his efforts to trace down through the vale of succeeding ages the true and entire influence of one single event in antiquity—take what one he may! These individual influences, moreover, cross each other and become compound. No longer acting as *single* forces, they produce a *resultant*; this caps the climax of our confusion. With as much approach to success might we endeavor to calculate the combined effect of the infinity of individual impulses that have caused matter to vibrate since the world's creation; here is human ingenuity defied. What was before a mystery now becomes perfect chaos, and we are compelled to acknowledge that the whole world, ourselves included, is under the control of causes unknown to all but God. We relinquish our claim to that which is the distinguishing prerogative of the Deity.

Obviously, then, our acquaintance with the operation of cause and effect is extremely imperfect. Being limited by the boundaries of observation and experience, its character is simply *empiric*. The frequency with which we are in the habit of attributing things to chance, bears witness to the vast number of secret influences at work around us. These influences proceed mostly from *circumstances*, over which we either have no control, or else if we have control, it is to no purpose, inasmuch as we are unacquainted before hand, with their bearing upon coming events. Our estimate of their importance is based only upon their palpable relations with the future; unless these relations are glaring, and often unless their character is immediate, the circumstances pass by unnoticed. The greatest events in history have owed their origin to causes, which were reckoned at the time too insignificant to meet with attention, or which, taking their rise in antiquity, had been silently accumulating force, until they burst upon the world with volcanic violence. In revolutionary France, hidden fires had long been raging beneath the surface of society, and it required but a slight diminution in the pressure of government to allow a vent for them. The birth of a Buonaparte at such a crisis in affairs, was an event proving a remarkable coincidence in destiny, for bringing about great ends. Some little incident, serving as a drop of water on the incipient flame that would otherwise wrap a city in conflagration, may prove a more powerful conservatist than an emperor's decree.

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—“certamina tanta  
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.”

Or, on the other hand, like a spark falling upon a magazine of powder, it has often created greater upheavings in the elements of society than the most successful radicalist. In the first case, man does not recog-

nize the preventive, because the fires were checked before they burst upon his view ; and in the second case, he attributes the world-rending consequences to some favorite theory of "general progress," that he would hug in his conceit of mind.

How false a test, then, do we apply to the importance of circumstances ; we call them great, when their effects are immediate ; God judges of them by their relations with Eternity. We turn our eyes toward those that glitter on the surface ; He regards them as important instruments of His will, none the less, because they operate under ground. It is His high prerogative to connect trifling causes with momentous results, and thus overwhelm the vainly aspiring mind with confusion, and inculcate in all a sense of utter dependence.

The discovery of America presents a continuous illustration of the truth of these remarks. Columbus was a man who may be said to have grown out of the times in which he lived, and to have owed to the influence of external circumstances, in a great measure, the origin of that idea, which he himself regarded as a supernatural gift. The distinguishing characteristic of the fifteenth century was a strong passion for geographical discovery, and the glory surrounding that age proceeds from the sudden glare of light which then burst upon the eyes of Europe. Happily for our race was Columbus born in such an age : his naturally bold and original mind, nursed under influences stimulating to the most dormant, and enjoying an atmosphere of novelty and discovery, was strengthened to soar above old prejudices, and to venture forth into domains of Truth before unvisited. His great *idea* was fostered, too, by gleams of knowledge accidentally reflected from other men's minds.

Let us pursue this train of thought farther. A stranger, on foot, stopped at a Spanish convent to beg the pittance of a little bread and water. The prior, happening to pass by, was struck with his appearance, entered into conversation, and learned the particulars of his story. That stranger was Columbus, and six years afterwards, when covered with ignominy, he was sorrowfully leaving Spain, a messenger overtook him. The warm-hearted prior had effectually interceded with the pious Isabella, as her "ghostly adviser ;" and to a friendship formed under circumstances so truly providential, have we reason to refer the discovery of America. How "big with fate" was the impulse of the monk to notice the poor wanderer ! Yet acted he calmly, and his heart beat none the quicker, though the destinies of unborn nations rested heavily upon him. Earth held its breath in suspense at such a conjuncture of events. Again—had the winds of heaven visited those three frail, deckless barks, with the customary violence of the tropics, none would have returned to tell of a new world. How many ages would it not have required to rekindle that *idea*, thus rudely quenched, ere men had gazed upon its glory ! But these were circumstances, whose occurrence was not only possible, but even probable. When we reflect upon the consequences to the world of an alternative, well may we tremble.

Situations are frequent, where the future being involved in mystery,



we act indifferently, like men groping about in the dark, though on the one side be a precipice, and on the other the haven of our hopes. From the nature of the case all forethought is here useless. If the step is to be made in utter darkness, an hour's reflection can inform us no better, in what direction to make it, than the impulse of the moment. In cases like this, circumstances supply the impulse, and under their influence man unconsciously acts. Yet how momentous are often the results, into which he thus unknowingly plunges! One more illustration from our former fruitful subject. A few days before the discovery of land, one or two birds had been observed to fly in a south-westerly direction, and Columbus was reluctantly induced by the prayers and threats of his companions, to change accordingly his course, which had hitherto been due west. Had this course remained unaltered, it would have carried him under the influence of the gulf-stream, at once to the Eastern coast of Florida, and the whole course of Spanish discovery would have been changed; in all probability it would have taken a direction along the Atlantic shores of North America, and a Spanish population have inherited the present territories of the United States. It is impossible to conceive of the particular results, but most certainly the history of America, so far as dependent on local causes, would have been altered; and the history of the world, so far as shaped by America, would have experienced a radical change. And owing to what? The uncertain flight of a few birds, as interpreted by sailors blinded through fear. A trivial cause, truly, for such momentous consequences; but trivial only in *our* eyes, from not perceiving with prophetic ken its legitimate results in futurity. In the view of the Omniscient it is one of the grandest causes that He has ever made use of in the dealings of His providence with our race.

This is not an isolated instance of the kind; history is full of similar examples of causality, though, from their apparent insignificance, they too often pass by unnoticed and unrecorded. Doubtless, if we could trace events to their true origin, we should there discover some unheeded circumstance, upon which hinged the whole issue; while all the fine-spun theories, and philosophical speculations of our historians, would dwindle down into mere *modifying* circumstances. The Pilgrims—men destined to become in after ages the leaven of the Western world—were nearly equally divided during their deliberations in Holland, as to embarking for New England. The majority of a few votes among those plain, world-despised men, has set a ball in motion that shakes thrones, overturns nations, and sheds a hallowed influence of education and Christianity upon the remotest corners of our globe. The historian refers not these effects to the immorality of the Dutch nation, which we are told (Gov. Bradford) turned the balance of divided opinion, and brought about this majority, but to the development of some general principles that he sees at work in the world. And it is meet that he should do so; since it is impossible to know all the ten thousand circumstances connected by a positive necessity with the occurrence of events, he must therefore search for causes of a different character. Yet the consideration of this truth

should take off the air of dogmatism that so often pervades histories, as though the writer were an entire master of the subject.

It is interesting to picture to ourselves the probable consequences of a different issue in events, where that issue hangs upon the accidental turn of a little circumstance, whose importance at the time is unknown. Many startling chapters might be written in this book of plausible results, and we need only alter a few facts, whose truth at first sight appears not worth insisting on, to make it true as Gospel record. These facts constitute the Unnoticed Eras\* in History. The waters of the Tiber overflowing its banks was the preservation of the *germ*, from which sprang the Eternal City. The happy expedient of the last of the Horatii, the valor of Cocles, the tears of Volumnia, the cackling of the goose, the one day's delay of Hannibal, the disclosure of the Cataline conspiracy by a libertine to his mistress, were all circumstances trifling in themselves, but of inconceivable importance, when viewed as so many connecting links in Destiny; without each one of which being supplied, the rest of the chain, however perfect, would have proved unable to sustain the interests of Rome, and the fate of the world. The fall of unexpected snows covered Buonaparte's Russian campaign with disaster. The issue of Waterloo depended on the arrival of Blucher's reinforcement, which swollen rivers or unforeseen accidents might have delayed until too late for action; and by how many other mere threads of circumstances can we conceive that the future history of Europe hung suspended on that occasion!

It is a matter of frequent occurrence, that the deepest laid plans of an energetic statesman come to nought, and the measures of blockheads meet with success. Wisdom must often "to the kennell," while stupid effrontery "stands by the fire." This results from the impossibility of making calculations to meet the actions and reactions in that invisible chain of influences which interlinks all things together, without either our knowledge or will. Thus is a connection established between the prince on the throne and the boot-black, or man in the gutter. Political events are more or less attributable to the vibrations in this concatenation of society so unseen as to baffle all human prudence. Cardinal Bernis, on being asked the cause of his banishment, is represented as philosophizing in the following strain on the instability of Fortune: "I have traced to its source the stream that swept me from the throne; and at the source there sat a common sutler girl, the

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\* The reader, who has become interested in this train of thought, is referred to an article under the above title, in Vol. XI, of this Magazine, where the subject is illustrated by a variety of historical events, tastefully selected and disposed of. "A spider's most attenuated thread across the mouth of the cave that concealed Mahomed," observes the author, "became a strong link in the adamantine chain of Destiny." Had the issue of the battle between Charles Martel and the Moslem host been different, "we should have been wearing turbans instead of hats, and combed our beards instead of shaving them."

arbiter of my fortunes, whose ill graces I had the misfortune to incur. A drunken stable boy, who wanted to marry her, was dismissed from my service. She fell at my feet and entreated pardon for the red-nosed bridegroom; I repelled the request. She ran to her special protector, a young lieutenant of the guards; and he to the wife of the Comptroller General. The latter was induced to speak to me; I did not listen to the application. He, incensed thereat, complained of me to his mistress, a chambermaid of the Marchioness de Pompadour. She said heaven knows what of me to the Marchioness—the Marchioness heaven knows what to the King—in short, I received a most gracious letter, in which it was intimated that I might change my abode in France for whatever country might be most agreeable.” In ancient times it was said that Athens governed Greece, Themistocles governed Athens, his wife Themistocles, and his son his wife; so that a youth’s whims were felt throughout the length and breadth of Greece.

This subject becomes invested with still more wonderful and startling interest, when we consider the extent of its application with reference to individuals. Indeed, so forcibly is the mind struck with the extreme latitude of the principle of “secret influences,” that, judging from the effects of known causes, it becomes a question, problematical to say the least, whether the whole of that difference in mind and character which we observe in those around us, cannot be sufficiently accounted for as the effect of the comparatively infinite number of unknown causes. It is a rule in reasoning, not to attribute to Nature what can be explained on philosophical principles; and on this argument have disbelievers in natural distinctions rested their opinions. On second sight, however, it must be seen, that though the rule be just, the present case does not allow of its application; for, admitting that a difference in external circumstances may be adequate to produce the variety in mind and character, yet has it no power to cause that corresponding variety in physical development, which is more or less attendant upon the former. So far as we credit phrenology, we acknowledge an original mental difference between men, as they come from the hand of their Maker. The tell-tale face discloses to the experienced eye the workings of the soul behind it, as with but half-smothered light it illumines the features with animation, and betrays its character in the countenance, through which it would find expression. From the mysterious connection that is known to exist between the material and the immaterial in our constitution, it seems to be a physical necessity that different minds should be encased in different moulds. The expansive or low forehead; the fully or slightly developed posterior portion of the head; the eye—deep set, and flashing the transmissions of the gem within, or mild, tender and blue; the mouth—“wreathed in smiles,” or curled with a perpetual sneer—lips compressed, or vacillating with every feeling; are all indices of innate qualities of soul, and types set up by nature, faintly to shadow forth the veiled realities within.

But, whether or not the influence of circumstances be sufficient to

account for the whole of this difference, observable among mankind, certain it is, that in this way can be explained a great part of it. The original, individualizing principles of our nature, if such, indeed, there be, must necessarily become so thoroughly remodeled by a life-time's subjection to the action of this all-pervading power, that when an old man comes to die, it appears as though no traces would be found of his primitive cast of mind. One of the broadest channels through which change pours a torrent of influence to effect this, consists in that quality of the human mind, termed association, by which different objects are connected together by a hidden bond, and one thought passing through the intellect, opens an avenue for the entrance of others. In each man's world of thought, but few ideas stand distinct by themselves. The rest, in the origin and course of their existence, have become involved in some tissue of accompanying thought; and so general is the action of affinity, as they repose together in the brain, that when we would draw forth one, we almost invariably find it connected with a long train of others. The process of this connection is unseen, and made manifest only by its effects. Man neither pretends, nor is, to any extent, able to regulate its operations. The consequence is, that a multiplicity of ideas, by a kind of necessity, enter the mind, in the selection of which he has no part. When we reflect, then, how large a proportion of our thoughts visit us through this inlet of association, and how little our wills have to do with the formation of these associations, we must be struck with the broad sphere that is here given to the operation of chance in the determining of human character.

The truths, with respect to casual circumstances, which have already been commented upon, as applicable to the course of events at large, obtain also in the lives of individuals, and present themselves the more clearly, because each man has only to consult his own experience in order to realize the fact. When reverting to our previous lives, we recall to the memory how, from causes either utterly beyond our control, or esteemed trivial, and acted upon as such, have emanated consequences involving our well-being in both this world and the next, the mind feels crushed under a sense of the weakness of its own resources, and its dependence on what is extraneous. Never were friendships formed by any previous determination; yet the mutual influence of two minds, in such a state, passes all our conception. To some unlooked-for incident does well nigh every one trace having caught in his heart the seeds of Divine Truth, whose fruit is to be life everlasting. Such is the connection between the mind within and the world without, that all the objects of sense and sight in the latter, with which the former becomes conversant, leave each their own trace toward writing out final character. The circumstances of climate and natural scenery, are rife with influence, either to freeze up or open the wells of feeling in the bosom of man—either to smother or enkindle the sparks of grandeur in his soul. No event is so fleeting as not to cast an abiding image on the mirror of his mind—no influence so slight, as not to touch strings in his heart that will vibrate throughout

eternity. What these events and influences are, accident only determines. Man's part is passive—often unconscious. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the secret influences that, like so many ministering spirits of His will, the Superintending Mind employs as links in the great chain of cause and effect. They whisper in our ears the startling secrecies of dreams, and conduct us through the "mysteries of waking vision." At one time, as the phantom of wealth, they throw a golden hue about us; at another time, assuming the form of love, or ambition, we are led captives of fate, and parts of a grand system of means, whose ultimate end is the glory of God. What a glorious day will that one be, when, with a vision refined from the grossness of materiality, we shall scan the entire field of influences,—God shall justify His providence to the minutest event, and the whole universe will break forth in one burst of admiration and praise to the Omniscient!

In fine, so hidden from our eyes are the undercurrents that toss us about on the ocean of life, that many men, feeling their inability to control their destinies, have subsided into the listlessness of Fatalism. This is the religion of despair. But how cheering is the thought to the Christian, that there is a Divinity which "shapes our ends," whose intelligence hath numbered the hairs of our heads, who impersonates infinite power employed by infinite goodness, and causes all things to work together for good to them that love him. Though circumstance weave the woof of fate, yet it is but a spindle in His hand, forming the checkered web of life as He has predestined. Our duty, and the true philosophy of living, consist in this, that, guarded alike from the rocks of presumptuous self-reliance, and the mazes of desponding Fatalism on the broad sea of life, we choose the midway path of *energy, tempered by humility and trust.*

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#### SONG OF THE DEWDROP.

When leaf and flower are sleeping,  
And closed is mortal eye;  
When only stars are keeping  
The night-watch in the sky;  
And often through the quiet air,  
Like call of sentinel,  
Bursts suddenly the meteor's glare,  
Proclaiming, "All is well;"  
When in the glen the fairies meet,  
Or on the velvet lawn,  
And tread the dance with airy feet,  
Till cockcrow hails the dawn,—

Then, silently descending  
Where night has thrown her robe,  
My form of spirit blending  
In one pure, pearly globe,  
I nestle in the greenwood bowers,  
Beneath the spreading trees,  
And give new fragrance to the flowers—  
New freshness to the breeze;  
Within the lily's cup I creep,  
On footstalk waving high,  
And there in fragrant chamber sleep,  
Rocked by the night-wind's sigh.

Or, where the flow'rets, failing,  
 Lie parched by noonday blaze,  
 There, sweetest balm exhaling,  
 Their drooping heads I raise.  
 Upon the woodbine's cell I rest,  
 And bid it droop no more ;  
 Or, folded in the rose's breast,  
 Its fading bloom restore.  
 Thus, through the silent night, I add  
 New life to all the scene ;  
 My balmy kiss makes nature glad  
 With hue of deeper green.

And when the dawn is breaking  
 The eastern hills along,  
 And woodland choirs, awaking,  
 Pour forth their matin song ;  
 When purple blush on eastern cloud  
 Foretells the rising sun ;  
 And watchful fowl, with clarion loud,  
 Proclaims the day begun ;—  
 Then every bush, and every stem,  
 Is fringed with dewdrops bright—  
 On every leaf, a sparkling gem  
 Hangs glittering in the light.

But when the sun is sweeping  
 The morning clouds away,  
 And through the night-mists peeping,  
 Pours down a warmer ray—  
 Again my crystal form I change,  
 And wafted on the air,

Beyond the skylark's utmost range,  
 I meet my sisters there.  
 And there we sport on zephyr's wing,  
 In light and airy form ;  
 Or in the tempest gathering  
 We ride upon the storm.

From setting sun, at even,  
 We catch the latest beams,  
 And spreading o'er the heaven  
 A purple glory gleams.  
 O'er all the sky we cast a shroud  
 Of black and murky night ;  
 And paint the rainbow on the cloud  
 In the returning light.  
 Again we seek the thirsting earth  
 In gently falling shower ;  
 Or give the stormy lightning birth,  
 And wield its wrathful power.

We drop upon the ocean,  
 And roam the waters wide,  
 Or rock with gentle motion  
 Upon its swelling tide.  
 We sparkle on the wavelet's crest,  
 When light winds whisper low,  
 And ride upon the billow's breast,  
 When angry tempests blow.  
 We chase each other on the wave,  
 And dash upon the strand ;  
 The bleak and sunny shore we lave,  
 And die upon the sand.

### MAGNALIA PEDESTRIA ;

OR,

#### LEAVES FROM A PEDESTRIAN'S NOTE BOOK.

READER—gentle or simple—dear or cheap—respected, or with no spectacles at all—frown not on this feeble attempt to amuse your fancy, or beguile your ' tedious hours ;' and if, after perusing with inverted nostrils, curled lip, and knotted brow, these humble pages, you find them, like the barren fig-tree, nought but ' leaves'—*dry leaves*—*don't* denounce me for soiling the virgin purity of the immaculate paper, but reflect, and solace yourself with the reflection, that " if I hadn't done

it, somebody else would." Accept, then, these "Leaves," (don't call them leavings,) "from a Pedestrian's Note Book." We can't say, strictly speaking, that we had a "Note Book:" the simple truth is, that we hadn't any. Yet, as this furnishing the public with "Scraps from my Portfolio," "Leaves from my Note Book," and other private et ceteras, is a very fashionable, and therefore a very agreeable thing; of course such a pattern of humility as "we," will be pardoned for this pleasing fiction. Attend, then, to the relation of some adventures,

"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi  
Et quorum pars magna fui."

I beg one favor, my friend! Should I (to use a beautiful metaphor) tread, with my rough pedestrian foot, on your intellectual corns, or should I become too pungent for your cultivated sense, forgive my heedless injury.

"Nunc favete auribus," and in those last named articles "go your length." I'll tell you some stories, part fancy and part fact, of the 'highways and byways' of a pedestrian life. If you wish to read poetry on the subject, go to Wordsworth—to anybody, but don't come to me; if you wish to read what I'm going to write—why, read it. Now for it.

#### THE DEPARTURE.

One "brightro-symor-ning" I took up my—boots, and put them on. "Fudge," you say. But stop, my dear sir! have you never heard that "order is Heaven's first law"? Nothing should be done without order! Now, had you held your peace, we should have gone faster—so learn wisdom for the future. Of course I put on my boots—why shouldn't I? Do you think that a man of polish is to go without boots (of polish) because you don't like to read about it? Oh! my country! my country! If such ruthless invaders of all that is *beautiful* in Nature are allowed to attack thy peace, what evils have we not to fear for thee! Having donned our 'trotter cases,' we took our departure from the 'scenes of our childhood' in a very serious frame of mind. Such was our departure. "Our, our? Who's we? who did you go with?" Ah! sir, you don't recollect! System, sir, system.

#### MY COMPANION.

My fellow traveler was a man, who would, by some, have been considered as varying slightly from his usual stature, while more practised observers might have dissented from this opinion. His nose was cast in a massive mould, and the beautifully chiseled lip, mouth, and chin, strikingly reminded one of the exquisite statuary of Ancient Egypt.

Shall we tell you his name? The name known in every civilized country on the face of the earth, as that of the intelligent, refined gentleman, who combines in his own person more graces of beauty, more accomplishments in art, than any one living?

The name of this gentleman is ———, \* known in every quarter of the globe, as the name of the accurate scholar, the munificent philanthropist, the perfect man. "Superat capite et cervicibus altis."

Are you fond of poetry, kind reader? Then slake your thirst for the waters of Helicon, by a copious draught from the gushing spring which we discovered on "the big rock on Holyoke's heights." The poetry was written by some forlorn being, who styles *him, her, or itself*, "a lover of Nature." Surely he's an ardent lover, very; the thoughts show a sublime enthusiasm that's perfectly indescribable. We give you the effusion of this limpid spring, "verbatim, literatim, et punctuatim." Read and wonder:

"From the big rock on Holyoke's heights,  
wee & many others found much delight.  
From its lofty summit we viewed the  
spacious vale, & with our lungs the  
pure air inhaled. O what a sight  
O what a work is there beheld on  
holyokes height, Tis not of Man,  
Tis not of Beauty Tis the work of  
our Creator God.  
The Author of nature. The  
Source of every blessing.

You will perceive that the author has the same devout habit of mind that many other great poets of our language are said to possess. Why may we not now indulge in hopes for the improvement and elevation of sacred song?

#### CANINE CURIOSITY.

We don't propose, reader, kind, of course, (not kind o' coarse,) to entertain you with a disquisition on the natural history of the useful quadrupeds, yclept dogs. That isn't our purpose. "What, then, is it?" Oh! mortal! had you the penetration of a—(O Dii Deæque, for a simile!)—a toasting-fork, you already would have discovered, with exact minuteness, the subject of this 'Leaf,' and would have traced, with philosophic eye, its relations to individual happiness, and the welfare of the human race. Since you're not a toasting-fork, I am constrained to give a minute account of what took place at the — hotel. Now for the story—ahem! In the spacious bar-room of the

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\* A more particular description of the personal appearance of Mr. ———, will be found in the "Ladies' and Gentlemen's Magazine of Fashion, Literature, and the Fine Arts," for the months of Jan., Feb., March, April, May, June, July, Aug., Sept., Oct., Nov., and Dec., 1845. Also in the corresponding Nos. of the previous year. As will there be seen, Mr. ——— is connected with some of the best families in England and on the continent. The Count de ——— is originally from the same stock, while the beautiful and accomplished Lady ——— is a near kinswoman.



hotel in the beautiful village of ———, there was no dog, that we recollect. "How was there any thing canine, then?" Stop, my *dear* sir! Presume not on your own penetration, or I shall consider you, not a p-p-p-y, but another quadruped—an 'E-got-ist. He! he! won't you keep silence after that? "As I was saying," there was in that bar-room a cane, my 'private hickory,' endeared to me by faithful service and cherished associations, for I cut it on "the big rock on Holyoke's heights." The cane was there. "Mine host" of the ——— hotel was also there. This very respectable personage, after informing the assembled company that in consequence of sundry applications of "legal suasion," it had become his fixed and unalterable determination to vend the "striped pig," through all coming time, and after exhausting his eloquence in maledictions upon the gentlemen who had endeavored thus to 'persuade' him, laid profane hands (not oaths) on my, *my* private hickory, and thus soliloquized:

"This is one of 'em, one of the re-al cudgels; jings! how heavy it is! I'd rather have no stick at all, than have that." "Pooty goo-ed land, where that growed!" chimed in another of the gentry of ———. "A-bout ten cauds t'the aiker, Ish'd thinkaint it? How old is it? lessee—one—two—three." How much longer the discussion would have continued, I\* know not, had not the owner of the cane

"Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between."

That's *my* cane, sir! and it *didn't* grow on very good land! It grew on "the big rock on Holyoke heights. Not a *very* good place for a cornfield, sir!" (*Caupo attonitus respondet*.) No-ah-ura-no-Sir! (*Exeunt Pedestrii*.)

#### IMPIETY.

Were you ever hungry? *Really* hungry? Not hungry, as are the mass of mankind, but awfully, desperately, *savagely* hungry! If you ever were, you're my man. If you never were, I'm sorry for you. You may cease to read, for though you read, you can form no proper conception of what is written. Listen, then, O hungry man, and thou, O!—t'other one, go, imitate the example of the ancient painter, who ate an immoderate supper of raw pork, that he might be delighted with a vivid conception of the nightmare. Imitate his spirit; don't eat the pork, but go without "wittles," for a day, aye, and a night too, and then, having walked two or three parasangs, you may profitably read. Come then, O hungry one, imagine the learned ——— in your position. See, as he seats himself at a well-spread table, how his eyes dilate with pleasure. See, how after roving from sweet to sweet, his

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\* Those curious on this point, may refer to the "Book of Fate." The second volume of the abridged edition will be found to contain all necessary information with regard to this point. Should any one, however, be desirous to make an accurate and minute investigation, they can consult the original edition, in four vols. quarto.

eyes fasten their steadfast, affectionate gaze upon one object. It is a pumpkin, or, to use the good downright yankee, a "punkin" pie.

Listen! you can almost hear the silent voice within, as it says in a transport of affection, "*dulce decus meum.*" Such was the conduct, such the anticipations of ———. "But ah! the spoiler came!"

Seated at the same table with our Mr. ———, was a gentleman, who, to use the current phrase, 'had a brick in his hat.' Moreover, as you will see, the brick must have been of considerable dimensions and weight. After sundry maudlin evolutions, this 'top-heavy' gentleman began to consider, mentally, the utility of the 'small plate' which was furnished for his use. After some silent reflection, he became so strikingly convinced of the demerits of the small plate, that he exclaimed, with the profanity of a pierate, "D—n the small plate," (giving it a toss,) "what's the use of it?"

The "small plate," obedient to the laws of matter, described a parabola, and alighted 'splosh,' directly in the centre of the object so dearly cherished by the affections of ———. Shocking impiety! The beautiful result of the labor of the agriculturist, the mariner, the mechanic, the housemaid, lies a pie of ruins; a piteable calamity, truly. It would naturally be a source of overwhelming affliction to the sensitive mind of ———, yet he did not repine. Not he! for affictions only purify noble minds, and give their excellencies new lustre.

#### SOMETHING RACY.

Were you ever too late for the cars? You have been, hey? Isn't it exhilarating? What a beautiful thrill it sends through all your faculties! How much your delight is increased, when you happen to be only *just* too late; so near early, that you're quite sure that the cars started before their time. Oh, it's nice—very! But I mustn't dilate on this subject, though there's only one quite equal to it—and that is, the one we're going to write of. A race with time is a very racy subject, if well treated! We'll tell you of a race against time. In a certain place, there is a certain dépôt of a certain Railroad Co. On a certain day, at a certain time in that certain day, certain individuals purchased certain tickets of a certain ticket-master, for certain seats in a certain car of a certain train of cars, belonging to the certain Railroad Co. aforesaid. In the possession of the certain individuals aforesaid, there was a certain knapsack, which was not in their possession. Do you call that a paradox? 'Tain't. It was in their *possession*, but they hadn't it with them. ('There's where I haäve you.) As the bell of the locomotive attached to the cars aforesaid, was giving its last ding, ding-dong, it (not the bell) struck the minds of the travelers aforesaid, that the knapsack, containing all their worldly goods, or rather evils, (for it had nought but three dirty shirts, &c.) was left in the baggage-room of the ——— House! The traveler who had the more extended natural facilities for progress, forthwith darted off in quest of the treasure. You should have seen his speed. You would have thought him a Camilla in breeches,—

"*Ille vel intactas segetis per summa volaret  
Gramina, nec teneras cursu laesimet aristas :  
Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumentis,  
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret equore plantas.*"

Soon the learned — sees a pair of limbs, flitting through the *depôt*, *a la* "streak of lightning," and jumping hastily on the *last* car of the retreating train. Soon —, who from the first had "smelt a rat," finds his fears confirmed and his expectations ratified. The cars, like the car of Juggernaut, rolled off on their iron track, crushing in their onward course the affections and hopes of that interesting couple, — and myself. Mr. — was the "fiscal agent;" but, on the other hand, I had the wearing apparel of the company, which I have just described. Perhaps you'll say, "that made you even." It may have done so, but I must confess I felt rather odd. Railroad companies, as you've probably discovered, don't carry passengers for nothing. They even go so far as to provide, in every train of cars, a biped, (we can't always say more in his favor,) termed a conductor. Had I fallen into the hands of one of those, I even now shudder to think of what might have been my fate. But, thanks to my stars! I had the good fortune to meet with a conductor who was a gentleman. "Ticket, sir," said he. "You must let me go on *tick*, sir," said I, relating my doleful story. "All right, sir!" said he cheerfully, and on tick I went. He was a gentleman, wasn't he? O yes! a most particular gentleman. I wish he was a razor-stop, so that there could be "a few more left of the same sort!" May thy shadow never be less, my friend!—thy *day* be never darkened!

I laughed "some," when I looked in the cars where — was, and he wasn't there. I guess I did, a few. Didn't I? "O no! not in the least, by no means, certainly not!" Perhaps, after I left the cars, the woods didn't ring with laughter. Perhaps they did! "And further the deponent saith not."

"A BOAT! A BOAT! TO CROSS THE FERRY!"

Did you ever see a *horse-boat*? Never? Then go and find one, oh, ignoramus that thou art! Aye, find one; and having found it, see it, although it isn't a sea-boat. Look at its venerable quadrupeds, who, like wine, appear to grow better by age. Curiously inspect its complicated machinery; and having thus made yourself a master of the subject, you will be able to form some idea of the appearance and condition of one that "we" saw, beached on the verdant shores of the Connecticut. You've noticed—haven't you?—near these boats, a stake, (not steak,) remarkable neither for its accurate proportions, nor for its general beauty. You've seen the shining tin horn on that stake, and perhaps you've tried to blow it. It "goes hard;" don't it?

If you *havn't* noticed the stake, and *havn't* seen the horn, and *havn't* tried to blow it, we can inform you, that there *are* such stakes—that upon them *are* shining tin horns—and that these horns are hard to blow. 'They *are*—"they ain't nothin' else." As I said, we saw the

boat; we saw, too, the stake and the horn, but we did not see the ferryman. Supposing our Charon to be at a distance, we seized and wind-ed "the mellow horn." After many contortions of countenance, and abundant redness of phiz, we extracted from "the mellow horn" a most unmellow "toot too-oo-oot, hoot-toot-ta-hoot." After one of us had "exhausted the subject" and his lungs, the other tried his powers; but still no ferryman came. We waited with the silence of despair, until just as we declared our intention of leaving the inhospitable shores, the ferryman appeared, as if by magic, before us! "Where did you come from?" was our uncourteous and abrupt interrogation. "Here we've been blowing this horn of yours this half hour." "Yeës, I heered ye. Ye dunno how t' blow that hawn very well." "Where did you come from?" repeated we. "O, I've been down in the cabin, fix-in' the macheëry." Sure enough, the rascal had been, at his leisure, "down in the cabin, fixin' the macheëry," and amusing himself with our doleful moanings on his doleful "hawn." He staid there, and heard us vent our impatience, until we expressed our determination to leave, and then appeared before us with the most entire unconcern! Either because the "macheëry" was out of repair, or because the number of his passengers was insufficient for his larger craft, our Charon made known to us his purpose to transport us across the river—in a skiff. "You seddown thire, inside o' his legs," said he, pointing to a seat of *very* moderate elevation from the bottom of the boat. We complied with the direction, in a manner more accordant with its spirit than with its letter, by seating ourselves between (not inside) the legs of —, which, like a pair of compasses, were outspread for our reception. Our Charon then seated himself amidships, facing us, and "beguiled the tedium of the way," by discoursing on various topics, in such a way as to impress our minds with the belief, that he was a ferry extraordinary man! What a scene!\* Around us was the water; above us was the sky; while underneath us was a seat, that wasn't *extremely* dry. 'Twas dry enough, though. Before us was a man, who may well be called the modern Charon; for, though he hadn't any beard, and wasn't particularly cross, still, he resembled him in the absolute sway that he exercised over his passengers, and in the fare which he exacted from them. We know nothing of the private history of this remarkable man; and for this reason, we shall not attempt a sketch of his private life. We would merely suggest it as a reasonable conjecture, that the name of his spouse (if he have any) must be Rhoda. Don't you think I'm right?

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It may be very refreshing to one's philanthropy to indulge the idea, that, though a person's outward appearance is unprepossessing, "a man's a man for a' that." Perhaps it is very comfortable to write "sarmints," to show how infallibly a gentleman is recognized by his manners and behavior, though his dress be ancient and uncouth. These

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\* Yes, 'twas a "water scene."—*Print. Dev.*

employments may be very agreeable—very edifying. We presume to say, that such is eminently their character. It is possible, that they may tend to produce the greatest possible amount of happiness. Perhaps they do. But when a man comes to test these theories by the experience of actual life, his adventures are not always productive of the most unmingled enjoyment. Let a *long-legged* gentleman, (we believe gentlemen have legs,) wearing a *short-tailed* coat, and a “shocking bad hat,” and a *short-legg’d* gentleman, wearing a *long-tailed* coat, and a hat of the nature above described, go to a “first-class hotel, where alcohol and tobacco are strictly excluded, and family prayers observed, morning and evening,” and I’ll assure you, they will come out from that hospitable home for the traveler with tales very different from those with which they went in! I may be mistaken; but I think they will. Picture to yourselves one of two gentlemen, thus attired, in conversation with the obliging bar—(we beg pardon!)—*book-keeper* of the — hotel. “What is the Railroad fare to —?” inquired the traveler. (*Book-keeper*,) “Twod’lers twenty-five cents, sir, ahem! (glancing at the gent’s costume,) ur-a-um, in the *first* class of cars, sir!” “Nuf sed,” thought we, and sloped.

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“I don’t wish (as we once heard a temperance orator say) to procrastinate my remarks.” We fain would tell you of

“Most disastrous chances;  
Of moving accidents by flood and field;  
Of hairbreadth ‘scapes.”

It would transport and almost kill you, dear reader, with pleasure, if we should tell you of our gum elastic bread, of our rhinoceros pie, of our acetate of milk. Much more surely would you be killed, if we should tell you how we fell in —; but we’ve no time, and perhaps you’ve no patience. Therefore, you won’t be transported at present—you must be content with the knowledge of Botany Bay that can be found “in the books.” If we’ve stimulated you to seek the sport (for sport it surely is) of a pedestrian ramble, we are satisfied. If we have failed to do that, we don’t care much—’twon’t kill us. If you should go on a “predestinarian tower,” and return dissatisfied, the worst punishment we wish for you is, that you, like one we wot of, may be victimized as a particularly funny man, and be compelled to contribute “something light” for the Yale Literary Magazine.

“βίβαται.” Alcestin, l. 394.

## BISHOP HUGH LATIMER.

Sermons made by the ryghte Reuerend father in God and constant Matir of Jesus Christe, Maister Doctour Hughe Latymer. Imprinted at London by John Day, dwellinge over Aldergate. Cum gratia & priuilegio Regiæ Maiestatis, per Septennium. Anno, 1562.

THE Reformation in England was of a peculiar character. A lustful, imperious, and fickle king, his nobility and parliament fast-bound by fear, the common people just casting from them the idols they had been taught to revere from childhood, and embracing the new faith, all combined against an hateful hierarchy, supported though it was by the omnipresent arm of Papal Rome, and the almost omnipotent power of Mammon. And the gold, which had attracted the lightning-like fury of the king, could not preserve itself from his consuming touch. The thunders of the Vatican echoed faintly over distant England. Lost in contemplating the starry eyes of Anne Boleyn, Henry VIII turned his back upon Rome to live in the glances of his fair mistress. Then followed that great quarrel between Pope and King, which severed the Anglican from the Roman Church. The suppression of monasteries and the rejection of certain cardinal doctrines in the old faith, was shortly followed by a furious persecution of the Protestants. Henry had caused his innocent queen to be executed on groundless suspicion of infidelity, and was about to raise Jane Seymour, a Catholic maid of honor, to the throne. Declaring the Scriptures, and the Apostolic, Nicene, and Athanasian creeds, to be the true standard of faith,—mongrel doctrines which it suited the king alone to believe—he virtually made the whole nation heretics before himself, and vented his blind rage on every person who dared to differ openly from his decrees. Those were sad days for old England. The little remnant of Lollards, which had just begun to emerge from their hiding-places, were driven back into deeper fastnesses than before, or compelled to embrace the fatal stake. Protestants, who denied the real presence, and Catholics, who rejected the spiritual supremacy of the king, were burned in the same funeral piles. Men knew not what to do. The most courageous dared not rush upon certain death by avowing their real faith, and the slavish timelings who would fain believe with their royal conscience-keeper, were unable to follow the king through all his capricious windings in religion. Both sects preserved a wise silence; the great majority shut up their Bibles and listened to Court Proclamations, for articles of belief. Still the persecution went on. From a slaughter market of cattle, Smithfield became a human butchering-field. The highways were deserted except by king's messengers, and bye-paths were traced out by officers of the Privy Council. Men walked by day with closed mouths and distrustful glances. The hunted Catholic, stealing over a deserted heath, stopped a moment by the gibbet, where a Lollard hung in chains, swinging heavily in the moaning wind, and

shuddered as he hastened on. And the gales which rushed over England could not lift the moral blackness enveloping it as with a mantle, or sweep away the thickly strown ashes of martyred saints. Thus the land mourned in sackcloth and ashes.

In times like these, Bishop Latimer boldly declared the truth, and passed unscathed. Beloved by the common people, respected and feared by his despotic master, he lived during the reign of six kings, to die at last in honored old age at the hands of "the bloody queen." Let us look awhile in his life and writings upon one of those iron characters, from which were moulded the Reformation and English Constitutional Liberty.

(Hugh Latimer was born in Leicestershire, about the year 1475, We find that in 1500, he graduated with honor at Christ's College, Cambridge, and was immediately appointed Preacher to his College, and Cross-bearer of the University. In these offices he soon distinguished himself by a singular and fervid eloquence, and for a time, by the bitterest enmity to the new doctrines from Germany. But an hour's conversation with his friend, Bilney, the martyr, infused into his mind serious doubts of the correctness of his faith, and the close workings of a powerful intellect soon turned him to the Reformed belief. Deprived by his enemies of the license to preach, he began to hold meetings in the open air, and drew together such numerous audiences of the common people, nobility, and even the clergy, that he was summoned to defend himself before Cardinal Wolsey, at London. To the astonishment of all, who had heard the bold and fiery eloquence of Latimer, as he inveighed against the corruption of Mother Church, the charges against him were dismissed after a noble self-justification, and he was at once received into the favor of that magnificent prelate. Through Wolsey, he was presented to Henry VIII, and commanded to preach a sermon in the royal presence. Upon this occasion, his manly, sonorous style, and the daring blows he showered upon the dissolute court and age, so well pleased the "bluff king" that he granted him the royal protection, and faithfully continued it until a few years before his death. The rest of Latimer's long life more than fulfilled the promise of his youth. No preacher of the age possessed his popularity. His immense influence, together with the position he occupied as a leader in the Reformation, shortly elevated him to the bishopric of Worcester. After the Six Articles had passed through Parliament, at the instance of Gardiner, he resigned his See, and was shortly after imprisoned in the Tower, until the accession of Edward VI. His liberation immediately followed, and he was again appointed to his former office, but refused on account of age and infirmities. The few remaining years of his life were spent with his friend Cranmer, in studious retirement and the composition of a few sermons, preached before the youthful and pious king. One of the first actions of Queen Mary was to condemn and execute the leaders of the Reformation, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer.

Among the ancient English Divines, Bishop Latimer was one of the most distinguished. He lived in an age when persecution raged high

against those who censured folly and vice ; yet, even in those stormy days, he found the land filled with silken clergymen, or, as he himself styled them, "unpreaching prelates." At a time when poor England scarcely dared to weep under its oppression, he saw Parliament, the only mediator between tyrant and subject, groveling dastardly at Henry's feet. When the land was flooded with the wickedness that poured with frightful rapidity from a corrupt Court, he saw the servants of the Most High bending abjectly before His self-proclaimed, licentious vicegerent. Then Latimer spoke to the people and their king. He knew the country's distress to be real. He knew that free limbs would not writhe and struggle against bonds of air. The people he addressed with no airy words, but portrayed their sufferings, under the dominion of Rome and its system, with his own rough, inimitable eloquence. Latimer was no chooser of words. He dealt in facts, and ideas engendered by facts. This man was too earnest and truthful to say delicate things, or strike muffled blows, when the hydra was before him. Latimer was no polisher of diamonds, but a miner in the earth. He was one of those who worked wonders. The people saw, that he who had risen from among them, was still of them, and they crowded with reverence around "Old Father Hugh," as they affectionately styled him. No stronger evidence of his convicting power can be found than the fact, that he repeatedly caused restitution of stolen goods to be made from unknown sources. In some cases, even, the reformation was accompanied by an open confession. With the state of the times before us, we can then forgive Latimer for deserting a literature which he would have adorned, and even applaud those harsh, scourging words of the powerful old Bishop. Among the fathers of our ancient letters, "pure wells of English, undefiled," Latimer was a fountain of medicinal waters, sparkling, bitter and healthful. Fuller's apology for him, is to the point. "Old HUGH LATIMER—one who had lost more learning than many ever had who flout at his plain sermons ; though his downright style was as necessary in that ignorant age, as it would be ridiculous in ours. Indeed, he condescended to people's capacity ; and many men unjustly count those low in learning, who, indeed, do but stoop to their auditors. Let me see any of our sharp wits do that with the edge, which his bluntness did with the back of the knife, and persuade so many to restitution of stolen goods."

Latimer's chief excellencies were firmness and intrepidity. Passing over the events of his long life, we mention a single instance, enough in itself to stamp the hero upon his character. On New Year's day, the king was accustomed to hold a *levee*, and receive presents of money from the spiritual dignitaries of the realm. The whole Court was assembled in the magnificent reception-room of the old palace. Upon the left of the king, sate the majestic Anne Boleyn, radiant in her queenly beauty. Scarcely distinguishable from her fellow maids of honor, stood the lovely and impassioned Jane Seymour, throwing a soul of fire into every glance she darted upon her royal master. There, too, was proud Suffolk's heiress, the accomplished and ethereal Lady Jane Grey, exchanging with her old friend and tutor, the elegant Roger



Ascham, occasional smiles of intelligence, which clearly proved that the minds of both were wandering far beyond that scene of courtly magnificence. Upon the king's right, were the haughty nobles, Suffolk, Norfolk and Surrey, with a crowd of turbulent lords by their side. And there, close to the throne itself, stood a hard-featured, grave and silent man, Thomas Cromwell, the *eleve* of Wolsey, the friend of Cranmer, the suppressor of monasteries under Henry VIII, the faithful servant of bad masters. Perhaps, at that instant, the aged Cardinal's dying voice rushed across his mind, speaking solemn warnings in the self-same aged, dying tones. But the Eighth Harry was true king even in that princely assemblage. His was the coarse face and expression of a sensualist; but all the monarch glared from those roused and tiger-like eyes. The folding-doors are suddenly thrown open, and a richly laden train of ecclesiastics appear. At their head, was that soft-willed man, Archbishop Cranmer, wise minister to the king, and fickle Primate of all England. Then followed the wily Gardiner, the learned Tonstal, the savage Bonner, the pious Ridley, and a long train of stoled and crosiered Bishops. Each, as he paid his reverence to majesty, placed a purse of gold in the hands of the royal treasurer. At length, Latimer approached. Queen Anne Boleyn graciously smiled on the fearless advocate of her claims before the private marriage was avowed. Henry's eyes sparkled, for Worcester was a rich See. Clothed with his common pulpit garments, and with the same soul in which he was wont to appear before his God, Latimer passed through the glittering maze of nobility into the presence of that haughty monarch, and without deigning a glance at the treasurer, and his massy pile of gold, placed into the very hands of the astonished despot a Latin Testament, open and folded down to the passage, "*Fornicatores et adulteros judicabit Dominus.*" Courtiers, statesmen and warriors were electrified, and hastily drew back in fear from the king's indiscriminate fury. Henry himself was paralyzed. He rested his eyes a moment upon the book, and then glared them savagely on his bold subject. Latimer had bent his knee to the king, but his eyes were raised to heaven. The tyrant *dared* not look upon the venerable and saintly form of the Bishop, in that lowly posture, and waving his hand, with a troubled face, dismissed the Court. Thus, the Lord Bishop of Worcester conquered the haughtiest monarch on earth. Thus, Hugh Latimer preached to his king.

The martyr was naturally a faulty man; but, like Luther, he rose above his passions, and wrought out of himself a Hero. Such men shall posterity most admire, for they recognize in them the highest rank of earthly nobleness. Such men does God most love, for they have come nearest to himself in the search for truth and its purifications. They have the truest idea of the Immutability of Right. Changing its form with circumstances, Right looks ever to the same thing, and is ever the same essence. These are iron men of the iron age, who "break, but never bend." Henry preceded Elizabeth, and by the law of civilization, the age of iron (when *properly* so termed) must always precede the age of gold. The rough mould gives form to the finer

metal; and the sturdy, inflexible preachers, in the time of Henry VIII, rudely fashioned the Reformation, which sprung into glowing life in the reign of Elizabeth. From ages of darkness and spiritual wrong, the Reformation has come down to us—not by starts and leaps, but slowly, mystically, and with the gliding motion of the gods: "*Vera incessu patuit dea.*"

The last scene of his life arrived in extreme old age. Latimer and Ridley were led to the stake, in front of Baliol College, Oxford. Learning was sacrificed upon its own altar, and piety offered up as a grateful oblation to God! His last words were prophetic, and worthy of himself,—“BE OF GOOD CHEER, BROTHER RIDLEY, AND PLAY THE MAN: WE SHALL THIS DAY, BY GOD’S GRACE, LIGHT SUCH A TORCH IN ENGLAND, AS I TRUST SHALL NEVER BE EXTINGUISHED!” Thus died Hugh Latimer, martyr and true prophet.

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#### REPORT OF A MEETING OF THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB.

[It has been a fixed rule, heretofore, with the conductors of this Magazine never to admit into its pages any thing which savors, in the remotest degree, of *party* politics—a rule which it is our intention strictly to observe. But there are *individuals* in every sect and party who push to ultraism the principles which they profess, thus attaching reproach and odium to the better and more sensible portion of it. These are fair game for the satirist. Now we confess ourselves disciples of the laughing philosopher, Democritus, and can not forbear indulging our readers with a little merriment at the expense of sundry fanatics, scattered here and there throughout one of the great parties of the day; but, at the same time, we protest against a more extended application of this article than that to which we have alluded. In candor, we cannot undertake to pronounce the Democratic party, as a party, inferior in point of talent and respectability to its rival; and truth obliges us to admit that there are absurdities maintained by individuals in the latter, as vulnerable to the shafts of ridicule as those in the other. An article upon the last named follies, having the same limitations, and written in the same style, with equal point and spirit, would be as acceptable as this. We have deemed these remarks necessary, in order to prevent those who are too sensitive or too malicious to appreciate the intention of the writer, from misconstruing our motives in publishing it.—EDS. MAGAZINE.]

Mr. Stubbs took the chair. The secretary, Mr. Sneakins, read the question for discussion, viz. “What are the obstacles which now oppose the progress of Democracy, and how are they to be removed?”

MR. TRUMPER rose to address the meeting. He said, he looked upon their position as peculiarly a fortunate one—enjoying, as they were, the rich boon of freedom and equal rights, guaranteed to them by the sweat and blood of their forefathers, the Constitution of the United States, and the battle of New Orleans. But, because possessed of these inestimable privileges, they were not to sit idle, with their hands in their pockets, comparing their condition with that of the down-

trodden victim of British or Russian tyranny. They were not to imagine that there was nothing for them to do; though much had been done, still, much was undone. There were radical evils in the present constitution of society, which, if not remedied, would, in the end, be fatal to Democratic institutions. He was now about to bring one of these evils before the notice of the members. It had been justly observed that "education is the natural antagonist of Democracy,"—he would go farther, and assert, without fear of contradiction, that *talent* is the natural antagonist of Democracy. Every man of talent is a born Aristocrat. Somebody, indeed, had called all such "nature's noblemen." He would not dispute the propriety of the appellation. He would only say, that like all other noblemen, they were at war with the genius of free institutions. 'Twas absurd to talk of equality where such men are found. They would wind the People round their little fingers—they would get all the power into their own hands, and keep all the offices among themselves, without giving any to the Democracy. All history was full of warnings on this subject. These were the men who had done the most mischief in every age. He might enumerate hundreds, but he would mention only Cæsar, and Cromwell, and Sir Robert Peel, and Daniel Webster. These were all men of talent—yet one subverted the liberties of his country, and made himself perpetual dictator—another got himself appointed Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, and dissolved the Long Parliament, and slaughtered in cold blood thousands of men, women, and children, of the Emerald Isle, who make our most patriotic and Democratic citizens—a third got into his hands the government of England, and taxed the people to pay the interest on the National Debt, instead of repudiating it, as every true Democrat would have done—while the fourth would have sold his country for British gold, if the Democratic newspapers hadn't exposed and prevented him. This was what men of talent had done, and judging the future by the past, what would they not do? Was it not, then, the duty of every Democrat to do all in his power to check the growth and destroy the influence of talent? He had heard some inconsiderate persons declare that the greatest portion of the mind and talent of the country was in the Democracy. But the glorious edifice of popular supremacy was built upon no such sandy foundation. It was rather supported by the power of the mass and the might of numbers. For his part, he thanked heaven that he had no talent. He did not see what there was in natural abilities, which should make any one desire to possess them. Talent was an accidental distinction—it was nothing which a man could acquire by his own unaided industry. Why, a man could no more determine how much talent he should have, than he could how much land his father should own, or how large a legacy a rich relation should die and leave him. But property was justly regarded as anti-democratic. The poor man had as good a right to vote, or rather better, than the rich man. Yet wealth was, in his opinion, more Democratic than talent. For if a man didn't have wealth, he could go to work and get it, or if he couldn't get it by working, he might by begging, or stealing. But if a man wasn't born with talent,

there was no use of doing any thing—he could get it neither by working, begging, nor stealing. He wondered how some very good democrats could profess a respect for natural genius. He trusted they would soon see their error, and come to regard talent as dangerous to the perpetuity of free institutions. Indeed, the public were waking up to the importance of this great subject, and were manifesting a growing disposition to discourage talent. Men of ability were elected to offices of profit and honor, far less often than formerly, and those were preferred, who, having no mind or judgment of their own, were willing to do just what the people wanted them to. This was as it should be. It was the beginning of a better state of things—the dawn of a brighter day, when the people should be obeyed, and Democracy having arrived at perfection, be Progressive no longer.

Mr. Tubbs, a young gentleman recently from College, being loudly called for, rose and said, that he coincided with the gentleman who had just spoken. The Colleges of our land had been called “the nurseries of talent”—he would call them the nurseries of Aristocracy. “Knowledge is power,” was the observation of a distinguished philosopher, and if true, it was the professed object of these institutions to put power into the hands of a few, and elevate them above the rest of the people. Hence, knowledge had always been dangerous to popular governments. The best example of a true Democracy was in the garden of Eden, before the fall. But the apples of science were eaten, and forthwith sin and Aristocracy came into the world. Eve tasted first, and hence, her daughters had ever since lorded it over men. Most of the great spirits who had labored for the cause of liberty and equal rights, had set a good example in their own case, by despising learning and education. Andrew Jackson had never rubbed his back against the walls of a College. He was too good a Democrat for that. The fact was, the Professors and Students in these institutions were, for the most part, rank Aristocrats, who aspired to be above common folks. This was no rash assertion, but was founded on his own personal experience. It was his fortune, or rather his misfortune, to have been to College. Yet he had entered with the determination to remain a Democrat, and had at once set himself against the dangerous practices he saw there encouraged. He resolved not to learn any thing, either by study or reading. For by getting knowledge he might perhaps have become dangerous to the liberties of the people. And how was his patriotic conduct received? Shameful to relate—at the end of two terms he was advised, by the Faculty, to leave. It had been perceived that he was impervious to the insidious attacks of Aristocracy, and therefore he had been sacrificed. But he was a willing victim, and gloried in suffering for such a good cause. Before he sat down, he would caution the members not to understand him as referring, in these remarks, to all the institutions which bore the name of College. There were many in the land, he was glad to say, highly republican in their tendency. At these, the students commonly knew less when they graduated, than they did when they entered. Many, indeed, learned to smoke, drink, and swear—but these acquisitions were by no

means inconsistent with the soundest democratic principles. Such Colleges deserved the patronage of the people, and of such the country might be justly proud.

Mr. Graball wished to know, why it was that a particular set of men monopolized the practice and profits of preaching, to the exclusion of the community at large. There were a great many fine salaries and good fat places occupied by the parsons, which certainly ought to be open to the Democracy. It was an established principle, in a republican government, that all offices are held in trust for the people; and how could the people be better served, than by filling those offices with good Democrats? Or how could zeal for the cause be better kept up, than by frequently kicking out incumbents, and putting in those who had worked harder and hotter for it? Hence, Rotation in office was now-a-days strictly enforced. Postmasters and other office-holders, never kept their places more than six months at a time; so that every Democrat had a chance to serve the people, in some capacity or other. To be sure, the Aristocracy held on, for a long time, to the judges, but republicanism was triumphant here too; and in many of the States, they were now regularly elected, at short intervals, by popular ballot. Yet, if the people were represented on the bench—why should they not be represented in the pulpit? Guides to a heavenly destination, who should point out the turnings, and smooth over the difficulties of the way, were, doubtless, as important to the public welfare as Road Commissioners. The latter were elected by the people—why should not the former be chosen in the same manner? Some persons might have a great deal to say concerning “the sanctity of the office, its institution by the Deity,” &c.; but this was nothing but a repetition of the old slang about the divine right of kings, and ought to be heeded by no one. The fact was, clergymen enjoyed a monopoly, which could find its parallel only in a monarchy. It was quite a common thing in New England, for a parson to preach to the same church for ten or twenty years together; and one old clergyman had lately been spoken of in the papers, who had lived upon his people for half a century. The consequence was, that ministers were almost always Aristocrats. Like other pampered office-holders, they waxed fat and kicked. Frequent removals were needed, to keep down their pride. The visitations which came upon other functionaries, should be showered upon them, that they might be made to feel their dependence on the people. There were, indeed, indications of a better state of things—bright oases in the midst of this official desert, on which every Democrat might rest his eyes with hope and longing. He rejoiced to say, there were some parishes which never kept the same minister for more than six months. He hoped the day was not far distant, when this practice would be universal—when, too, the profession would be thrown open to all, and no longer be a monopoly—when, at every town meeting, the people would assemble to ballot for their parson, as well as for their clerk and constable.

Mr. Purger said, that there was one subject on which he thought it his duty to address the meeting, even though the cry of “infidelity”

were raised against him. The subject to which he alluded, was the use of the Bible in our common schools. Every one must admit, that the Scriptures contained many passages which were, to say the least, anti-democratic in their tendency. There was one verse, in particular, which enjoined the payment of taxes to Cæsar, who, as one of the speakers had already observed, was the most despotic tyrant that ever trampled upon the rights of the people. He would caution the members not to understand him as saying any thing derogatory to the principles of the authors of that sacred book. No man had a greater respect for the Apostles than himself. He rejoiced to say, they were not college-learned, purse-proud Aristocrats. They were men of the hard-fisted, laboring classes—they came from the ranks of the people. But, gentlemen should remember the times in which they lived—long before the Declaration of Independence and the days of Thomas Jefferson. He doubted not that the Twelve were good Democrats; but they were, in many respects, far behind the Democratic party of the present day. This was to be expected; and it would not have been strange, if there had been more passages in the Scriptures which could not harmonize with the genius of our free institutions. Yet, upon this account, the Bible ought not to be proscribed, nor declared unfit to be perused by republicans. All grown-up persons should read and practice its precepts. There was no fear, that those who had been educated in Democratic principles—who had been taught to cherish the rich boon of freedom, would readily be estranged from their first love. But he would venture to ask, what must be the effect of an indiscriminate reading of the Bible upon children? Was there not danger that their young minds would drink in the poison of Aristocratic ideas? Was there not danger that they would not make proper allowance for the Apostles, and strictly believe every thing they found in the Gospels? This was a subject worthy of the deepest consideration. Yet, on the other hand, he would not have the friends of religion take alarm, and think that any injury to the cause of piety was intended. It was not insisted that the Bible should be taken entirely from the hands of boys and girls. He protested only against their being allowed to read it indiscriminately. With due deference to the judgment of others, he would suggest, that there ought to be an expurgated edition of the Bible, for the benefit of children. Some of the book-makers of the day, (and they were by no means a small class among his fellow citizens,) might take it upon themselves to get out an abridgement of God's Word, from which all the anti-democratic passages should be expunged. A small volume of judicious Selections from the Holy Scriptures, adapted to the use of Schools, would be an invaluable addition to our books of instruction. He moved that the subject be referred to a Select Committee, to report at the next meeting.

Mr. Zedekiah Zookins rose to remonstrate against the anti-democratic conduct of the A's, in putting themselves first in all lists, tables and catalogues. He desired to know what peculiar virtue there was in an initial A, which entitled its possessor to this universal preference. Was a man any better, as a Democrat or a citizen, merely because his

name began with A? For himself, he would echo the interrogatory of a distinguished poet, and inquire, "What's in a name?" Yet, he did not wish to be understood as impugning the motives of the A's, or the B's, or the C's—far from it. Perhaps it had not been their fault that they had always taken the lead—perhaps it was the fault of the system. But was that system just? Did it not mar the symmetry, and conflict with the genius of Democratic institutions? He trusted that this relic of Feudalism would be tolerated no longer, and that, hereafter, the first letters of the alphabet would never come before the last. Nay, more—Why should they not go even farther than this? Titles had been abolished already. Why not do away with the whole mass of alphabetical distinctions, and put all on an equality in this matter of initials? He would propose, that everybody should take one name—say, for example, the highly respectable and Democratic appellation of Smith. What a glorious state of things there would be then! What a lesson would be afforded to the crowned heads and titled Aristocracy of Europe, could they see on this western continent a mighty republic of *Smiths*!

Mr. Peeler would ask the attention of the meeting to a significant fact, reported in the New York Tribune. A highly respectable female correspondent of that paper writes as follows: "We had a foretaste of the delights of living under an Aristocratical government, at the custom-house, where our baggage was detained, and we waiting for it, weary hours, because of the preference given to the mass of household stuff carried back by this same Lord and Lady Falkland." In this circumstance, observed the orator, we see, sir—we see clearly the evils of monarchy. Facts, we are told, are stubborn things, and here we have a fact of the toughest description. He should like to see before him one of those apologists for England—those rank Aristocrats, who still, he was sorry to say, pollute the soil of our free and enlightened republic. He should like to press him with this fact, and ask him how he could get along with it. He would show him, that, under a monarchy, some people were detained at custom-houses, while others were not—that some people had their baggage taken care of first, and other people didn't have their baggage taken care of before the last—that some folks got in other folks' way, and other folks had to wait until some folks got out of it. This shocking state of inequality pervaded all the relations of life. In a true Democracy, there would be no such aggravated grievances. No one would have to wait for any one else, because all would be attended to first—no person would have his baggage taken care of before any other person—nobody would get in any other body's way, but everybody would get out of it. He moved a vote of sympathy for this afflicted sufferer from British tyranny and monarchical institutions.

The motion was passed unanimously, and the meeting adjourned.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

**The Inheritance of English Literature**; an Address delivered before the Miami Chapter of the Alpha Delta Phi, on the evening of August 11, 1846. By James C. Moffat, A. M., Professor of the Roman Language and Literature, and of Aesthetics. Cincinnati: J. A. James.

A pamphlet with the above title has found its way to our sanctum, and after a careful perusal of its contents, we think it well deserving of a passing notice. The subject which the author has selected is one, respecting which much has been written, and with which many are to some extent familiar. Yet it is one on which frequent study may be profitably expended, and we can scarcely form too high an estimate of its importance.

Prof. Moffat's method of presenting it is clear, forcible, and strikingly original. He calls attention not merely to the various items which comprise the valuable inheritance bequeathed to us by our fathers, but to the causes which gave rise to them, and the obligations which they impose. He goes back to the remote antecedents which were first productive of literature in the English tongue; unfolds the various forces which served to form the character of that literature; and finally points out its operation and tendency, its bearing upon the present age, its moral, political, and religious influence upon modern society. His style is simple and unaffected, his reasoning ingenious, his reflections wise. Every sentence shows a familiar acquaintance with the treasures of English lore, and a just appreciation of their value on the part of the author.

We sincerely hope that the Address may be widely circulated, and extensively read, for any thing, in these days of literary taste, which would dissuade the young from plunging into the tempting vortex of mental dissipation, and would point them to those pure and invaluable fountains, whose streams have flowed undefiled even to our time, must necessarily be productive of good, and cannot but exercise a beneficial influence.

**The Literary Record and Journal of the Linnæan Association of Pennsylvania College.** Conducted by a Committee of the Association. Neinstadt. Gettysburg.

The October number of this valuable periodical is on our table. It fully sustains the high reputation which former numbers of the work have deservedly acquired. Its contents are mostly of a philosophical nature, and perhaps not such as would interest the majority of readers. They are ably written, however, and are not unworthy the attention of the scientific world. The present number contains the best exposition we have seen of the principles and practical operation of the Electric Telegraph; also, an interesting College Record, descriptive of the events of Commencement week. A third volume commences with the next number.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

SEVERAL curious manuscripts, kind reader, were lying before us, containing, among other varieties, sundry "quaint conceits," "cunning devices," "scraps of wit," "Castalian dews," and an "*editorial dream*," and our humble self was busily engaged torturing imagination for a still further addition to the mysterious blots and scrawls which stained the snow-white pages, when a rap was suddenly heard at our door, and looking around we saw before us, grinning ghastly smiles, that much abused imp—the "Apollon of the press." "Please, sir, the printer says he has copy enough to fill the Magazine, and there'll be no room for an Editors' Table." "*No room for an Editors' Table!*" cried we, in our astonishment, "and have all our labors, our heart-burnings and cares, our perplexities and anxieties been endured to no purpose? Have we withdrawn ourself from the engrossments of active life, from the pleasures and amusements in which our soul delighted; have we been deprived of our morning walks among the laughing flowers, last relics of the dying summer, of our noonday rambles by the sparkling sea-shore, of our midnight meditations beneath sympathizing stars, thus to be scorned, scoffed, and mal-treated? Perhaps, kind reader, our philippic might have



been continued to this hour, had we not noticed the doleful appearance of *the audience* writhing beneath our eloquence. The poor *devil* first opened his eyes to their utmost limits; his lower jaw then began slowly to drop; his hair stood on end, and his whole frame trembled with affright. Startled by his appearance, we "made an end of speaking," and immediately dismissing him, examined the conditions of affairs.

By the exercise of a little ingenuity, we managed to reserve space enough to confer for a moment with our readers, and we would modestly assure them that we should be glad to prolong our interview, if the cruel fates would permit. We had intended to have turned your attention back to the joyous days of the "long vacation;" to have revisited, with you, the scenes from which you then derived so much pleasure; to have recalled to your memories the bright glances of sparkling eyes which then "looked love" upon each and all. We had also intended to have given you a sketch of the events of that "great and notable day," long to be remembered in the annals of old Yale—that day of INAUGURATION—when the sons of Yale, with one consent, united to do honor to those whose names are so inseparably connected with the Institution to which we belong. We had intended to have given a brief abstract of the eloquent addresses which were then delivered; to have described that long torch-light procession; to have reawakened those harmonious strains of music; to have reflected from our own pages some portion of the light of that brilliant illumination, and it is with extreme regret that we find ourselves compelled to *withdraw* after thus *declaring our intentions*. Our only consolation is, that our efforts might but have marred the *glory* of that great occasion, and we can only hope that better hands and an abler pen may give you a description of the proceedings of that day, *together* with the addresses which added so much to its interest.

Indeed we had even carried out, to some extent, the intentions above specified, and had actually served up, for the gratification of your intellectual palates, some choice morsels of literary food. In the confusion, however, which the *devil* occasioned, the *melange* was overturned, and we had only time to snatch from its ruins the following specimen, which we *think* we have somewhere seen before, but, nevertheless, are by no means certain.

#### THE TREE-TOAD.

I am a jolly tree-toad, upon a chestnut tree,  
I chirp because I know that the night was made for me;  
The young bat flies above me, the glow-worm shines below,  
And the owl sits to hear me, while my mellow numbers flow.

I'm lighted by the fire-fly, in circles wheeling round—  
The katy-did is silent, and listens to the sound—  
The Jack-o'-lantern leads the way-worn traveler astray,  
To hear the tree-toad's melody until the break of day.

My mate, within a knot-hole, is far below at rest,  
Her seven smiling children are folded on her breast,  
A never-ceasing vigil by night I always keep,  
While soothed by my melody they calmly, softly sleep.

Ye katy-dids and whip-poor-wills come listen to me now,  
I am a jolly tree-toad, upon a chestnut bough—  
I chirp because I know that the night was made for me,  
And I close my proposition with a Q. E. D.

Verily, the star of Poesy is again in the ascendant. It has been said, and perhaps with some shadow of truth, that Yale has *now* no poets, and the complaint has more than once been made, that

"They who should woo the muse gallant the girls."

We rejoice to say that the above classical and elegant lines show the falsehood of this assertion, and *demonstrate* that the complaint is wholly unfounded.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Hermogenes" is on file for insertion in our next.

"Keats' Ode to a Nightingale," was received too late for insertion in the present number.

"Gleanings from my Journal," is unavoidably postponed.

"The departure of Summer" is *decidedly* rejected. One would think, to read it, that poetry had also departed. The youthful author, however, must not be discouraged. The subject is a trite one, and he may do better "next time."

\*.\* Communications for the next number must be handed in *immediately*.

¶ The author of a "Report of a Meeting of the Democratic Club" desires to state, that he did not see, until too late for remonstrance, the remarks prefixed to his article. He must be permitted to say, in justice to himself, that those remarks mis-*conceive entirely* the purpose of his piece. Its drift, he thinks, must be clear enough to the intelligent reader; yet as others may fall into the same mistake with the writer of that note, he will add, that it was not leveled against any party whatsoever. It was not intended to bear upon the difficult and delicate question, whether the friends of our national administration or its enemies embrace the largest number of knaves and fools. The satire was not aimed against the democratic party, but against democratic theorists and speculators, speechifiers and glorifiers of all parties and denominations, from Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine to Mike Walsh and John O'Sullivan.

PROSPECTUS  
OF THE  
TWELFTH VOLUME  
OF THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

To be conducted by the Students of Yale College.

In presenting the prospectus of a new volume of this periodical, we take occasion to express our firm belief in the truth of the sentiment uttered by some upon our accession, viz., that "the Magazine is now upon its last legs." It is also our belief that these "legs" are sufficiently strong to support it through a long and prosperous career, and we sincerely hope that all our successors may add their testimony to the truth of this *prophetic* remark.

Its former existence may, at times, have been deemed precarious, either through the officious zeal of its friends in offering unreasonable contributions, or from their failure to supply it with its natural and essential aliment. But a faint show of opposition has drawn support from quarters least expected; and now, with a full subscription list, and with the support of considerate yet *decided* friends, we offer to the public a *Twelfth Volume* of the *Yale Literary Magazine*. We offer it not as a rival to the periodicals of the day, nor as an interference in any of the departments of Science and Learning, nor yet as the organ of our Alma Mater, but as a quiet companion for leisure moments, a mirror to reflect the humor of the hour. Our aim shall be to make it agreeable to all. We shall offer themes for the thoughtful, whims for the curious, jests for the fun-loving. Whoever has a truth to utter, a song to sing, or an interesting tale to tell, shall receive from us a hearty welcome and a just consideration.

A font of new type has just been obtained, which will greatly increase the beauty of the work, and with a faithful and punctual discharge of our duties, we hope to make it both interesting and attractive.

Three numbers of the Magazine will be issued every term.

TERMS.—\$2.00 per annum, payable on the delivery of the *third* number. Single numbers, 25 cents.

No subscriptions will be received for a less term than one year.

Communications must be addressed (post paid) through the Post Office, "To the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine."

VOL. XII.

No. II.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"*Deus enim prima causa, vinctus iudicibus Talemus  
Constanti Romano, venerabili Patre.*"

DECEMBER, 1846.

NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY HORACE DAY.

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WHOLESALE.

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THE  
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VOL. XII.

DECEMBER, 1846.

No. 2.

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WILLIS'S POEMS.

Our earliest recollections of poetry are identified with the name of Willis. The music of his numbers, and the simplicity of his language, at first attracted us. But succeeding years unveiled new beauties, and opened new sources of delight in them. The memory of all has clung to us from boyhood. We were, therefore, glad to see a volume of his Poems given to the public as the fruit of his various wooings of the Muses. Somewhat curious to know whether he still had power to charm us, we have read them all, and find that what had struck our boyish fancy now commands our admiration; and, moreover, every re-perusal does but strengthen the old impression and unfold more clearly the nature of his genius.

If one should ask us why these Poems pleased us, what peculiarities there were in them which attracted us specially to him, what mental traits of his they developed, what estimate we put upon them, thus should we answer: We like Willis for the class of subjects he has chosen. They refer, for the most part, to animate creation, and deal with flesh and blood realities. They are about those who have lived, felt, spoken, acted, died. The intensity of life is in all of them. We are not called upon to witness with what delirious joy he gazes upon the setting sun, or how artistically he can cause the trees to wave; nor are we compelled to listen to the emotions which swell his philosophic soul as he enters a wood or steps upon a prairie. He does not talk to rivulets, or apostrophize the evening wind, or chant the dirges of autumnal flowers. He is essentially the poet of humanity. It is his great absorbing theme. To it all inanimate Nature is subordinate. He leads us to the death-bed of the Ruler's Daughter, to hear the Master say, "Arise!" We wander in the wilderness with Hagar. We bend with David by the pall that covers Absalom, and with the dying Alchymist, we pray for

"but a day—to win  
Something to satisfy this thirst within."

His theme is Life—its busy cares, its aims, its disappointments, and its thousand all-absorbing interests—the universal Man in every form of individuality—man, the victim and source of suffering—man, the merry-maker—man, governed by all the passions and desires of which the mind can form conception—man, in the silence of self-communion, when he whispers to himself his own deep thoughts—man, in his intercourse with men, when all the hidden and mysterious springs of influence are brought in requisition—man in communion with his Maker, when the wild storm of passion is hushed, and a still small voice may guide and counsel him.

We have said that Humanity was his most important theme—that Nature was subordinate. But yet he is her willing worshiper. He is quick to discover her hidden graces, and memory is faithful to him when he would adorn or magnify the subject of his story. None have excelled, few have equaled him in the vividness of his descriptions. They are not long or seemingly elaborate. We never should suspect that Art had moulded them; but, as we read, we almost fancy that Nature, disgusted with the weak attempts to limn her features, had, at last, endured herself with human attributes, and through him vouchsafed to her admirers the only living image of herself.

But attractive as are the subjects of his Poems, they could hardly awaken sufficient curiosity in us to wade through a mass of verbiage, certainly never entice us to a second attempt. But who has ever cast his eye upon those living pages that did not read their contents? And who has ever read them once that did not desire to re-peruse them? The earnestness and truthfulness with which he unfolds his themes fully satisfy the understanding, while the naturalness and simplicity which breathe from all of them, continually allure and delight us; and we hang over them and revel in the delight they give us, until compelled by sheer necessity to tear ourselves away, and though we turn constrainedly to other occupations, it is with his brilliant images still floating before us, the music of his measure still ringing in our ears, and the chords that he has swept so masterly, still vibrating to the touch.

The wonderful command of language possessed by Willis, must be apparent to the most superficial reader of his poetry. There are many men who can clamp words and sentences together, but these always look like strangers to each other, and will betray their contrariness by pulling opposite ways. They seem never to have been fairly tamed to service, and are restive under the burden of a thought. But Willis's words dance along, with a wonderful ease and grace, to their appropriate time and music. They understand each other, and seem well content with one another's company. There are always enough and just enough to clothe his ideas suitably. They neither betray the economy of necessity, nor yet display the prodigality of excessive wealth. His thoughts, it is true, always appear in full dress, for he has but one wardrobe, and that is filled with the finest material; yet they are not smothered in their vesture. It were hard to find a thought so overlaid and

hidden by its garb, that the least abstraction from its covering should not occasion barrenness, and sacrifice the completeness of the subject.

Some writers, through carelessness or self-conceit, have often conjured words which were too proud or strong to do them reverence, and instead of doing with them what they listed, were fain to render service, and from being masters, descend to inglorious servitude. But with Willis, words are nimble servitors, who haste to do his bidding. They know their place by instinct, and never presume to lead their master. His words are not of any particular class. They come from every quarter and in such abundance as the subject calls for; and yet they act like household words. For whether he would portray the mysterious power of love, or give utterance to the affections and associations which hallow the family circle, or depict the direful effects of ambition, or express the crushing grief of a son-bereft-father, or hit off the little follies incident to human nature, the appropriate words come trooping in with lightness, or marching with staid sobriety, array themselves in all the simplicity of Nature, and stand before us like the different groupings of a picture—some in the foreground, others in the background, a part representing the principal figures, a part the subordinate ones. None could be spared without marring the beauty and weakening the effect of the whole.

Yet all his affluence of language is controlled and directed by the purest taste. Without this, a fancy so luxuriant as his must often have betrayed him into errors, which though venial are yet obnoxious to criticism. And it is no small praise to him, that even in his earlier pieces, of all others most likely to contain these faults, and of all others most worthy of an indulgent reception, he has erred as little if not less than in his later productions. Rarely, if ever, can we discover imagery that is incongruous or unseemly, never any which belittles his theme. His judgment seems to have been as active as his fancy in the composition of his thoughts. Thus while all the warmth and glow of his peculiar genius has been preserved, we are never offended by its extravagance. The extreme delicacy of his taste reveals to him distinctions among material and immaterial substances, which are not palpable to an ordinary observer; the copiousness of his diction enables him to express the nicest shades of difference and the most recondite likenesses, while a watchful judgment regulates the refinements of the one and restrains the exuberance of the other.

But we must pass from these generals to specifications and illustrations.

It would be difficult, we may say impossible, to find a single piece in the whole volume that is not in itself a complete exemplification of the abundance and pliancy of his language. All, and more than all that we have said concerning the luxuriance of his fancy, and the correctness of his taste, might be amply illustrated from nearly every page of these Poems. It is from the consciousness of the utter inadequacy of language to convey a just impression of the exceeding beauty and vividness of his imagery, that we cite a few examples, taken at random from the volume.



In the description of a night-scene, by the sea of Galilee, over whose bosom the breeze-ridden ripples are dancing to the shore, "The air beside was still as starlight;" and the Saviour's voice, as it fell on the ears of the delighted multitude,

"Seem'd like some just born harmony in the air,  
Waked by the power of wisdom."

The smile of Rizpah's son was "like the incarnation of some blessed dream." In the tenderness of a mother's love

"the thousand chords,  
Woven with every fibre of the heart,  
Complain like delicate harp-strings at a touch."

What could be more picturesque than his description of a beautiful boy at play, whose

"dark eye's clear brilliance as it lay  
Beneath his lashes, like a drop of dew  
Hid in the moss, stole out as covertly  
As starlight from the edging of a cloud?"

But we do not care to multiply examples. Those who have read his Poems can recall many passages where they have been enticed to linger. And we would that those who are not familiar with them, should see these brilliants where Willis has placed them, to reflect light upon his theme, and reveal the riches of his genius. Like rare and costly gems, they never look so well as when seen in their appropriate casket. Their spirit and beauty can be appreciated only where the poet has enshrined them.

We have pointed to a part of his riches, but we have not told his wealth. Felicity of thought and expression are always sources of pleasure. But never do they elicit such admiration and delight as when united to a far-reaching intellect. Mere subtlety and brilliancy of intellect will not insure a long-lived popularity. There must be some truth to illustrate and enforce, some point to gain, some prejudice to melt away; any thing, it matters little what, save that the poet has an end to attain beyond the mere display of artistic skill. The earlier poetry of Willis is mostly descriptive. He leaves us where the painter does, to draw our own moral from the picture. But in his later effusions he seems not unwilling to lead the mind in its reflections upon his theme. And when, by his own enthusiasm, he has induced a glow of sympathetic feeling, and aroused in us the keenest sensibility, with a felicity peculiar to himself, he presents the appropriate thought in just the shape to win acceptance.

He has displayed much skill in working up a sentiment or a familiar incident in history, from which few had ever thought to draw a moral. "Love," says Bulwer, "borrows greatly from opinion. Pride, above all things, strengthens affection." From this single sentiment he has

produced his "Wife's Appeal." And many a sterling truth lies hidden in the fiction, uttered at times with a bewitching artlessness, but mostly with a startling and convicting energy. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," relates that a painter of Athens, being desirous of painting Prometheus bound, purchased a very old man and put him to death with extreme torture, that he might gain the most vivid conception of death-agonies, and transfer them to canvas. This is all the material upon which our poet has constructed his "Parrhasius." The scene is the market-place—the engrossing object a "gray-haired, majestic old man." The time is evening—buyer and seller have deserted the mart—the aching stillness which has succeeded to the busy hum of traffic, is made still more oppressive by the sound of a dog, crunching beneath the stall, a refuse bone. He has manfully endured the taunt of the Jew, the cutting jest of the buyer, and the rough handling of the soldier. His haughty spirit has glanced defiance upon the heartless throng, and his pride has made him strong in endurance. But now that his tempters are gone, his stout heart fails him. He could brace himself against the contumely of enemies, but when the shock had passed, and there was nothing left to turn away the thoughts of bitterness from himself, he sinks mentally and bodily. It is just at this moment of utter abandonment that the eye of the painter falls upon him. One glance is sufficient. The fame-thirsty painter secures his victim and hurries with him to his studies. The scene changes—the hoary sufferer is on the rack—the monster painter is gloating over his victim, betraying in every gesture the intense passion which has eaten out his humanity, the agony of desire to paint the god-deceiving fire-stealer, which has turned his heart to stone and transformed him into a spirit of hell.

In all this we can see nothing but a painting, yet there is a world of passion and of suffering in it. It is a painting full of thought; and the contemplation of it makes the heart quiver with emotion. It is at this moment, when the feelings are wrought up to their highest pitch of tension, that those winged words drop into the soul like the voice of the Eternal One.

"How like a mounting devil in the heart,  
Rules the unreined ambition! Let it once  
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow  
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought,  
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on  
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns  
The heart to ashes; and with not a spring  
Left in the bosom for the spirit's lip,  
We look upon our splendor and forget  
The thirst for which we perish."

The art of the poet has concealed from us the point to which he is seen at last to have been continually aiming. Our sympathies are first aroused for the sufferer; we are led by the hand of a master into the

depths of human passion; but all the embellishments of the Poem neither distract us nor interfere with his design. Everything tends to concentrate the attention upon the scenes which are presented. The mind, when thus aroused, is borne along with increasing interest and delight, until it is so completely absorbed in the creations of the poet as to forget all its pre-determination to judge dispassionately, and to lose, for the time at least, its self-control, so far as to perceive truth only as he perceives it, and to receive, without demur, whatever moral lesson he may choose to inculcate. Compared with this terrible scene of moral painting, what are all the homilies that were ever preached against the overwhelming power and madness of ambition! Could any one desire a more effective exhibition of its legitimate tendencies and results?

We have selected this familiar Poem, not only as an illustration of the general moral bearing of the whole, but also to notice an objection urged against it, in common with others of similar character. An American critic has condemned, in no measured terms, the "Dying Alchymist," "The Leper," and "Parrhasius," and asserted, respecting the latter, that "the cruelties upon which the poet dwells, surpass in barbarity even the shocking pictures contained in "Titus Andronicus."

We admit that the legitimate aim of Art is the production of pleasurable emotion. But there is evidently a difference between the Art proper and the subject-matter of it. If, therefore, a poem or a picture excite pain or displeasure, we cannot, consequentially, assert that such pain or displeasure arises from a violation of the rules of Art. The fault may be in the choice of a subject. Now we do not believe that Willis can be convicted of any error as an artist. Whatever faults there are, must be found in the subjects in which he has embodied the principles of Art. There are themes, it is true, which do not harmonize with the genius of Poetry; and among them are, according to our critic, the ones just mentioned. It is declared to be impossible to make the writhings of a dying Alchymist, or the groans of a loathsome Leper, agreeable to the fancy of a poetical reader. On this point we must leave the Poems to speak for themselves. Men cannot be reasoned out of whims. If their testimony be rightly interpreted, it is, that such subjects may be handled so skillfully as to give no offence, and yet produce their proper effect. It is absurd to compare a poem and a tragedy in the way that has been done. It is really instituting a comparison between the personation of figures and the conception which we form of them from a description. There is no escape from the stage representation. It is all a stern, absolute fact. But the mind is so constituted, that in reading we unconsciously form such a conception as shall satisfy us and no more. We shun details and are content to get the moral effect without dwelling too long upon minor points.

Most persons read fictions for the pleasures they afford. And of the many classes of these works, the most horrible are sought for earliest in life. The promise of a hobgoblin story will sometimes insure an alacrity of obedience in a child which other motives could not produce.

It would be rather strange to find a boy who had not read "Rinaldo Rinaldini," or the "Pirate's Own Book," or who would not read them again, even if he had to steal his lamp, curtain his windows, and sit up all night to do it. We have even caught people somewhat advanced in life, with "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby" in their hands, but we never heard of their skipping Sykes, or Quilp, or Fagin, or of trying to forget these villainous characters, or of omitting them in estimating the pleasure they derived from reading those books. Nay, what is more to the point, men, and women too, who are thought to possess the most refined and cultivated taste, and to be alive to the faintest call of humanity, betray a wonderful acquaintance with "Romeo and Juliet," and even deem their education incomplete if they have not read "Othello" and "King Lear." Whether all this indicates the existence of a diseased imagination or a vitiated appetite, whose worst symptoms display themselves in childhood, we care not to decide. But one thing is certain, that all men are agreed on this point, and do manifest, at times, a *penchant* for the horrible. Whether, therefore, these productions of Mr. Willis evince "a very harsh opinion of the hearts of others, or a very indurated state of his own," may be safely left with his readers to decide.

It must be acknowledged, that a consistency of tone is not preserved throughout the volume. The same verbal fluency, keenness of description, and felicity of expression, exhilarate and enchant us to the last. But the elevation of sentiment is gone. A spirit to which he was a stranger in his boyhood, evidently possesses him. It is just perceptible in his "Chamber Scene;" it flashes out more boldly and carries him to the very verge of profanity in the effusion "To Her who has Hopes of Me," and settles down at last into a flippancy hardly equal to Byron's, and a smartness which sits too easily upon him to be affected.

From the noble extract of his Valedictory Poem, delivered here upon the departure of his class, in 1827, and his "Lines on leaving Europe," and his inimitable "Spring," to the "White Chip Hat," and "The Lady in the Chemisette with Black Buttons," there is a long and rather awkward stride.

The last, the longest, and in some respects the poorest poem in the volume, is "The Lady Jane." It is evidently modeled on "Don Juan," and seems to have been written on the "small lot" system, and to have been dribbled out originally in the "Brother Jonathan." It betrays an itching in its author for a "poet's license" in morals, and contains a somewhat venturesome apology for the private character of Byron. It was doubtless written at a time when double-entendres were particularly acceptable, and was well fitted to sharpen the appetites of the million for the literary garbage since scattered so lavishly among us by a Paul de Kock and Eugene Sue. We by no means place him on a level with these writers. He has breathed a different atmosphere from them, and he knows the tone of fashionable society here too well to commit any flagrant sin. After all, we can only regret, that the poet should have been so swallowed up in the man of fashion. And if it be true that his varied experience has ripened his "poetic feeling and

perception," we may expect some noble song from him, which shall forever silence English critics, and place him, in the estimation of his countrymen, in the first rank of American poets.

Those who want philosophy may find it in the elegant monotony of Bryant; those who like to see the Artist in the work, will turn to the author of "Hyperion." But whosoever loves ingenuousness, or would see enshrined thoughts that have lurked in his own bosom, though too subtle and evanescent to submit to his analysis, or would know "how forcible are right words," let him study the passion-painter, Willis.

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### THE LOSS OF THE "ATLANTIC,"

WRECKED IN LONG ISLAND SOUND, NOVEMBER 26, 1846.

DARK was the night. Fierce winds rush'd forth  
From out the bleak, tempestuous North;  
Huge billows toss'd their heads in wrath,  
And madden'd surges lash'd the path  
Of many a bark, whose homeward flight  
Was covered by the wing of Night.

Wild is the gale. Loud is the roar  
Of Ocean on its wintry shore.  
But winter's flood, nor tempest hoarse,  
Can stay those travelers in their course,  
Who, 'mid the gathering storm's commotion,  
Confiding, trust their bark to ocean.

Strong blow the winds. The billows dash;  
Their frosty crests the dark heavens lash;  
The traveler trembles at their power,  
Which, headlong, drives his bark, each hour,  
On towards that fatal, rock-girt shore,

Whence human skill is nought to save,  
Where winds and seas in madness roar,  
Where, yawning, waits a watery grave!

Fierce is the storm. The anchors slide,  
Their grapples fail. On with the tide  
Rushes the boat—death's destined prey—  
Destruction gathering on her way.  
A shriek!—She strikes!—The seas arise  
To seal her doom, to claim their prize!—  
A moment; and the billows heap  
Her timbers on the rugged steep—  
Onward and onward comes the wave,  
To close upon the living grave

Of each poor traveler, as, alone,  
 'Mid darkness and the tempest's moan,  
 He helpless sinks; while Winter's surge  
 Chants hoarse and wild his funeral dirge!

A wailing on New England's shore—  
 Her absent sons return no more!  
 A wailing on thy hills to-day—  
 Thy sons are now the Ocean's prey!  
 From East to West, from South to North,  
 On every breeze, the wail goes forth;  
 The wail of hearts, whose bleeding woe  
 Nor balm can heal, nor tongue may know.

The lonely village on the plain,  
 The city by the boisterous main,  
 The mountain with o'er-beetling brow,  
 The quiet vale that sleeps below,  
 The cottage near the shady wood,  
 By running stream or swelling flood,  
 The circle by the evening fire,  
 The loving wife, the aged sire,  
 The mother with her new-born babe,  
 The doting heart of wedded maid,  
 The youth of hope, the mind of lore,  
 The high, the low, the rich, the poor,  
 The Church, the State,—all, far and near,  
 Bow down to shed the mourning tear;  
 For all have felt this smarting rod,  
 That comes from a chastising God.

B.

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#### ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

WILLIAM LAUD, Archbishop of Canterbury, has been subject to the abuse of men of nearly all parties, since the times of Charles I, and those who from time to time have stood up in his defence, have been accused of hatred to true religion, love to the errors of Rome, and opposition to the advancement of civil freedom.

Puritans, having found in him a steady opponent; Low-Churchmen, from contempt of some of his weak follies; and Romanists, having experienced the effects of his mind and influence, in destroying the power of their Church in England, have all united to visit on him the sins of a whole generation. Nor is it our duty to present ourselves as a defender or apologist of his acts. Many of them may have been silly, yet we would not drag them from the grave where they have been

buried, to gratify a malicious spite, by defaming the dead. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

He lived in peculiar times. Such times as England never saw before, and never can see again. The whole political fabric of the kingdom was undergoing a change. The experience of centuries was disregarded, and a new law of government established. Let us then treat kindly those who were unwilling, at the bidding of a few enthusiasts, to reform and remodel every thing to suit the whims or fancies of others. Laud occupied the same station in the Church, which Charles did in the government, and we cannot blame him, for wishing to preserve it pure from all the extravagances and vagaries of those, who acknowledged no power but their own will, no guidance but their own judgment. Born in the reign of Elizabeth, educated at St. John's College, Oxford, he was there taught by Bishop Buckeridge, the fanaticism and superstition of both the Puritans and the Romanists, and to regard his Church with the greatest love and veneration. Passing through the Presidency of his own College, the Bishopric of St. Davids, and also of Bath and Wells, he at last reached the summit of power in the English Church.

But he gained this high station at a most unfortunate time. Better, far better would it have been for him, if his king and duty had never called him to that place of responsibility. The time was particularly disastrous for one who had respect for old customs, or who revered those rules sanctioned by age. A few years before, and Rome had stood mistress of the world; none too great to do her reverence; princes and kings rivaled each other, in the greatness of their bequests, or the abjectness of their dependence; now, cast out from her strong-hold in some of the greatest powers in Europe, she stood almost in the attitude of a suppliant. Recently, the minds of a continent moved in servitude to her will, obeyed without a murmur, yielded at her shrine all civil and religious liberty. Now, her commands were unheeded; the people began to discover that rights invaluable, inalienable, belonged to themselves, and in the ecstasy of their first freedom, they naturally ran to the very opposite extreme. Casting off all regard for Rome, they recognized her handy-work, in the formation of every Church, but the very crude one which each formed for himself. Acknowledging no master, they rejected every thing but their Bibles, and relying upon their uneducated judgment, they became the tools of a set of enthusiasts, rendered crazy by the new scenes which had opened to their view.

In England this party was planted, and flourished in a manner that showed the readiness of their minds for the new doctrines. The Romish Church had just been cast down from the power possessed under the Bloody Mary, and true Church principles had been established by Elizabeth, upon the foundation laid by Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley and others. Yet Rome, though conquered, was not destroyed. She could yet boast many minds willing and able to do her bidding, though disobedience was not, as formerly, punished by the civil law; and her power was still sufficient to shake the thrones of Elizabeth and James, till they trembled for their safety.

The rivals to this party were the Independents, or Puritans as they are now called. They offered themselves as the opposers to the Romanists. The latter trusted to its forms to recommend it to Heaven; the former relied upon its want of them. The one demanded obedience by its age, its civil power, its long array of officers from Pope to Priest; the other scouted the idea and declared for private judgment, carried to an excess as unreasonable as it was suicidal. Each intolerant and unchurching the other, they agreed in only one thing, that each was striving for the same object, the supreme power in the state.

At this time, Laud was charged to guide the Church between the Scylla and Charybdis, of Popery on the one hand, and Puritanism on the other. And we must look at the map of each shore, to appreciate the tortuous channel through which he steered. While he stood forth, the opponent of Rome, he carried on a masterly dispute with one of her learned divines, upon the peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome, showing in a most conclusive manner, the falsities of his theories and the untenability of his positions. He was always ready to meet them with pen and voice, and many of their efforts at proselyting the nobility he defeated. At the same time he fought strongly against the inroads of the new disorganizing notions that began every where to prevail. In his eagerness to uphold his Church, can we very severely blame him, if he yielded to the customs of those times, and punished others for opposition to her rites and laws? The doctrine of allowing those who disregarded the commands of the Church, to be free from accountability for these acts of disobedience, was not then known. It was then thought to be the king's duty to attend as well to the spiritual as the temporal welfare of his subjects; and though some arose and declaimed against this, as an interference with the rights of the people, they were punished as treasonable, and as conspiring to overthrow the Church and government. It was in this view, that James, years before, said to the Bishop, "No Bishops no King,"—meaning that the government would first be attacked through the Church. How significant was that remark! Some, upon whose ears it that day fell as a strange word, lived to feel its truth, when years after, it became a fulfilled prophecy. But who were those who complained most loudly of Laud's persecution? Were they the most tolerant sect that ever ruled England? Did they know no hatred to others, whom they called Papists? Did they pass laws sustaining the liberty of conscience? Were no prohibitions issued against using the Book of Common Prayer? Were no fines enforced against those who for conscience sake did refuse to use their "Directory for Public Wor-

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\* The Liturgy was ordered to be laid aside, and a Directory for Public Worship, as we have seen, substituted. It being found, however, that many parishes persisted in using the Book of Common Prayer, an ordinance was passed imposing a fine of five pounds for the first offence, ten pounds for the second, and a year's imprisonment for the third, on any one who, in a Church, Chapel, or even private family, should use the Prayer Book, and all Prayer Books remaining in Churches and Chapels were ordered to be given to the committees of counties.—*Keightley's Hist. of Eng.* vol. ii. p. 145.



ship?" Did they, after they were in power, treat all others with that kindness and consideration which they had claimed from Laud in former days? We can excuse the man who acts according to common custom in his time; but those who assert that his acts are all wrong, and profess to have found the truth, for them, when they act in the same way, we can have little charity. That such was their course, we appeal to history. Even the Quakers and Roger Williams in this country are our witnesses. Nor let the Puritans of the present day claim the privilege, for are they not "the children of those who slew the prophets." Therefore let us rather look at the persecutions in which Laud was concerned, as being not only excusable in his day by the customs and laws, but justified from the abuse of his enemies, by their own acts.

"But he was a Papist at heart," say many; yet the one who took so prominent a part in opposing them, and who twice refused a cardinal's hat, saying that "Rome must be different from what it was, before he could accept it," could hardly have felt a very *strong* love for that Church. But some still look at his regarding observances and days, and his bowings and crossings, as evincing a heart at least predisposed to Popery. We must remember that in his efforts to oppose the two parties, he would naturally draw as near to one as possible, in some acts, to show his abhorrence to the views of the other; and without doubt, the contempt and ridicule which the Puritans attempted to cast upon the ceremonials of the Church of England, induced him, as a means of opposing them, to regard those forms, which, were it not for their opposition, would have fallen into disuse. But even were it not so; even did he use them from a firm conviction of their propriety and usefulness, yet a Romanist would have taken other stands in favor of his Church, besides these little paltry ones, of bowing and such like. No, Laud was never a Papist, but a member of the Church of England in her most trying and perilous time, and one who, had he loved his Church less, would not have suffered death to gratify the malice of a multitude of unreasonable fanatics. His persecution of others never equaled, in injustice and cruelty, the trial which he received from those who claimed to be men of God.

Let us retrace a little, and follow the course of the party which ruled in the Parliament that commenced with the murder of Strafford and Laud, and ended with that of Charles. There were men of strong minds and honest hearts in that assembly; but in their haste and anxiety to destroy the Church, and establish their own—to give greater liberty to all—they acted in utter defiance of all laws, both human and divine. The end with them justified the means, and, fortifying themselves in a wrong notion of duty, they made law and right bend to their will. This Parliament met November 10th, 1640, and on the very next day, Pym in a long speech moved the impeachment of the Earl of Strafford. Then advancing at the head of three hundred men to the bar of the House of Lords, he impeached the Earl of high treason, in the name of the Commons of England. The committee to whom was confided the preparation of the heads of accusa-

tion, to give him as slight a chance as possible, took an oath of secrecy, and, deprived of all the usual forms which preserve the accused from the malice of enemies, he was brought to Westminster Hall and there tried. Day after day, week after week, he met his accusers, and by the force of his eloquence, and the power of his reasoning, showed that the charges were not treason. Whitelocke, one of his enemies, says of his defence, "Certainly never man acted such a part, on such a theatre, with more constancy, wisdom and eloquence, with greater reason, judgment and temper, and with a better grace in all his words and gestures, than this great and excellent person did : and he moved the hearts of all his auditors, some few excepted, to remorse and pity." All was in vain. His death had been long since resolved on, the bills of attainder were passed, and he was convicted.

At the same time a bill was proposed, to take from the King the power to dissolve that Parliament without its consent, and these two bills were sent to the King for signature. After delaying, and searching in vain for some escape, he signed a commission to three Lords to pass both ; and thus at the same time, struck the death-blow to his own prerogative, and destroyed his chief councillor. The next morning was appointed for the execution. Among the multitudes that assembled on Tower Hill, not one was found to insult him in his adversity ; but after addressing the people, he prayed, and giving the sign, at one blow his head was severed from the body. Thus was verified the promise of his accuser, Pym, who at the time when Strafford left his party and joined the King, said, " You are going to leave us ; but I will never leave you, while your head is on your shoulders."

While this trial was proceeding, Laud had been impeached of treason, and sent to the Tower. The trial and execution of Strafford showed plainly to him what mercy he could expect from his enemies ; yet he stood firm to his duty to the last. From January, 1641, until March, 1644, with no definite charges against him, he was kept a prisoner, and when at last his trial came on, it was managed in a manner at utter defiance to all justice. His most inveterate foe, Prynne, was his accuser, who exerted himself in a manner to his lasting disgrace. Forcing his way into the Archbishop's room, while yet in his sleep, he awoke him to search for papers, and with a promise to return all in a few days, he seized his private papers, his diary, his defence, not yielding to the urgent request of the old man to leave him only his book of prayers. Five months passed before any were returned, not then only three of twenty-one that were taken. At last the trial came on. The articles were so framed, that it was impossible to distinguish between the charges of treason and misdemeanor ; witnesses were introduced, of such a character, that their testimony was not legal, and so outrageous were the acts of his accusers, that a lawyer standing near remarked : " The Archbishop is a stranger to me ; but Prynne's tampering with the witnesses is so palpable and foul, that I can not but pity him and cry shame." For five months did this mock trial continue ; for more than twenty times was this aged Christian dragged forth from the Tower, amid the insults and jeers of an

unfeeling crowd, and carried to the court; yet such was the force of justice in his pleas, that, fearing lest he should not be brought in guilty, the Commons proceeded to draw up an ordinance of high treason. The House of Lords at first decided him guilty of the crimes laid to his charge, but refused to assert that they were treason; and it was not till a committee from the Commons met them, and by means, such as were well known in those times, induced them to acquiesce in the judgment. Disregarding the Royal pardon which Charles had sent, as the last act which he could do for his Primate, they sentenced him to die on the gibbet. The unnecessary cruelty of this sentence, being made too clear even for them, they changed it to decapitation; but the fact shows clearly the spirit by which they were guided.

It was on the morning of a gloomy day in January, an old man, whose brow told the number of more than seventy-one years, weak from long confinement, exhausted by disease and bowed down by misfortune, was seen slowly making his way to Tower Hill. Behind, follow crowds who are filling the few remaining hours of his life with insults and abuse. A few years before, and that old man was one of the great men of his country; but now, the victim of persecution, as malignant as cruel, he is degraded to a common malefactor, and thousands are hastening to see his life shortened by a few days. There were among that crowd, those who remembered his former days, and whose prayers were sent forth for him, who had taught them the truth, and often for them broken the bread of life. But he seemed to be raised above his misfortunes, and ascended the scaffold with an unnatural firmness and a cheerful countenance. Gazing around upon the thousands that were assembled before him, he repeated his text. At that moment the sun, as if to take a last look at the martyr, and to give him one last smile, beamed gently through the clouds, and cast a clear light upon the scene. He addressed for the last time his fellow creatures, and in conclusion falling on his knees, offered his last public prayer. Oh! that those who doubt his piety, and believe that he was a Papist, would read that prayer. Rising, he prepared for death, and the sun, to hide the deed, drew the clouds before his face. Even at his last moment, when all was still, when it might be supposed that the malevolence and hatred even of his enemies had been appeased, he was not suffered to depart in peace. But an Irishman standing near, wishing to torture and disturb the quiet of the last moment, insultingly asked, "What is the comfortablest saying which a dying man would have in his mouth?" "Cupio dissolvi et esse cum Christo," replied the dying Archbishop, and turning to the executioner, he said, "Honest friend, God forgive thee, and do thine office in mercy." After a short prayer, having given the signal, at one blow his head rolled from his body. Thus died William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, who, whatever may have been his failings, was as innocent of the charge of high treason as any man in the realm.

Yet it was necessary that some sacrifice should be offered up to the wild fanaticism of his day, and he was the victim. At the same time the final blow was given to the Church which he had defended, and

the whole Establishment was overthrown, to the infinite delight of hosts of sectarians. The high places of the land were filled by whining, canting hypocrites, who, after murdering their Sovereign, rushed into a scene of confusion, which the strong arm of Cromwell alone could quiet.

How surely did subsequent events prove that "God causeth the wrath of man to praise Him"!

DECEMBER 4th, 1846.

### ORPHEUS'S DESCENT TO HADES.

Translation from Virg. Georg. iv. 453—485.

THE readers of Virgil doubtless remember the fable of Aristæus, so admirable for its elegance and beautiful simplicity, which the poet has happily introduced, by way of illustration, into this pleasant treatise. For fear, however, lest, in that willing forgetfulness which too often devours the earlier studies of the scholar, the chief incidents of the story may have passed from the memory of some, we have ventured to give an outline of the fable up to that point in it where our translation begins. For the translation itself we claim nothing but tolerable accuracy. The reader, then, will recollect that Aristæus was a shepherd of Pénan Tempe, and that having lost his bees by disease and famine, went in sorrowful haste, and standing by the sacred source of the river of which his mother Cyrène was the divinity, spake many complaining words;—that she was beneath the chambers of the deep river, while her Nymph-maids were busying themselves usefully about her in spinning the finest fleeces of deep sea-green dye—"Drymoque, Xanthoque, Ligeaque, Phyllocoque," listening meantime with eagerness, while another of their number, Clymène, recounted "the wiles and pleasant love-thefts of Mars and Vulcan,"—(a theme, by the way, still acceptable at the gatherings of *landladies* in modern times;)—that in the midst of the recital they were startled on their "glassy thrones" by the cries of distress, and how Arethusa, she of the yellow hair, gazing forth from the flood, descried the cause in the person of Aristæus, and announcing the discovery to the fear-stricken Cyrène, was made by her mistress the willing guide of the afflicted mortal through the parted waters which stood up like a mountain about them;—that, while he surveyed with wondering eyes the watery realm of his mother, and spied the sources of well-known rivers, the Nymphs with their own hands got in readiness a pleasant repast; that then, having learned the cause of his distress, and offered a solemn prayer to "Neptune, father of things, and the sister-Deities, Nymphs of a thousand woods and a thousand streams," his mother referred him to Proteus, a mighty Prophet in the Carpathian Gulf, as one who could tell at once the reason and the remedy of his woful loss;—that after instructing him as to the best means of wresting the intelligence from the slippery Deity—who appears to have had a marvelous knack of assuming strange and formidable shapes—she sat out with the Enquirer, and bringing him in view of the rocky residence of the Seer, there hid him carefully away in a secret place;—and, finally, that the shepherd-youth waited till the fiery sun burned midway in his course, marking the time for the sea-calves to scatter themselves along the shore, and their master to betake himself to his cave for repose, and seizing with a successful grasp the many-formed god, forced from him this touching tale:—

#### THE DESCENT OF ORPHEUS TO HADES.

"No Deity pursues thee with his wrathful hate;  
Great is thy sin; be thy atonement great.  
The wretched Orpheus, unless Heaven oppose,  
Stirs up against thee those befitting woes.

Dread is his anger, for his grief is strong—  
 A bride hath perished, ere her life was long.  
 While she, a hapless girl, so soon to die,  
 In headlong haste thy presence sought to fly,  
 And sped her way the winding stream to pass;  
 The snake she spied not, 'mid the waving grass,  
 Which, springing tall where sluggish waters flow,  
 Hid wary serpents in the depths below.  
 With cheeks grief-pale and solemn footsteps slow,  
 The gentle Dryads to the mountains go:  
 The mountains echo'd to the mournful strain—  
 Tears flowed from Rhodope unto the plain—  
 Pangaea wept, and Mars-land, Rhesus' home—  
 The savage Getae sorrow as they roam—  
 Hebrus goes wailing on his winding way,  
 To climes where Boreas bore his prize away.  
 Himself, consoling on his hollow shell,  
 His stricken love, which, ah! had loved too well,  
 Sang thee, sweet wife, by lonely shore away,  
 Thee sang with growing, thee with waning day.  
 Taenarus' jaws, the doors of Pluto's halls,  
 And groves where fear with each dark shadow falls.  
 He entered in, unto the Manes drew nigh,  
 The Ebon judgment-throne stood boldly by,  
 Spake to the monarch that sits sternly there,  
 'Mid hearts that cannot melt at human prayer.  
 The subtle shades came forth the bard to greet,  
 And speechless spectres, whose warm life was gone.  
 As num'rous were they as when evening lone  
 Or wintry tempest, from the mountain-side,  
 Drives myriad birds in breezy trees to hide.  
 Matrons and men and high-souled Heroes, dead,  
 With blithe bright boys and gentle girls unwed,  
 And dauntless youth high laid on funeral pile,  
 Their wretched parents viewing them the while.  
 But dark Cocytus, with his slimy tide,  
 And reeds that grow unseemly by his side,  
 And marsh much hated for its sluggish flow,  
 Hems their pent course about, where'er they go;  
 While rolling round nine times his flood immense,  
 The Styx confines them from the shores of sense.  
 E'en Death's own house a solemn wonder filled,  
 And voiceless fear its inmost chambers stilled.  
 The Furies three, they of the snake-wreathed hair,  
 Fixed on the mortal a bewildered stare.  
 Ixion's wheel its whirling labor ceased,  
 And three-mouthed Cerberus held unwonted peace."

## A NIGHT IN TRUMBULL GALLERY.

I LOVE to withdraw myself from the vexations of this matter-of-fact world, from the toils of this still more matter-of-fact College, and enter that little world of beauty and imagination which the genius of TRUMBULL has created, and his generosity placed within our reach. Often have I gazed upon the embodied conceptions of the artist, till I lost all recollection of my own actual existence, and seemed to hold spiritual communion with those mid-way lingerers between the past and present, those border-dwellers on the lands of reality and fancy. At such times I have seemed to be really present and an actor in the scenes depicted; I have fought side by side with the heroes of my country for her early independence; have shared the despairing agony of "The Last Family who Perished in the Deluge;" have sympathized with the "Poor, Sick Prisoner," in his loneliness and want, and have, on the mount of "Transfiguration," exclaimed, with enthusiastic Peter, "It is good for us to be here!" Tender and gentle feelings have swelled within my bosom, as the glances of that beautiful "Madonna Della Sedia" entered my very soul, her eyes beaming with calm affection, her features radiant with heavenly purity and innocence; and, in my forgetfulness, she would appear to me a thing of life, not mortal to be sure, but rather like one of those beautiful visions of loveliness and grace which sometimes flitter in our dreams,—an angel in fair woman's form.

To cause an abstraction of mind like this; to thrill the soul with the highest delight of which it is capable; to waken the finer sensibilities of our nature; to raise the mind above the real and present to the dream-land of imagination, all seem to me to lie within the province of true Art.

"Oft it is that the unreal  
A reality assumes,  
Till the light of the ideal  
All the heaven of truth illumines.  
From the mind's high palace gazing,  
We can make the distant near—  
Make the world within more truthful  
Than the outward can appear."

And in order to produce effects like these, something is requisite beyond mere skill in drawing, or taste in the disposition of colors; the artist himself must think, feel, act—in short, reflect his very soul in the subject he is putting upon canvas.

Yet however keen the satisfaction I experience in studying the sketches which adorn the walls of the northern room in the Gallery, when I cross the threshold, and stand amid the priceless treasures which our College possesses in the portraits of men whose names are intimately connected with her former history, then, as a Yalensian, feelings most interesting, most exciting, come upon me. A sense of

awful veneration takes hold of me, and I stand spell-bound by the magic witchery of these Genii of the place. It has often occurred to me what interesting tales these shadows might unfold, could their lips be once unsealed; but I never anticipated the rare enjoyment I experienced in the occurrences about to be narrated.

There is nothing which interests a student so much as to compare the present state of College affairs with those of former years; and hence to us the most interesting articles which have appeared in past volumes of our Magazine, have been faithful delineations of scenes familiar to us all—the peculiarities of our certainly peculiar life. We love to read the experiences of those who have preceded us in this literary pilgrimage; whose path was obstructed by the same obstacles, roughened by the same vexations, brightened by the same joys, and smoothed by the same allurements as our own. It is fun to know that they hated morning prayers and mathematics, and loved comfort and the girls as well as we; that like us, they took delight in ducking the Freshmen, burying Euclid, and hoaxing the Tutors. It is a consolation to know, that when they accumulated too many “marks,” they had letters home; when they were caught smashing windows or stealing the bell-clapper, they were suspended; and when they couldn’t pass their examinations, were sent to Guilford or Derby. All praise then to those who have recorded for us these little incidents of their College life—who have introduced us to the close-shuttered realm of Freshmandom, in the basement of South Middle, where sprees were conducted on peanuts and apples, and then guided us to the Seniors’ easy quarters, where supreme enjoyment was obtained from prime Havanas, pale Otard, and a game of whist. But our Magazine is only twelve years old, and farther back than that we have very few accounts of this character. I trust, therefore, that the following revelations, filling as they do a wide gap in the history of Alma Mater, will be acceptable to all its readers.

It is now more than a year since the afternoon when, happening to visit these old pictures, and remaining with them till the prayer-bell rang, I had the pleasure to find that the College Treasurer, who was at that time keeper of the Gallery, had closed his office and gone away, leaving me a prisoner, nor was I able to effect my escape till next morning. Now I apprehend the most enthusiastic devotee of Art would at any time prefer a good supper and a warm bed to passing a hungry night on a hard settle, even among the choicest gems of the painter; and such, I confess, would have been my prepossessions, had matters been left to my choice. But there I was, and however disagreeable the prospect, I saw I must remain there. At length, after many reflections on the severe jokes to which I would be exposed should my really ridiculous predicament ever come within the circle of College gossip, and with muttered imprecations on the unsuspecting cause of my misfortune, I composed myself to sleep, as well as circumstances would permit, philosopher-like dwelling long on the sweet consolation, that at any rate, I could “sleep over” both prayers and recitation. I should judge it was about midnight when I was awakened by the solemn tolling of the gong suspended in the corner, and on opening my eyes,

perceived the room to be pervaded with a strange, unearthly light, the source of which was nowhere apparent. Soon I observed something unusual in the appearance of several of the portraits, their figures seemed to stand out from the canvas, their features to be animated with actual life, and in an instant, with deliberate dignity, they stepped from their frames and seated themselves around the table in the centre of the room. It was a goodly spectacle, that of these ancient men, dressed in the costume of their times, and as was their wont, indulging in the friendly pipe and social flip. For a few moments they sat in silence; but their stimulants soon producing the natural effect, a brisk conversation ensued, which appeared greatly to interest all present. It seems that one of their number had been recently taken to the engravers, and having returned that very day, he, of course, had much information to give his companions on what he had seen and heard. He told them how, as soon as he was carried into the world without, he saw a long line of massive brick buildings, in the rear of which were several other buildings, including that in which themselves were then assembled, and one built in the Gothic style, resembling some of the cathedrals he had formerly seen in England. He also stated that from one of the brick buildings, on which was a sort of steeple, he saw numerous young men issue, who, to judge from their appearance, he should take to be students; but that this was the Yale College which used to be there, he could not well believe. Dr. Stiles remarked, that the general description of these brick buildings, as well as their location, resembled that of the College when he was alive; but he could in no way account for their remarkable increase in number, or for the great number of youth of which his esteemed friend had spoken.

I had, hitherto, remained a quiet though intensely interested spectator; but the dense fumes of tobacco, soon causing me to sneeze, the eyes of the spirits were for an instant directed at me with evident astonishment at the interruption, and then hastily withdrawn, while they held a brief conference, which resulted in Dr. Stiles' addressing me as follows:

"Juvenis, in nomine, Diaboli, qui es? Unde terrarum venis? Quare ansus es nostrarum umbrarum quietem invadere? Abi. In tuos pedes conjice."

With trembling agitation I informed the venerable President how I happened to be an unwilling witness to their spiritual revel, and that as for obeying his command to take to my heels, nothing would afford me greater pleasure, if he would be so good as to point out a way in which I could do it. Swelling with rage he replied—

"Stolide tiro, Anglice loquendo mihi contumeliam facere vis?"

"As for the applicability of the term 'Stolide' to myself," I replied, "it does not become me to speak; but you do me great injustice in calling me a Freshman, a title in which I rejoiced three years ago. Furthermore, it is far from my inclinations to insult any one, much less a personage for whom I always conceived such a veneration as for Dr. Stiles. But the President is probably not aware of the changes which half a century have wrought in the system of instruction pursued here,



or he would well know that conversation in Latin is not at all practised now. I trust, therefore, I shall be excused for conveying my humble thoughts through the medium of the King's English. Thereupon, his Most Sacred Majesty, George the First, bristling with dignity, exclaimed—

"Spoken like a liege subject of the Crown, my lad. Zounds, Doctor, what's the use of forsaking one's mother tongue for your vile gibberish?"

"It does ill become me," replied Dr. S., "to dispute the opinions of royalty; but, Sire, I think some arguments can be urged to defend the course I took in this matter, when President, and as this is an opportunity which has never before been presented, what say you, gentlemen, with this youth's assistance, to making some comparison between the past and present condition of our College, in this way settling the discussion in which we were engaged a little while ago?"

Governor Yale, who seemed by consent to act as a sort of chairman, then remarked—

"Gentlemen, you have listened to this proposition, and are doubtless happy to coincide with it. I hear no objections." Then turning to me, with a courtly and dignified, yet kind and winning manner, he continued—

"My young friend, we consider your presence on the present occasion as a peculiarly fortunate circumstance; and while we hope to obtain from you much information and entertainment, we flatter ourselves that, in turn, we shall be able to communicate some facts and incidents of interest to yourself and your fellows. Be so good, my son, as to advance and join our little circle. Bishop Berkeley, please to make room for him between yourself and me. Rector Cutler, have the kindness to fill a pipe for our friend, and, Rector Williams, pass a cup of the 'heart's delight.' Now, then," said he to me, "make yourself comfortable, feel perfectly at ease, and overlook the impetuosity of friend Stiles, who was always a great stickler for the Latin, but who, no doubt, under your explanation of the present system of instruction, will acknowledge its superiority."

"Tunc Diabolus\* me capiat," muttered Dr. S., "nevertheless, with your honor's permission, I will make some inquiries with regard to it."

"Juvenis, you mentioned that conversation in the Latin tongue is not now practised in the College. Pray tell me in what manner the language is studied, if it be at all; or have matters come to such a degree of degradation as that—*facinus turpissime!*—Cicero, Horace, and Virgil, are overlooked in the course of instruction?"

"By no means overlooked, sir," replied I, "but studied in such a manner as rather to cause a decided aversion to those authors in the minds of the greater portion of young people. They are taken up not for the purpose of understanding their writings or appreciating their excellences, but simply as affording a convenient field where may be

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\* Who this Mr. Diabolus was, to whom the worthy Doctor so frequently alluded, I did not venture to inquire.

found illustrations and applications of certain abstract rules of etymology, syntax, and prosody. These last constitute the great end to which all our efforts are directed in this study, while those great authors are only incidental and secondary, simply a means by which we are to accomplish the great end of learning the grammar."

"Dii avertite omen," cried he, "the very reverse of my plan. The end which I held up distinctly to my pupils' view was, to become intimately acquainted with those models of poetry and eloquence, which find their equal nowhere else. By interesting them in the beauties of the subject-matter, I managed to beguile the otherwise tedious and useless process of learning the minutiae of a dead language. My object was, so far as Latin was concerned, to make them as much as possible like actual Romans, and in what way could I accomplish my purpose so well as by making them constantly construct sentences for themselves in their daily conversation? By this means they learned to read, write, and speak the Latin, as readily and as correctly as their native tongue. But what can be the object of your instructors in pursuing the course they do?"

"Mental discipline, they say, sir."

"Mental fiddlestick! Are they fools? Don't they know that the course which they have forsaken involved more mental discipline than their own, together with the acquisition of most valuable knowledge? If mental discipline be all they want, they might as well study the language of the Hottentots or Esquimaux. Besides, how much more dignified for the officers and students of an university to hold their communications through a different medium from that employed by the vulgar crowd!"

"But, Stiles," inquired Yale, "what is the use of studying the dead languages, any how?—why not substitute those now spoken by the different nations of the earth? It appears to me much more benefit may be derived from these last, uniting, as they do, that mental discipline which you have been making such ado about, and, at the same time, practical uses."

"Or the mathematics," chimed in Strong and Fisher.

"Or the application of Science to the useful Arts," cried Eli Whitney.

"Or the sublime principles of Mental Philosophy," remarked Bishop Berkeley.

"I acknowledge," replied Stiles, "that the study of the modern languages might be introduced to a certain extent with much profit, but by no means to the exclusion of the good old Latin and Greek. As for the mathematics," continued he, with the most contemptuous sneer, "I would have them almost entirely excluded; at least, so far as they are not indispensable for practical purposes; they are a device of the arch fiend himself, invented for the purpose of torturing the majority of scholars. And, although I confess that at times I was very fond of introducing them, by way of giving variety to my ordinary private studies, yet, judging from my own experience, as well as from the observations I have made on others, I must give it as my settled opinion, that their

tendency is to narrow down the intellectual powers to a single pursuit, unprofitable in its character, suffering the finer and nobler powers of the mind to wither through disuse. I verily believe, that if indulged in, to too great an extent, they will extinguish the social affections and kill the generous impulses of our nature. I remember well my tutor in mathematics, when I was in College. What I saw of the effects of the science on that man, was sufficient to determine any body's aversion."

"By the way, gentlemen," said I, "now that I recollect it, justice requires me to say, that since I have been in College, one signal attempt has been made in some degree to revive the ancient colloquial use of Latin. A class of which myself had the honor (?) to be a member, was, with the encouragement of the Faculty, organized under the charge of a Polish exile who pretended to have been graduated at one of the German Universities. We met a few times, and I doubt not that, had we continued our lessons a reasonable length of time, we should have been greatly profited; but our instructor soon making some excuse to visit New York for a day or two, the first news was that he had been committed to the Watch-house as a vagrant, and afterward to the Hospital to be cured of the "delirium tremens." An amusing incident occurred when this man first came here. Seeking out one of the Latin Tutors, he paid him a visit for the purpose of holding a conversation with him in the language which they professed to teach—"Salve, Domine Tutor," was the classical salutation of our friend as he entered the room of the dignified officer, "Veni ut loquar in lingua Latinâ tecum. Quommodo vales!" The Tutor, with great confusion of course, informed him that he was not able to converse in Latin. "Ah," replied the other, "I begs yourn pardon, it one bloonder dat I make, I tinked me dat one Latin Tutor was rooming in dis place."

"Ha! ha! ha! Perridicula narratiuncula," said Stiles, "a Latin Tutor, eh! a pretty fellow for a College instructor. But perhaps after all it was no more than could be expected from a Tutor. How many of that order of teachers have you now, and how soon after graduation are they appointed, and how long do they retain the office?"

"There are seven of them just now sir," I replied, "they are appointed two or three years after graduation, and remain from two to four years, or in most instances till they are ready to enter their professions."

"I was in hopes," said he, "that before this they would have been entirely superseded by Professors, although in my day we were obliged to put up with them for reasons of economy. But they were usually men of experience, and often remained in their position for ten years or more."

Governor Yale now pressed me to refill my pipe, but drawing from my pocket a case of "Principes," I begged the gentlemen to do me the favor of trying cigars. All stared in speechless curiosity, till Rec-tor Williams inquired,—

"What do you call them, and what is their use?"

"Cigars, sir, and they were made to be smoked."

"Oh yes," replied he, "you cut them up and put them in the pipe?"

"By no means sir; allow me to show you," said I, at the same time lighting one. Dr. Stiles followed my example, but I soon noticed his eyes distended, the veins in his temples swollen as if with violent exertion, while his cheeks assumed an alarming degree of concavity. Taking the fragrant roll from his mouth, he suspiciously eyed it all over, then perceiving my unsuccessful attempts to refrain from laughter, he angrily exclaimed—*Quare rides, impudens Juvenis?*"

"Beg your pardon, sir, no offence, I trust," was my reply. "But, Doctor, you have not bitten off the chit."

"And pray what do you call the chit?"

I explained, and soon the Doctor cried, "Ah! bene bene! now it goes. *Suave olens tabaccum!* Do the Faculty now-a-days smoke these things in preference to pipes? I should suppose they would choose these, though I am not quite sure whether they are so dignified."

"Our Faculty at the present day, sir, discountenance the use of tobacco in any form, indeed they declare the habit to be not only filthy and disgusting, but in a moral point of view, even decidedly vicious. That '*no gentleman will use tobacco,*' is one of their favorite maxims. They are even making exertions to abolish smoking and chewing among the students, who, to tell the truth, seem not all disposed to be deprived of this comfort."

"Success to the lads," cried Yale, "if they were to yield their rights in this, who knows but they might next be subjected to restrictions relating to their food and apparel! One would be about as absurd as the other;"—a remark to which all assented.

For several moments Dr. Stiles had remained perfectly quiet, enjoying the luxury of his cigar. But the fire gradually approaching his mouth, as is often the case with inexperienced users of cigars, it all of a sudden burned his lips, while the smoke, rising according to its natural law, entered his eyes and nostrils, causing violent spasms of coughing and sneezing, in the course of which the glowing stump fell upon his venerable hand. With features distorted, while copious tears flowed down his wrinkled visage, he brokenly ejaculated—

"*Diabolicum cigar—mea labra et meum manum urere—horribile!—meas lacrimas exprimere—tussim et sternutamentum mihi facere—Oh!—me miserum—summo dolore affectus sum.*"

It was sometime before the old gentleman recovered from either his wheezing or his rage; but after comforting himself with frequent potations of his favorite beverage, he at length became sufficiently composed to renew conversation once more. His companions had meanwhile been lavish of their expressions of concern and condolence, though it was evident to me that they relished the affair amazingly well.

"Gentlemen," said he, evidently desirous of diverting their minds from what had recently happened, "Gentlemen, we have not yet been satisfied with regard to the great number of young men which our friend noticed, about what he supposed to be the College. Juvenis, can you give us an explanation of these matters?"

With pleasure, sir. To be brief—the line of College buildings extends from Chapel street to Elm, and the Gothic free-stone building to which the gentleman alluded is the new Library. The number of students connected with the different departments is about Six Hundred, and one class numbers nearly One Hundred and Thirty. “Impossible!” “You are not serious!” and such like expressions burst from the lips of all. I assured them that it was really so, which at length they consented to believe.

“I never thought my name would be perpetuated in connection with such an Institution,” said Yale.

“Rather different from what it was in my day,” said Rector Williams, “when we used to graduate classes from one to twenty.”

“The President,” remarked Stiles, “must find his Sabbath evening levees rather crowded with one hundred and thirty Seniors,—my old parlor used to look pretty well filled when we had only fifty.”

“As for that, sir,” replied I, “our President’s house is the last place we think of seeing the inside of; this custom of yours to which you have alluded, was, I presume, done away with long ago. The intercourse between the Faculty and Students is now probably of a more distant and reserved character than it was in your day.”

“That is hardly a wise policy, I apprehend,” said he in reply; “there is nothing lost by treating the young men with a certain degree of familiar attention. I used not only to entertain the Senior class at my house every Sabbath evening, but also have most of them dine with me once in the course of the year. One night several of them came at a very late hour to give us what they called a serenade. I invited them in, and had Mrs. Stiles and the girls get up and set out the best refreshments the house afforded, including wine, as the night was cold.”

“But, sir,” inquired I, “did you treat the Seniors any differently from the members of the lower classes?”

“Of course I did,” was the reply; “you don’t suppose I put the Seniors on a level with the Freshmen?”

“Excuse my ignorance,” replied I; “but, judging from present usage, I most certainly supposed that you followed the same course.”

“Me jocos facis.”

“Oh no sir; perhaps, however, you do not understand me—I will explain. It is now the practice, when a Senior has eight unexcused absences, to place him on the course of discipline, and give information of that fact to his parents or guardian. This has always been done, for aught that I know to the contrary, with the lower classes, yet hitherto it has been considered not at variance with the rules of propriety and good order, to allow some privileges and indulgences to those who have been treated like boys for three years; but now it is all changed; Senior and Freshmen now meet on the same broad platform of Equal Discipline!”

“Stupidissime!” “Pessima constitutio rerum,” exclaimed he. “Then they call in the assistance of parents to aid in their system of government? Perminuta res! Very dignified for literary characters

to spend their time writing frightful tales to fret crusty fathers, anxious mothers, and maiden aunts!"

"Does not every one of those letters contain an humiliating acknowledgment of want of authority? Who would have thought that it could come to this? Truly times are sadly changed. I used to make as much distinction between a Freshman and a Senior as between the latter and myself. After what you have been telling us, I should not be surprised to hear that many other of our old college customs were done away with. For instance, I used to leave it entirely with the Senior Class to instruct the younger classes in good manners and points of college etiquette, and in turn it was the duty of these last to repay the kindness of their benefactors, by performing any manual service which might be put upon them. Any thing of that now-a-days?"

"Nothing at all like it," was my reply, "and a Freshman of the present day could not well be persuaded that such a state of things *ever* existed."

"Humph! I would convince them to their satisfaction, if I could once have the management of them," said he. "Why, I used to have nothing to do with regulating the conduct of the young men till they became Juniors, and would not even deign to notice the appeals which they sometimes made from the authority of their patron Seniors. '*Grin and bear it,*' I would tell them, till your own turn comes. But who took it upon himself to overthrow the old order of things?"

"I think the work commenced in Dr. Dwight's administration," I replied, "and has been gradually going on ever since. But how happens it that Dr. Dwight is not with you?"

"He seldom likes to participate in our convivialities," replied Yale, "but perhaps he will be willing to come forward at this time and defend his measures. Dwi-i-i-ght!"

All listened, and from his lofty position in the other room I saw him quietly descend, and, with almost majestic dignity, advance towards the little company. Silence fell on all, as if awe-struck by the presence of a superior being. He was himself the first to speak.

"Gentlemen, I have with the deepest interest listened to your discourse to-night. It has afforded me the highest pleasure to hear of the increasing prosperity of our beloved College, and to know that in its change it has kept pace with the general advancement of the age. I have at the same time been considerably surprised and not a little amused at my worthy predecessor's unphilosophical complaints at these improvements. He seems to have forgotten that great law of progress which must regulate all the affairs of men. Doubtless a little reflection will render it apparent to his discerning mind that the stiff observances, pomps and ceremonies were well enough then, but that it were unwise to suffer them to outlive their day. There is, however, one thing which I have not heard remarked upon, about which I feel a great curiosity to know something, and if you will permit me, I should like to make a single inquiry.

"My young friend, have any improvements yet been made in the external appearance of the College buildings?"

"I presume not sir," replied I, "they certainly could never have looked worse than now, resembling, as they do, ugly brick cotton factories."

"It pains me to hear this," replied he with a sigh; "during my life I exerted all my influence to induce the Corporation to paint and ornament those buildings, and although my efforts were unsuccessful, yet I fondly hoped that sufficient regard would have been paid my memory after I was gone, to comply with those reasonable wishes. A moderate outlay would make the College premises look comparatively beautiful, and how must they now appear in the eyes of all men of taste to say nothing of foreign travelers?"

The good man spoke these words in a melancholy tone, and as he finished, I noticed that he wept, but whether his tears proceeded from internal grief, or from the effect of the tobacco-smoke on his very weak eyes, I really cannot tell. At any rate he could not be prevailed upon any longer to remain, but returned moodily to his place. This visit seemed to have cast a serious shade over the spirits of all. A solemn silence ensued of some moments' duration, which Bishop Berkeley first interrupted by holding a brief conversation apart with a gentleman whom he introduced to me as Mr. Smybert, an artist who had come out with him from England. After passing the usual compliments, Mr. Smybert said—

"I wish to embrace this opportunity to obtain, if possible, some information on a point which has puzzled me not a little. A few years since a new portrait used annually, or nearly so, to be added to our number. They were, as appears from a little card accompanying each, portraits of living Professors presented as a parting gift by the members of various classes just before graduation, a custom to my mind exceedingly beautiful and commendable. But it seems now for quite a period to have been neglected, for what reasons I should like to know."

"Your conjectures with respect to the origin of these pictures," I replied, "are quite correct, and I know not how to account for the suspension of the custom, except in the way most obvious to every one."

"Then I am to understand the reasons to have been—want of taste, liberality, and spirit,—not a very complimentary conclusion to be sure. But is no Class ambitious to win for itself the credit of starting the thing once more?"

"I think present indications, sir," was my reply, "will warrant me in encouraging you to expect an addition to your number before another year has gone; my own Class seem disposed to signalize themselves in the very way you have spoken of."

"Good news indeed. But," continued he, "there is one other point in which you can do yourselves honor. The portraits of your professors already here, have all been executed by the same hand, and in my opinion evince a very ordinary degree of genius."

"They are usually acknowledged," said I, "to bear pretty good resemblance to their originals."

"That may be," was his reply, "but mere likeness, however marked, is one of the humblest requisites of portrait painting. A dozen scratches with a crayon may create a likeness as *recognizable* as one made with a pound of paints. Now look at any one of these productions of that gentleman's easel, and granting that they possess a tolerable resemblance to the *features* of their several subjects, yet what do they reveal of the *MEN* themselves? To me they have the appearance of wax-figures copied on canvass, rather than living, intelligent men. Do then, if only for variety's sake, employ one of the first-class artists of your country."

Mr. Smybert and myself having ended this conversation, Bishop Berkeley said—

"Mrs. Berkeley and this young lady desire to know whether the present usage of society permits a gentleman to kiss a lady in public places of resort."

"I am certain not," was my reply.

"Ah then," continued he, "we were misled by an occurrence of that kind taking place here not long ago. A young couple came here by themselves, and instead of looking at the pictures, sat down and spent the time in wooing. He called her, "Adorable ——," and she ——

"Hark! what's that?" cried Yale, as was heard the noise of an attempt to unlock the door,—“Gentlemen, we are interrupted! To your places!”

And then ensued such a scramble as I never witnessed, and before I could recover from my surprise, the whole scene had vanished. In momentary confusion, however, I heard our friend Stiles exclaim, "Dii Inferni!" "Accelerandum est ne detecti simus,—O Diabole!"

The Treasurer ascended the stairs, and bidding me "Good morning," expressed his regrets at having been the cause of my detention. I readily forgave him.

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#### THE UTILITY OF OATHS.

I do not intend, in this communication, to consider the lawfulness of oaths, but rather their efficacy and the propriety of their use. When an individual takes an oath, he, if a witness, asserts that his testimony shall be true; if a public officer, promises to pursue a certain course of conduct, adding, for the confirmation of his assertions or promises, "So help me God," or, as it was formerly, "So help me God at his holy dome;" which means, if I do not now speak the truth, let God give me eternal punishment at the judgment day.

The obvious reason why we put strong confidence in the testimony



of those under oath, is the supposition that the idea of the future and endless punishments consequent upon perjury, will be so vividly presented to the swearer's imagination as to immeasurably counterbalance or exclude from his mind any temptations to falsify, arising from considerations of temporal advantages. Yet lest this even may not be sufficient to insure the truth, the State annexes severe penalties to perjury. Still, however, much reliance is placed upon these temporal penalties; far more (and properly according to the oath theory) is put upon the eternal penalties.

Now, that too much reliance is, theoretically at least, given to the efficacy of an oath—that it is in fact prejudicial to the interests it is supposed to advance, and to the morals of men, I think, can be shown by the following considerations:

Its efficacy is weakened by the fact, that it is not in the power of the State to insure the infliction of the great punishments due its violation. There is, in fact, no apparent certainty of any future punishment. The power called upon to inflict the penalties is not only different from, but unconnected with the one that imposes them. Very many, perhaps most men, have some doubts, either of the existence of that power, or that it will be exerted as we exhort and expect it.

A man, moreover, who fully believes the Bible doctrines respecting future punishment for sins, is not merely or mainly restrained by his oath from falsifying; for he as fully believes in the merciful and forgiving character of Deity, and, consequently, in the possibility of averting the punishment at any time, by mere repentance of the crime. There is, in fact, no believer in these doctrines who does not expect, with a certainty, sooner or later, to repent of and obtain forgiveness for any crimes he may commit.

It appears, then, that the fear of the eternal consequences of perjury can really have but little force upon that class of men which alone is supposed to be affected by it in any degree whatever. Besides, an oath is unnecessary for that class of men, especially, because they have as much assurance in the Bible that lying will be eternally punished as that perjury will be. There is, then, the same religious force to impel them to truth-telling without as with an oath. There is, too, an absurdity in putting much confidence in an oath, in that we can by no means be sure what the swearer's notions of the future are; we must take his simple assertion for that. He may be an infidel; if he however tells the truth that he is one, we will not take his oath; if he first lies and declares that he believes what he does not believe, we then trust him. We, in fact, rely upon a man's simple assertion for the truth of what he says under oath. In practice, the force of oaths, too, must be greatly lessened by their obscure and elliptical form, and the hurried and careless manner in which they are administered. Scarcely one man in a hundred, of those even who take oaths, understands what they mean; he only knows that he held up his hand, and that another man read over, indistinctly, a certain formula, at the conclusion of which, he bowed his head. What he promised; what the "So help me God," if he heard it, means; of what sentence it is the beginning, or

middle, or end; what curses he has conditionally called down upon himself, he knows not; he only knows that he has taken an oath. Thus much for the efficacy of oaths.

That they may, many times, prevent the ends they are designed to accomplish, can be easily shown. In courts, for instance, they are employed to further the ends of justice.

Now all those men who, either believing in the existence of God, disbelieve the doctrine of future punishment, or, believing in God, deny the notions of our future existence, or who deny either that there is to be another life, or that God exists, alike would not be allowed to take an oath; for with them confessedly it would be merely a formula, without the least force whatever. Yet among these classes are found not unfrequently, men of undoubted integrity, whose simple assertions would be received with the most implicit confidence by all. It is a singular fact, that some infidels are the most scrupulous of all men with regard to truth, as though they would make amends for the denial of the greatest and sublimest truth of truths, by a higher veneration for lesser ones, and a more punctilious regard for truth in the ordinary concerns of life. The evidence of such persons, however important it might be in any court of justice, can not be taken; for if it is taken under oath, the oath having no obligations on their consciences, or rather presenting no terrors to their imaginations, gives no legal surety of their truthfulness; if without, then there is the absurdity of believing those who are not guided by religious principle more readily than those who are; on the opposite of which the oath-theory itself is founded. The testimony of these credible witnesses being thus set aside, the case, whatever it may be, not being fully known, is liable to be wrongly decided. Do away with oaths, and decree the same temporal penalties to falsity that are now annexed to perjury, and then all men, whether religious or not, being upon the same footing, can consistently be called on for evidence, and justice may be obtained.

In reference to public offices too, so far as oaths are necessary to make the incumbents faithfully perform their duties, it is unsafe to entrust them to unbelievers, whether it is the office of penny-post or of President. If Solon or Aristides should rise among us, we could not make either one of those heathens a justice of peace, while oaths are required. Yet no one would really feel any hesitation in committing the interests of the nation to their care without an oath. So by oaths we must consistently deprive ourselves of many faithful, honest public officers. If Columbus should rise and prove to be an infidel, he would be legally unfit to command a canal-boat.

This practice has, in some degree at least, a prejudicial effect upon the morals of men, in that it tends to make them less sensible of the obligation to speak the truth in their ordinary communications with each other. If the simple assertions of men are of so little weight that they are sometimes obliged to confirm them with an oath, they naturally incline to think less of the importance of truth in their ordinary affirmations.

On the contrary, if the simple "yea, yea, nay, nay" is the highest

and most solemn form of assertion, they as naturally place a due importance upon this simple form. There is a good illustration of this principle seen in Moravians and Friends. Their yea and nay commands the same respect that the solemn oaths of other men do.\*

If then oaths have the truth-compelling effect ascribed to them, it is not by their own virtues, but rather because they merely take the place that simple affirmation would otherwise occupy, and their real effect is to make men feel obliged to speak the truth occasionally, whereas without them they would feel the same obligation to speak it always.

In practice we rely not so much upon the oath as upon the character of the swearer. If his reputation for veracity is irreproachable, we give him full confidence; he needs no oath.† If, on the contrary, he is known as a common liar, his oath gives no credence to his words.

The chief motives that impel men to speak the truth under oath, are general moral obligation, public opinion, and the temporal and immediate consequences of perjury. The future consequences have really very little influence.

Since, then, the state has no power to insure the infliction of the future penalties of perjury, but on the contrary, every person believes he can easily avert them; since the practice of requiring oaths deprives us of credible witnesses in some cases; since they tend to lower the standard of truth, and since they are unnecessary, as those who are disposed to speak the truth will do so, with or without an oath, and those otherwise disposed will not heed them, they ought to go into disuse, and in their place the simple yea and nay be substituted, retaining, however, the same temporal penalties for lying, that are now imposed upon the convicted perjurer.

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### A LEGEND OF THE ALHAMBRA.

"THERE is not a mountain cave, not a lonely watch-tower in the plains, nor ruined castle on the hills, but has some spell-bound warriors sleeping from age to age within its vaults. Once every year, on the eve of St. John, they are released from enchantment from sunset to sunrise, and permitted to repair here to pay homage to their sovereign! and the crowds swarming into the cavern are Moslem warriors, from their haunts in all parts of Spain."

"The great vestibule of the Alhambra's gate is formed by an immense Arabian arch, of the horse-shoe form, which springs to half the height of the tower. On the key-stone of this arch is engraven a gigantic hand; within the vestibule, on the

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\* It was in consequence of the little value the law places upon a man's mere assertion ordinarily that the Dutchman who had killed his neighbor's dog, said, as he supposed with safety, "Tam him, I kilt his tog, but mine Gott he has got to prove it."

† Solon said, "A good man ought to be in that estimation that he need not an oath; because it is to be reputed a lessening of his honor if he be forced to swear."

key-stone of the portal, is sculptured, in like manner, a gigantic key. There is an old tradition, that the hand and key are magical devices, on which the fate of the Alhambra depends. The Moorish King who built it, was a great magician, or as some believed, had sold himself to the devil, and had laid the whole fortress under a magic spell. By this means it had remained standing for several hundred years, in defiance of storms and earthquakes, while almost all other buildings of the Moors had fallen to ruin and disappeared. This spell, the tradition went on to say, would last until the hand on the outer arch should reach down and grasp the key, when the whole pile would tumble to pieces."—IRVING'S TALES OF THE ALHAMBRA.

Within the loftiest mountain,  
Of old Nevada's range,  
A cavern lies, of vast extent,  
Its roof, with sparkling diamonds sprent,  
Of hues that ever change.

The roof from crystal columns springs  
High o'er the pavement stone;  
Above, quaint silver cressets swing,  
That rays of dazzling splendor fling  
Around a monarch's throne.

High on his seat, the sovereign sits,  
With regal splendor crowned;  
His giant form in armor mailed,  
His face with sable mantle veiled,  
That trailing sweeps the ground.

Far in the cave's recesses, dim,  
Grim warriors silent stand;  
With plumed casque, and brazen shield,  
With spear no mortal now could wield,  
And keen-edged battle brand.

Now on the cavern's silent air,  
Unwonted tumult breaks;  
The monarch starts from slumber deep,  
And from enchantment's iron sleep  
The spell-bound army wakes.

Each warrior toward the portal turns,  
To list the mystic sounds,  
When slow the massive gates unfold,  
And on the threshold's beaten gold  
An armed horseman bounds.

Right onward to the monarch's throne,  
He moves with stately tread,  
And while the wond'ring host surveys,  
On bended knee, his homage pays  
Unto the sovereign dread.

Now, through the shadowy entrance broad,  
There pours a mighty throng ;  
Each warrior bows his plumed head,  
As on, with slow and heavy tread,  
The army moves along.

The monarch, with majestic mien,  
Uprising from his throne,  
Now mounts his steed, and followed near  
By flashing blade, and bristling spear,  
Forakes the cavern lone.

Still on the strange procession moves,  
Mysteriously, and slow.  
With lance's gleam, and helmet's flash,  
Stern trumpet clang, with cymbal clash,  
And banners drooping low.

The Alhambra's lofty portal  
Is looming through the night,  
As the warrior host, with measured tread,  
Far-sweeping plumes, and banners spread,  
Slow nears the castle's height.

And now, beneath the sounding arch,  
The monarch's charger stands,  
While far behind, o'er valley still,  
O'er desert plain, and lonely hill,  
Outstretch the enchanted bands.

Down from his fiery war-horse,  
The noble monarch bounds.  
Through pillared hall, and marble court,  
Where sunbeams play, and fountains sport,  
His iron tread resounds.

Each tower with steel-clad warriors teems,  
Each battlement and height ;  
While the moonbeams flash on the brilliant gems  
That burn on the crests of their dusky helms,  
With a strange and dazzling light.

Upon the Alhambra's signal-tower,  
Instinctive turns each eye,  
Where stands the monarch's lofty form,  
With arm uplift, as though a storm  
Were muttering in the sky.

As 'neath the starry gaze of heaven  
Each upturned helmet gleams,

Swift from the zenith's lofty height,  
Far downward through the depths of night  
A flaming meteor streams.

Then grasps the key, the giant hand,  
When turret, tower, and wall,  
With donjon-keep, and dungeon lone,  
Dark, dismal vault, and rampart stone,  
In thundering ruin fall.

And when the moon, with pallid brow,  
Disparts her cloudy veil,  
Nor stone of th' Alhambra's pile is seen,  
Nor banner bright, with silken sheen,  
Nor warrior clad in mail.

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#### THE MEXICAN VOLUNTEER.

SOFTLY reclining in a mud-bank, wrapped in sleep and a ragged blanket, by his side a fat little black bottle, that looked tickled, as though it had been doing something cute ; gentle breezes sporting with the rags of his tattered garments, his faculties steeped in alcohol, to preserve them, probably—on the principle of brandy peaches—lay the tabernacle of clay from which we derived our first impressions of a Mexican Volunteer.

His name was Job Doope, but further than this we have no account of his early history. In vain have we ransacked libraries, devoured the lore of antiquity, and investigated story-books and primers with indefatigable diligence ; the annals of the past furnish no record of the birth or parentage of the individual whose biographer we have undertaken to be. The inquiring mind may, indeed, exhaust its energies in philosophic speculations, and, in the height of its enthusiasm, may conjecture that he sprung from a cabbage-head, on a frosty morning ; that he was picked up in the streets, after a violent shower ; or, that he just stepped into his father's house one day, to make a fashionable call ; but whatever hypotheses theory may suggest, they fail of penetrating that deep gloom in which the first heats of his earthly race were run.

With feelings of the most painful regret, the baffled historian turns from his arduous but fruitless labor ; and, after shedding a tear or two over the valuable information so irremediably lost to mankind, is fain to content himself with the inference, that in his childhood, Mr. Doope was like other children, as far as the circumstances of the case would allow ; and though with nothing but circumstantial evidence to assure us of the fact, we feel confident in the assertion that Job was a baby

in his infancy, and that some years after his birth he reached the age of maturity. With this account of his early life, we must be content; meagre though it be, we have no better, and literary epicures must be satisfied with picking the bones of this historical turkey.

The first time that Job ever filled a niche in the temple of Fame, or in any way distinguished himself in public life, was the period at which our narrative commences.

But in order accurately to "define his position," more especially as Geography and Chronology are the two eyes of History, the time when, and place where our hero was when we first saw him, was one afternoon, not a hundred years ago, at Camp —, in the vicinity of a large town west of the Alleghany Mountains.

He had just entered the army. The operation of enlisting was performed on him in the following manner:

About the streets of his native city there marched, in battle array, three men; one blew a fife, another beat a drum, and the third did neither, but his name was Mr. Sergeant Bigfizz, and the three strode fearlessly on, followed by a train of small but admiring boys.

Perhaps, to the casual observer, there is nothing startling in the appearance of this trio, nor even in the announcement of the name of Mr. Sergeant Bigfizz; but when we are told that this was a corps of the standing army, detached on the recruiting service, more especially when we pause and contemplate Mr. Sergeant Bigfizz in his true character, and reflect that he was clad in regimentals, had a sword, and brass heels on his boots, that he was a large man, with a red face, and fat, culpably fat; when we consider that he was, in his own words, "one of the right hands of the Administration," we cannot but feel ourselves gradually swelling up with enthusiasm, and finally inflated tight.

With sensations precisely similar to these we have just now had, did Mr. Job Doope gaze on the brilliant cortege we have attempted to describe.

Mr. Sergeant Bigfizz was sweeping majestically down the crowded thoroughfare, in the full tide of his glory and a cocked hat, and Mr. Job Doope, feeling himself imbued with a slight share of that spirit which animated the warrior, endeavored to sweep as majestically after him. The two sweeps met; the officer of Government and the private citizen stood face to face. It was an era—one of those critical emergencies that happen but once in a life-time, where all is staked upon the decision of the moment, and Mr. Job Doope, not knowing what to say, with that profound knowledge of human nature which distinguishes itself upon all important occasions, very properly held his peace; but when the Sergeant boldly asked why a base plebeian dare arrest the progress of a Department of State, when on the recruiting service, Mr. Doope promptly responded that he "wanted to fight."

The Sergeant was brave, but such a peremptory summons to mortal encounter shocked his entire system; his cheek blanched, his teeth chattered, and his knees took to a private boxing-match on their own account, and he was about to call upon the citizens to aid in suppressing

an insurrection, when the innocent cause of the great man's terror ventured to suggest, that he only had a strong desire to go to Texas, for the specific purpose of spitting himself on a Mexican sword, or knocking his head against a cannon-ball.

Richard was himself again. The rubicund visage of the doughty Sergeant resumed its accustomed hue of a boiled lobster, and the reaction caused it to flame like an excited beet. He drew himself up, assumed an air of dignified composure, and surveyed Job at a respectful distance, as though he had been a horse he was about to purchase, but whose heels, he was afraid, were occasionally used for other purposes than traveling. Satisfied that the object of his scrutiny was a man of peaceable intentions, the Sergeant proceeded to make a small digression about his own public life and actions; in the course of which, he informed Job that he was a pinch above most people, a right hand of the Administration—so to speak—and an essential brick in the existing Temple of Liberty; he also related how he had signalized himself in the Seminole war—particularly upon one occasion—by surprising a party of thirteen Indians asleep, one afternoon, whose snoring had attracted his attention; he succeeded in scalping them all before they waked up, and as he was making off with his booty, the savages were aroused by the barking of a dog, and took after the intruder to recover the rest of their heads; he fled, and being hotly pursued, sought refuge in a hollow log; finding that his enemies were crawling in to catch him, he got out, and when they were all safely in, stopped up both ends, and carried them, log and all, to the fort, when they had a grand time of it.

Of course Job was very much edified, and professed great admiration for the military life in general, and regarded Mr. Sergeant Bigfizz, as a Mars, although a little more fat and substantial than the representations of that god he had been accustomed to see.

The right hand of the Administration then proposed to adjourn to a neighboring coffee-house, and drink the health of the rest of his body—not making use of that precise phrase, but signifying the same—by the expression, “Toasting the Government.” It was accordingly done; and Job, out of pure anxiety lest the Government might, at some future period, be taken sick, continued to drink its health quite a number of times. The Sergeant then made a patriotic speech, and told how the “perfidious Mexicans” had raised a rumpus, merely because the Administration had sent an army to occupy some of their territory; and because the army encamped near their towns, peaceably turned every thing upside down, and took possession of whatever they wanted, in as quiet a manner as possible, those audacious heathens had dared to make a show of resistance.

The thought filled Job with indignation; he turned his black bottle pathetically up to his face, and when he took it down, gave a long sigh, and his eyes were filled with tears, so deeply did he feel the outrage his country had suffered. During the course of the harangue, Job became indignant very often, and from the number of times he turned his bottle up to his face, and from the intense interest he mani-



festated in examining its contents, we suspect it must have been the philosopher's stone, or that he was spying into future events. It was not long before Job imbibed so much knowledge of future events, from the black bottle, that he began to be oblivious of the present. He forgot his personal identity; mistook his head for his heels, and thought every body was dancing around the room, and making fools of themselves.

Job also began to grow facetious; he sportively tweaked the nose of his next neighbor, and expressed a strong inclination to demolish men and things, and while in the act of squaring himself to carry out some imaginary pugilistic encounter, he bestowed Mr. Sergeant Bigfizz such a thwack on his countenance, as would have infallibly knocked that gentleman into a cocked hat, had he not been in one already. In the course of exercising his versatile genius, Mr. Doope indulged in some witty remarks with reference to the rotundity of Mr. Sergeant Bigfizz's person, alluding to a fancied resemblance between the same and a barrel of mess pork.

Observing the state of things, the Sergeant winked to a confederate and whispered that it was "all right," which meant, that Job was all wrong; and when a proposal was made to join the army, Job joyfully acceded, and was, thereupon, taken into the service.

An enlightened and philanthropic age, like the present, cannot fail of perceiving the superiority of this mode of recruiting over every other, both in practical utility and in the noble and charitable means it employs.

The remark, that there is nothing like "Dutch courage" to make men valorous, is the result of a close observance of human nature, and an analysis of that peculiar connection between the animal and vegetable spirits; for although any amount of persuasion may have no effect in influencing one in his senses to join the army, yet when he is as Job was, "all right," he will probably do as Job did. Far more benevolent and republican, then, is the American mode of "Volunteering" than that barbarous and despotic system of British impressment.

When Job was so drunk that his legs were a useless incumbrance, he was gently carted out to the camp, and softly dumped down in the mud, where we found him. Upon rousing a little the next morning—not entirely sober—he lay in that musing, listless state of demi-somnolency that makes one feel as though it were too much trouble to wake entirely up, and still exertion was required to go to sleep again. In this situation he lay and amused himself with contemplating as much of his person as he conveniently could, without opening his eyes so far as to produce a strain upon the lids. The results of his observation fully satisfied him as to the authenticity of his legs, and upon further examination, he was highly gratified to find that he was the fortunate possessor of ten fingers and thumbs; fatigued with this laborious investigation, he was about to yield again to the balmy influence, when he was startled by feeling, as he thought, more feet in contact with his person than the twain which were by nature his, and looking up, he saw what he at first imagined was a bear on a man's head, but

which proved to be a very large military cap on a very small military man. Unaccustomed to being saluted by the heels, as long as the head remained the proper channel for communicating ideas, Job opened his eyes as far as was practicable, without immediate danger of lifting off his forehead, when the cap asked, in a large tone, what he was doing there. Collecting all the energies of his intellect into a brief but overwhelming reply, the recumbent answered that he was lying down. Startled as it must have been by such an unexpected and astounding answer, the cap frowned, told Job he was an ignoramus, (Job thought he meant hippopotamus, and felt complimented,) and ordered him to "wag his pins"—a military metaphor—which in civil phrase means "trot." The pins were accordingly wagged; and in endeavoring to get out of the camp, Job was stopped by a ferocious-looking Hessian, with a gun, who commanded him to "give the countersign." Supposing this to refer to some Masonic symbol or dark incantation, the persecuted man, as the most appropriate remark his tasked and wearied brain could suggest, ventured faintly to ejaculate, "Open Sesame;" whereupon, the sentinel inverted his nose and indulged in an episode upon the general character and scholastic attainments of the object before him, quaintly observing that he was "A fool, and didn't know beans;" alluding, probably, to some branch of literature not usually pursued under the present system of education.

The sequel to this incident was, that Job was put in the guard-house, where he chewed the end of his reflections, and ruminated upon the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, for the space of twenty-four hours.

The following day the recruits were to start for New Orleans; Mr. Doope was rigged out in a suit of regimentals, and we may with safety say that he cut a figure. His suit was that of a private who had died a few days before, and who was about big enough to make two of Job, with sufficient left for the pattern of a good-sized boy. The consequence was, that his apparel hung about him like the sails of a becalmed ship; like the candle under a bushel, his hat almost extinguished him, while his stock threw his head so far back, as to give him the appearance of a philosopher deeply engaged in some astronomical observation.

By way of deadly weapon, he had a blunderbuss, about the use of which he knew as much as would make him quite as formidable a foe as a frog with a small-sword.

Thus accoutered, he marched through the streets with his comrades to the place of embarkation, and though the rest moved in the utmost confusion, straggling along without the slightest regard to discipline, Job behaved like a veteran. Wherever he could find room to execute his manoeuvres, he formed a line by himself, and manipulated with his gun in a manner that would have appalled the heart of the stoutest Mexican.

We might here be justly charged with infidelity as a historian, and be properly discarded as a suitor of Clio, did we omit to mention the distinguished part Job took in the daily drill, while descending the

river, and the original manner in which he performed all prescribed duties.

No matter what his task was, Job did it just as though the object of a life of painful and elaborate investigation upon that individual thing, had been to do it fundamentally and radically wrong. He never knew his right foot from his left; always put the cartridge in his gun with the ball downwards; when a hollow square was formed, Job was invariably found in the centre, performing on his own hook; and we should not permit to sink into oblivion the fact that his heels were omnipresent, and continually on somebody's toes.

As a natural sequence to such a series of brilliant exploits, Job was regarded rather in the light of a donkey than any thing else, and became the butt of his company; huge was the amount of fun poked at him, but he bore it meekly, and hoped some day to do a little better.

In the same mess with our hero, there was one of those cynical misanthropic kind of characters, who seem to find peculiar delight in being disagreeable and mean. This man prided himself in being descended from a "great family," and in fact he had descended a long way from any thing great, provided that had been his original starting point.

Destitute of other means of subsistence, he had sustained himself on the idea of his ancestral dignity, as chameleons do on air, until he had arrived to that degree of poverty, expressed by a simile, arising from the attenuation of form incident to a church-mouse, and, driven to the last extremity, he had entered the army to gain a living by momentarily running the risk of dying.

As to his external appearance, his frame may be considered as a series of sharp points and acute angles thrown together in promiscuous confusion; his features were sharp, his legs and arms long and lank, and his body as thin as a mashed spider's—so contracted, in fact, that it had squeezed all the soul out of him.

This fancy character had conceived extreme disgust for Job, who, as sharp-sighted as a bat in the day-time, had not yet stumbled on the idea that he was any thing but delightful to every body.

Upon the deck of the steamboat one day, our hero attempted to engage in familiar converse with this blossom of ancestral dignity, the which Mr. Stuckkup—that was the cockney's name—taking in high dudgeon, contracted his brow into a frown of the most superlative contempt, turned his back, and strode away. Thinking, from the expression of the stranger's face, that he must be sick at the stomach, Job followed him, and ventured to suggest that a "poor man's plaster" might do him good.

Lest the anticipating mind should here be misled with reference to Mr. Doope's powers as a practical physician, a just regard for the proper dissemination of truth compels us to say, that he had never received that amount of medical education, which in an enlightened community would have entitled him to the degree of M. D.

His confidence in the above adhesive had been established by having applied it in a single instance to his own child; to be sure, it had

killed the child, but when Mr. Doope intimated the fact and demanded pecuniary compensation for his loss, the apothecary had returned him the money in accordance with the general principle, "no cure, no pay."

Mr. Doope had prosecuted his studies even farther, and had gained considerable knowledge in Surgery and the restoring of fractured limbs. His experience in this department had been acquired by breaking the legs of the only chicken he ever possessed, and then resetting them, though it should be mentioned that he made a slight deviation from the ordinary mode of procedure in similar cases, and set the legs the wrong way, so that, in after life the chicken walked with its toes behind it. From a knowledge of the usual effects of physic, and a general survey of Nature, made one dark night near a cemetery with a lantern, Job had become imbued with some indefinite idea that Doctors furnished subjects for grave-yards, and grave-yards furnished subjects for Doctors; but at this point all his investigations in this science had ceased.

We mention these facts, not to dazzle the world with a brilliant exhibition of the extent and variety of Mr. Doope's attainments, nor to excite admiration at the immense amount of learning contained within the rim of his military cap,—that is, when it was on his head; but merely to give the particulars connected with the life of an uncommon man, and to bring to light those incidents that must delight all future generations who have the keenness of perception to discover that Mr. Doope was the greatest man of his age.

But to resume Mr. Stukkup: At Job's presuming familiarity, he congealed his countenance into such a frozen look, that the medical adviser felt chilled through, and thought it best to beat a precipitate retreat, but in turning to accomplish that object, his ubiquitous heel fell on the stranger's toe.

The isolated fact of having his toe tramped on, independent of other considerations, was not perhaps the sole cause of that indignation which filled Mr. Stukkup's bosom so tight as to produce a fearful strain upon the buttons of his waistcoat; but that a man of low lineage and obscure parentage, whose forefathers were probably poor, and perhaps honest, to boot—that such a man should ever set his foot on him—the thought was too much for Mr. Stukkup to stand under, so he sat down and proceeded to glare fearfully around. But Job was off; as a turtle noiselessly slides from a log into the water when danger is near, and is seen no more, so Job vanished down the hatchway, "nor left a trace behind."

What eggs of vengeance were hatching in the insulted one's mind, or what dark schemes of blood floated around his brain, doth not appear; but that he meditated some dire mode of retribution, is sufficiently evident from the fact that, upon reaching New Orleans, our hero was challenged to fight a duel. Job, like many others in a similar condition, did not exactly know what there was to fight about; he was at a loss to perceive the relation between honor and toes, and though practically acquainted with the satisfaction consequent upon a hearty meal,

yet satisfaction as connected with pistols and ten paces, was a mystery he was not able to solve.

He had tramped upon a great many toes, and the owners thereof had never felt themselves aggrieved; but as a comrade told him he must fight, he thought best to do so, and at the appointed time repaired to the designated spot, where he found his antagonist waiting for him.

Mr. Stukkup's behavior upon this sanguinary occasion was courageous in the extreme, and by a close examination of it, we may perceive a forcible illustration of the triumph of principle and moral courage over brute fear.

The challenger stood up in his place, clutched his weapon nervously in his grasp, and shook all over very much like one frightened, though it was probably owing to the intense cold for which that, like all other tropical climates, is remarkable, while his knees bent under him, which phenomena may be referred to the fact that he must have had an extra load of ancestral dignity on his shoulders that morning. When the pistols went off, Mr. Stukkup seemed disposed to follow their example, for he fell back, exclaiming that he was a "dead man." Now when men really depart this life, they are generally considerate enough to leave it to their friends to announce the fact, and to Job's penetrating mind, Mr. Stukkup's assertion seemed a prevarication, and even to the most casual observer, it would have been evident that that gentleman was merely indulging in a playful sophism. After exercising his vocal propensities a few moments in the fruitless endeavor to persuade folks that he was defunct, the would-be dead began to think of coming to life again; and attempting to regain his vitality, he succeeded so far as to get up and make the emphatic declaration that he was "as good as ever," which no one would have doubted, considering his original value.

We cannot here refrain from expressing our admiration for that noble and Christian institution of civilized society—dueling. It produces harmony and good-will among men, and prevents the commission of those flagrant offences for which the wisest of legislators have, as yet, been able to affix no adequate penalty. For instance, if another accidentally jostle you in the street, or at a convivial meeting refuses wine upon the flimsy plea that it makes him sick, the Law cannot reach such a miserable offender; and what a felicitous arrangement is it, and how gratifying to the feelings of every honorable man to call out the culprit and run the risk of having his brains blown out, or of being hung for murder!

More especially should dueling be commended and encouraged in the army. It increases mutual confidence, and infuses a high sense of honor among officers and men; and we cannot but envy the satisfaction a soldier must feel, at killing a comrade whose tent and mess he has shared, by whose side he has fought a common foe, with whom he has won battles, and suffered misfortune. Thrice honored then, should be that Government which licenses the suicide of the armies that win its renown, of the very men to whom it is indebted for the garlands of victory that laurel its brow.

## A PSALM OF DEATH.

I would not die in Winter, when the cold  
 Breath of the North hath chilled the rimy ground ;  
 And its dark, frozen clods, with crushing sound,  
 Shall fall too harshly on my lifeless mould :  
 Oh ! not in winter, when the fitful air  
 Shall breathe the music of its solemn moan  
 Around the silence of my dwelling lone,  
 And thus disturb my peaceful slumber there :  
 Oh ! not in winter, when too drearily  
 Dark Night will fold around my cheerless tomb  
 Her depth of silence, and her robes of gloom,  
 As gathereth a storm-cloud on the sea !

I would not perish in the joyous Spring,  
 While the young Earth is full of blissful glee,  
 And bush and bough are making melody,  
 And hues of gentle flowers blossoming  
 Are bursting on the vision everywhere—  
 When the low symphonies of waking life,  
 Calming the fierceness of my spirit-strife,  
 Are ever heard upon the kissing air—  
 When budding Nature, reverent and fair,  
 Bows to her Maker 'mid the sunny glow  
 Of life, and voice of song, and gentle flow  
 Of waters, like some lovely saint at prayer.

I cannot die in the glad Summer hours,  
 Nature is so full of hallowed melody ;  
 The forest warblers sing so tunelessly ;  
 And beauty sits so calmly on the flowers.  
 Thou art too joyous ! Oh ! how can I die  
 And leave thee, Nature ! never more to feel  
 Thy breath upon my cheek, as soft winds steal  
 And light clouds move along the summer sky—  
 Nevermore to gaze upon thy gentle forms  
 Of beauty, or hear the voice of hymning trees,  
 Or the low music of the viewless breeze,  
 Or feel the grandeur of thy midnight storms.

I would not die in Autumn, when the air  
 Is filled with fragrance, and a breath of balm  
 Is moving fitfully o'er Nature's calm  
 And silent bosom. Oh ! my earnest prayer  
 Would be, that I might wait to see the deep,

Rich hues of dying summer lingering  
 On the bright forms of every living thing—  
 That I might mark the varied changes creep  
 Over the face of Nature, as her bright  
 And glorious robes are fading 'mid the gloom  
 Of darkness and the silence of the tomb,  
 As sunset lingereth on the clouds of night.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Father in Heaven! yet a little while  
 Let me rejoice with Nature. Let me drink  
 Into my soul her perfect harmonies;  
 And feel my spirit glowing with the bright  
 And blessed radiance of her beauty  
 Yet a little longer! Thou knowest, Father!  
 How much of grief hath settled on my heart,  
 And checked the throbbings of its infancy—  
 How much of woe it hath been my sad lot  
 To bear, and how this trembling, aching soul  
 Hath fainted in its chamber, and hath longed,  
 With all the fervor of its youth, for aught  
 To cast its love upon! Therefore have I loved  
 The forms of Nature, and grown familiar  
 In her presence, as a wayward child;  
 And she hath been my mother. I have felt  
 Her presence in the living stillness of the air,  
 And her soft smiles are glowing in my heart,  
 Like sunlight in a shady grove. O, God!  
 Grant me a few more hours of happiness,  
 And holy commune with my mother, Nature;  
 And I will willingly lay down my head,  
 As I am wont to do, upon her breast;  
 And, 'mid the quiet beauty of her smiles  
 And the low music of her symphonies,  
 Like a lone wanderer, will I sleep!

E. D. M.

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 GLEANINGS FROM MY JOURNAL.

## GERMANY.

SUNDAY was the first day of my arrival at the university. A perfect stranger to every one, and possessing just enough of the German language to enable me to appear totally unintelligible, I sat silent at the dinner table, a decided misanthropist. While thus enjoying my quiet vein, and swallowing the nauseous pill of ill-humor, my eyes, wandering from guest to guest, rested at length upon a tall, strongly-built young fellow, sitting directly opposite, a fair specimen of the German Bursch

or student. His face, cast in the true mould of his mother country, round, fair, and rosy, was encircled by long brown hair, which fell in straight locks down upon his shoulders; a huge red moustache and well-trimmed beard, half concealed his mouth and chin, thus giving to the lower portion of his face an expression of sternness, which seemed to strive with the open brow and sweet blue eye above, for the mastery; his shirt, partially open at the neck, was confined by a loosely-flowing black cravat; the short frock-coat, of black cotton velvet, thrown wide apart, revealed the absence of waistcoat and braces; from the pockets protruded the wooden stems of two pipes, and the visor of his little green, impudent-looking student's cap. As I scanned his figure, he slowly raised his eyes to mine; flash answered flash; two congenial spirits had met; he thrust towards me a dish of potatoes, I returned him a plate of beans. He spoke, the ice was broken. While Count Steplein (so the youth was christened) and myself exchanged courtesies, my attention was attracted by sundry strange manifestations among the students around me, and at the same moment a stench, which, once smelt, is never to be forgotten, slowly pervaded the whole dining-hall, as the host pompously ushered in the smoking "sour crout," or, as some have it, "pickled cabbage," but it matters not,

"A rose,  
By any other name, would smell as sweet."

Every eye seemed to have received an infusion of quicksilver, so sparkling and merrily did they dance; beer-glasses and empty platters were pushed aside, to make way for the dish par excellence; that certain, undefinable, preparatory jerk of the shoulders, ran the round of the table; chairs were drawn in closer to the board; here and there a sensible fellow would half untie his neck-cloth, and slyly introducing his hand beneath his coat, loosen the buckle of his pants behind. Others, however, whose olfactory nerves were apparently not sour crout proof, leisurely drew forth, from the depths of their pockets, their huge meerschaums and accompaniments, slowly filled and lighted them, and entrenching themselves amidst clouds of smoke, they patiently awaited the coming of some more welcome dish. Green in the ways of the land, without defensive arms of this sort, and feeling my whole system already saturated with the increasing fumes of the sublime culinary produce, I arose to depart, when my attention was drawn towards a stately Englishman, sitting on my right. A German student, a noble, and apropos, most Germans are counts or barons, taking pity on the loneliness of this newly-arrived specimen of the isles, had asked him, in a friendly tone, some insignificant question, in order to engage him in conversation. The Briton suddenly drew himself up to his whole height, and he was no mean representative of a hop-pole either, stared at his interrogator with a fixed, stony, Medusa-sort of look, and then, in silent majesty, launched into the depths of a large mass of boiled beef that lay before him. The kindly-disposed questioner, thinking himself misunderstood, repeated again, in even more courteous terms if possible, his inquiry. The object of his solicitude—heaven bless



the species—with dignity supreme, laid down his eating implements, half twisted round on his seat, and with a loud and stately voice, cried out abruptly, "Waiter!" The boy was at his side immediately. "Waiter," dictated the Anglo-Saxon, "go and tell that fellow, yonder, that when *introduced*, he may speak to me!" Had the poor devil beheld Banquo's ghost, in full costume, he would not have looked more aghast; the hall rang with loud peals of laughter, and our Englishman solemnly renewed his maxillary labors.

Having amply satisfied all the demands of the inward man, I strolled out among the trees fronting the university. The students were scattered in every direction, some throwing dice on the little tables—of which there was a great abundance—some rolling nine-pins, while those of a poorer class, who could not afford to feed with their comrades, at the rate of twenty-four kreutzers a day, slowly despatched their mite's worth of sausages and crackers. But few were there, who did not, from time to time, raise to their lips the glass of sparkling, amber-colored beer, and every soul puffed, *con amore*, his long-stemmed pipe. To smoke cigars, I afterwards learned, was looked upon as a sign of pride, generally displeasing to the natives. After sauntering about in the billiard-room, and looking over the card-players, I retired to my chamber, in the castle, and to my utter amazement, found my stove perfectly red-hot; a puzzling fact, inasmuch as the servant had received no orders to make any fire, and as each student has his own wood box, with lock and key thereunto appertaining, I could not conceive how the fellow had got at my stock. But the mystery was soon explained, by the appearance of Steplein, who "hoped I found myself comfortable." In fact, he had warmed my room with his own wood. I acknowledged his kindness, and as two other mustachioed students made their entry at his back, I motioned them to my chairs, bed, and table, whereupon they straightway installed themselves, after giving their names and titles. Seeing a piano in a corner of my chamber, they begged me to favor them, and after braying off a couple of Italian love ditties, I brazenly launched into an heroic, supposed to be English, but which, in fact, like those inspired tongues with which the Shakers are oftentimes gifted, was more strange than comprehensible; and the few samples of English which were thrown in as a sort of excuse, were cut and quartered without mercy. Whilst roaring with great pathos, Steplein, with eyes dilated, and wide-mouth joy, rushed forward in an ecstasy, and in broken English vowed that he understood, perfectly, every syllable; and that when in America the air was quite familiar to him. Here was a fix! Bowing to his powers of comprehension, which so far exceeded mine, I clasped his hand, and from that day forward there sprung up a friendship as solid and romantic as the old-fashioned one between Orestes and Pylades. But now came the question how we were to pass the remainder of the day; opinions were divided between the theatre at S—, or a dance at B—. Votes were taken; B— was decided upon. Two horses and a wagon were immediately procured, and swelling our party, by the addition of three more students and one professor, we clambered into the vehicle, a shabby, ill-natured-looking box, perched high above

four rickety wheels, the very picture of old age and decrepitude. "En route!" cries the conductor, with an accent which a German alone has at command; "En route!" The two venerable ribs prick up their ears, shake the dismal remains of their tails, snuff the air, but budge not. A smart flourish of the whip urges them to a dead march, and a dozen more applications hurry them into a jog trot. Thus for an hour we dragged along, and already we had placed between the castle and ourselves five good miles, thanks to the never-ceasing exhortations of our charioteer—exhortations strangely mingled with oaths, entreaties, and blows; but now the chargers came to a dead halt; with all the appearance of being disgusted with life, they hang down their scraggy necks, and remain with sullen determination rooted to the spot. It was needless to attempt a compromise, so jumping out from the cart, we drag the spirited steeds to the next tavern on the road. Here the driver places before them some eight or ten pounds of hard, black bread, which disappears in a surprisingly short space of time, and the glistening eye and erected tail proclaim the wonders effected by this meal. While engaged refreshing ourselves in the bar-room, Kosker, one of our company, struggling near the window with the maid for a kiss, descries another cart, full of students, lumbering down the road; out we run with a yell, and huddling into our seats start off at the moment that our comrades come up—their cries respond to ours, and bending forward, we urge our nags to their utmost speed,

"and all agog,  
To dash through thick and thin."

Launching at first their hind feet high in air, our cattle bound and spring as lustily as spavins, cramped legs and old age will let them, and, swayed from side to side, the creaking wagons shake like ague-suffering invalids. First, one heads the other, then the other heads the one; they run into each other, and rebound with the shock. On, Comet! Lustig, on! Now comes the tug of war; a long steep hill lies straight before us; the bridles are slackened, and, standing bolt upright, we brandish whip and stick with long exulting cries; down, down we rush, whirling up dense clouds of dust. One effort of despair, and our rivals graze us as they pass; the wheels are locked, and the splinters fly; but still we madly whirl along. The others check their reins! We'll win the race—Hurra! hur—— Suddenly our leader plunges forward, stumbles, regains his equilibrium, and, starting from his shattered traces in terror, leaps into a small ditch beside the road, and there, smoking and panting, awaits patiently the issue. A taunting jeer swells on the air, and our victorious rivals waving cap and pipe disappear at a turn of the road.

"Unpacked at B——, we recommend our serviceable steeds to the ostler's care, and guided by the sounds of revelry, we pick our way towards the tavern which we were in search of. Taking a hasty peep through the lighted windows, at the crowd within, we already caper in our boots in measure with enlivening strains, and executing a series of uninterrupted pirouettes, we whirl with more rapidity than

caution into the room, to the great discomfiture of a weighty burgher, who unfortunately blocking up the door-way was sent reeling into the midst of the dancers. The room, of no gigantic proportions, was packed with people, and the musicians blowing away at their brass, by the light of four reeking candles, were indebted to a high platform alone for their comparative ease and safety. The waltz—

“That imp of Germany brought up in France”—

alone played its antics amidst the lively troop; quadrilles and other funeral steps were absolutely banished; half encircling the pretty waist of a not-reluctant damsel, I launch forth with my fellow comrades into the press, now the last of a long-turning file, now dodging from side to side, now threading our way between the laggard couples. Seizing a favorable opportunity, I suddenly thrust my prize into the arms of a bewildered boor, and snatching his belle from his reluctant hands, we dash along, laughing joyously. The air is dimmed with smoke and dust; the lights flash and flicker in the wind; the quickened tramp shakes the floor beneath; jests and repartees are loudly echoed around, half drowned by shouts of buoyant laughter. Oh! for the brush of an artist, to paint the joyous scene!

“The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:  
The piper loud and louder blew;  
The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
They reel’d, they set, they cross’d, they cleekit,  
’Till ilka *darlin* (I beg Mr. Burns’ pardon) swat and reekit.”

While thus we heeled the floor, for tripping it “on the fantastic toe” was out of the question, a sudden and tremendous crash brought us to a part of our senses, by half-stunning the others, and as the last struggling rays of the overturned lights glared wildly upwards, the revelers saw a sight which — Oh Steplein, it was too bad! My friend, urged on by the love of deviltry, had taken in tow a huge lump of mortal clay, of some fifteen stones weight, and making half a turn for the sake of impetus, had charged with her full against the chairs and barrels above which Appollo’s sons were perched. Down they came, like Phaeton of old, hurled to the earth in one promiscuous mass, boards, stands, music, instruments, and men rolling over and over amidst the crumbling ruins of their greatness, “precipitevolississimamente.”

One long wailing bugle note, the gasping remnant of a gayer tone, rent the air, and all was for a moment still. Then came a rush, and faint screams, half-gay, half-chiding, at liberties which darkness sanctioned. The door! the door! was now the universal cry, and above the din, the voice of the musician, preluded by a deafening blast, was heard to cry aloud, “*Largesse largesse! three kreutzers for the last waltz!*”

And when lights were again brought in, many a blush I ween mantled the cheeks of the buxom belles, and many a sweet rosy lip, with kiss scarce brushed away, pouted as it uttered, “so soon!” • • •

I know not how fortunate others may be, but as for me, I never went upon a trip of pleasure, but that it rained!—no, I am wrong and do remember once, and only once—one solitary occasion——but *then* it poured a perfect water-fall. Already had night spread her veil over the whole face of the country, black lowering clouds, hurried on by fitful gusts of wind, shot rapidly along, discharging, as they passed, their drizzling showers over us, and distant thunders bellowing discontent rolled on through mount and dale their mournful echoes. “Well, this is sentimental! not a confounded star! dark as pitch! Poke up Comet there, Hutner, the beast pulls false! Oh for the power of Prometheus to snatch a spark from yonder lightning and infuse it in the creature’s blood! beware the ditch! there, there, we go,—no—safe! Keep the road if you can see, for the love you bear our mother’s sons! Here comes a carriage, cart, or something! Let *them* turn out, hail them! hallo ahead there! hallo! give way to students! Give way! give way! By ——.” It could never be ascertained what sweet benediction was about to follow, for as it yet dangled at tongue’s end, there came a shock, a crash, and balancing for a moment upon the brink of a verdant ditch, our wagon slowly, slowly toppled over, and ——“*chi va piano, va sano*,” is a humbug—let me laugh, or rather weep! Out we poured like a load of market vegetables, in the yawning gulf beneath; one moment of agonizing silence as we hung ‘twixt heaven and earth, then a heavy fall, a splash, and broad blessings on our overthrowers, and the blast, as if well pleased with our misfortunes, hissed as it passed by strange sounds of wailings and mockery. Struggling, tossing, rolling in a perfect frenzy of passion, we at length, after sundry and manifold backslidings, with faces relaxed to their lengthiest proportions, and clothes all water-logged, scramble out upon the road, looking for all the world like a large family of newly-whelped river-dogs, emerging from their mother’s breast, clothed and bedecked in all the insignia of their profession, *id est*, chick-weed, mud and half-stagnant water; and yet again—methinks I hear the reader cry in wonder, “Why, how couldest thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldest not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?” Falstaff shall answer for me. \* \* \* Adieu!

V. H.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

MAN AND THE STATE, SOCIAL AND POLITICAL: an Address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College. By Daniel D. Barnard, LL.D.

We have perused this Address with much pleasure and profit. It was not written, we imagine, merely to amuse its author, or to tickle the ears of a popular audience. The title of it is by no means attractive; the very mention of it calls up to mind a whole array of political essayists, who have deluged us, since the formation of our government, with their ingenious, but often absurd theories, respecting the origin of government, its sources of power—with speculations upon the endurance of our political system appended in full.

But we venture to say that few, after reading a page or two of this Address, will think of laying it down until they have mastered the whole of it. Whoever wishes

to read a dignified, philosophical disquisition on Man as a Social and Political being; of the origin, attributes, and authority of the State; of the nature of Government and Constitutions; of Laws and their proper sanctions; and of the relation of the State and Government to the Moral Condition and Progress of Man; will find it in his interest to purchase a copy of this Address, and read it carefully. We had intended to institute a comparison between this Address and the Oration delivered at Harvard this year, believing that each is, in many respects, characteristic of the University at which it was delivered; but our limits will not permit.

Of the Poem delivered on the same occasion, perhaps the less that is said the better; but it has now become public property, and though we may be silent, there are always sighted critics enough in the world ready and willing to pounce on it, and to show that such a literary morsel would be peculiarly acceptable. The best then that we can do is to acknowledge it to be a failure as a Poem. The honest confession of our poet, "that it was written to be delivered, not read," is perhaps the most summary confession that can be expressed respecting it. But even in the delivery of it, we fancied that some of the lines were at a loss for mates, and we perceive that both they and their author are still in the same quandary.

We think that it would be rather difficult to find even a Phi Beta Kappa Poem of seven pages and a half, which contains such a delectable confusion of dactyles and iambs, spondees and anapaests, or such a desperate compression of syllables long in quantity, and skillful elongation of short ones. The coupling of some of the rhymes is decidedly unique; while the first line stalks on very soberly and properly, the second is compelled to shuffle along in a very undignified manner, in order to get out in the same time: all of which is as exquisite, in a literary view, as are the frantic efforts of a very small pony to keep pace with the lengthened strides of an elephant.

We find no fault with the ideas contained in the Poem. They are all sensible—very; but have only noticed a part, and but a small part, of its pretensions as a Poem. We regret the publication of it. "The Iron Horse" had already given that gentleman a respectable place among the poets of our Alma Mater, but this last production will not certainly increase his reputation as a poet.

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We have been kindly presented, within the last few days, with several copies of the Catalogue of the Linonian Library, for which we take this opportunity to return our thanks to the obliging Librarian. As Editors are proverbially poor, we would almost add, that on this score we are certainly open to bribery, and can only wish that others would take the hint. The style in which the Catalogue is brought out, and its concise arrangement, confer great credit upon the compilers, and we feel bound to say that it is far superior to any thing of the kind that has before been presented to us. It may be unnecessary for us to recommend to every one a thorough acquaintance with its contents, yet we cannot pass it by without suggesting it as a reference-book—particularly to that young gentleman who, after wandering through all the Libraries, finally walked off in disgust, because he could not find an *authentic* history of "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table."

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The December number of the Literary Record and Journal is on our table, but we miss the Williams Miscellany and the Nassau Monthly. We shall be happy to continue our exchanges with them.

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\*.\* The announcement that the pieces in the last number of the Magazine, entitled "It is Merry and Free," and "The Tree Toad," are barefaced plagiarisms, will not now excite surprise, or convey intelligence that has not already become a matter of notoriety. The perpetrator of them has made all the reparation in his power. That such an occurrence may not again disturb us, or furnish food for scandal, is not more heartily desired by the subscribers than by

THE EDITORS.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

"The First Victim" is under consideration.

"A Warning from the Churches" will be published next term.

"The Sinners in 'Sinners'" is accepted.

We thank the author of "Go Absolutism!" for his kind wishes; but do not consider his plea sufficiently enlightened in view of its appearance in the *Magazine*. We shall be happy to hear from him again, however, and hope that he will give a practical illustration of his principles, and the solution of a more scientific subject and a more fulsome development of it.

"Calverley's Clergyman" is on file for revision.

The article signed "T." has been handed over to the Editor of the next number.

"Will she target me?" will appear as soon as there is room.

A personal interview is requested with "Philosophy."

\* \* \* Contributions for the next number must be sent in *before the first of January*.

Subscribers will please to reconcile the *terms and time of payment* for the *Magazine*.

PROPOSITION

OF THE

TWELFTH VOLUME

OF THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

As he conducted by the Students of Yale College.

In presenting the prospectus of a new volume of this periodical, we take occasion to express our sincere gratitude for the generous sympathy which has hitherto been extended to us, and also for the assurance which we have already received of a continuance of the same friendly sympathy. We may also be permitted to say in this connection, that our efforts always have been and always shall be confined strictly to our own proper sphere; and that therefore whilst taking no part in College politics in any form or shape, we may fairly claim the patronage of all and every one.

With such a course then, in view, we offer to the public a Twelfth Volume of the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE. We offer it not as a rival to the periodicals of the day, nor as an instructor in any of the departments of Science and Learning, nor yet as the oracle of our Age, but as a quiet companion for leisure moments, a mirror to hold the lamp of the hour. Our aim shall be to make it agreeable to all. We shall offer themes for the thoughtful, whine for the curious, and for the fun-loving. Whoever has a truth to utter, a song to sing, or an interesting tale to tell, shall receive from us a hearty welcome and a careful consideration.

A lot of new type has just been obtained, which will greatly increase the beauty of the work, and with a faithful and punctual discharge of our duties, we hope to make it both interesting and correct.

Three numbers of the Magazine will be issued every term.

TERMS—\$2.00 per annum, payable on the delivery of the first number. Single numbers, 25 cents.

No subscriptions will be received for a less term than one year.

Communications must be addressed (post paid) through the Post Office, "To the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine."

VOL. XII.

No. III.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:  
CONDUCTED  
BY THE  
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"*Utinam scire possis, utrum isdemque YALDENUS  
Cassander BERNARDUS, nomenque PATERNUM?*"

JANUARY, 1847.

NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY HORACE DAY.

PRINTED BY PECK AND STAFFORD.

MDCCCXLVII.



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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XII.

JANUARY, 1847.

No. 3.

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THE CREATIVE ART—PHASES OF LITERATURE.

" But onward to the sphere of beauty—go !  
Onward, O Child of Art ! and, lo,  
Out of the matter which thy pains control  
The statue springs ! not as with labor wrung  
From the hard block, but as from nothing sprung—  
Airy and light—the offspring of the soul !  
The pangs, the cares, the weary toils it cost,  
Leave not a trace when once the work is done—  
The artist's human frailty merged and lost  
In Art's great victory won !" —SCHILLER.

LIFE,—Being,—Activity,—Fancy,—Reproduction,—*Creation*—are each and all but different phases—divisions and subdivisions—in man's existence. As marks upon the dial-plate of Time, they indicate his progress from infancy to childhood, to boyhood, to youth, to manhood, to *Maturity*. As tokens of the subtler shades of Intellect, they herald him forth, and point out Nature's nobility. And as both chronicles and gages, they tell of a purer, a nobler Intellectual Spirit—Life whose mazes none may thread save the greatest and the mightiest—the heirs of Thought. The genial warmth of a summer sun may entice the worm from its hiding-place—may recall to life and to joy the minutest insect—may make the green grass to smile and be glad, and may diffuse happiness throughout all the domain of nature. But its charm cannot lull to quietude the soul of man : life and happiness will not content him, and the feverish energy of his being can only find its proper outlet when he has conjured up new worlds around him. He must become the author of new life—his mind must be prolific, self-productive, original, or he sinks from his high estate. He must know, and feel, and exercise the *creative power*, or the deep-seated passion for mental offspring—glowing, intense, burning as his own soul—will make sleep but a waking dream, life but an unreal shadow. More than half the world halt in their career at Activity—contenting them-

selves with mere physical deeds, and pleasures, and glories. Others again plod on so far as Fancy—cull only *exotic* flowers of Imagination. Critics and Scholars Reproduce from the past—brush up old coin : while a few—a very few—reach the landmarks of Genius, and become themselves *Creators*. Turn we then to that sphere where man has dared rival his God, and where the magic charm of his “sealed mystery”

“gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.”

Phases of Literature! What are they but counterparts of the phases in our physical nature? What mean they but shifting scenes in the realm of Beauty and of Reason? What do they denote but different *species* in the Life Intellectual—distinct races of fairy—spiritual—disembodied Thoughts, that “Ariel”—like do man’s bidding, and weave his destiny? They certify only the existence of ideas—abstract ideas—those active, incessant, ever-moving *beings*, that serve, like the Elves—the Oberons—the Titanias of old, to connect Heaven and Earth. They are, in fine, but the shadows of a shade, whose dimness only shows that light was and is, without betraying its intensity. Separate then the Intellectual—the Creative—from the Physical Life, and we have far higher ground from which to view Literature. We stand apart and may scrutinize closely the “inner life” of the world, and of man, aside from the matter that encases it.

Those who have most busied themselves in digesting what other men have thought out, would restrict man’s *creative powers*, as referred to its largest development, to the range of the Fine Arts. They would have the painting, the statue, the distich, embody the highest forms of created thought. They would deny to the author of new systems—to the founder of new dynasties—to the prophets of a new religion, that conceptive power by which life—intellectual—life clothed in the garb of thought—is generated. Carlyle, however, in his usual quaint manner, has shown that the same soul of “Heroism” animates the demigod—the prophet—the poet—the priest—the king—that the same “inner life” characterized an Odin—a Mahomet—a Shakspeare—a Luther—a Napoleon, and that it is impossible to conceive of a *great* mind laboring in any one calling, and diffusing light and life upon all around—which would not have been equally conspicuous, had it chanced to have been directed elsewhere. This is the light in which we would view it. We will then first cursorily glance at this Creative Power, in connection with the Fine Arts—noting more closely its bearing with respect to Letters. Afterwards it will not be amiss to examine whether this limitation may, or may not, be strictly true; as also, whether Philosophy does not afford a proper sphere in which to exercise the creative art.

The intimate and fervent sympathy between Mind and Matter—between the soul which shadows forth, and the plastic material which receives the impression—is the origin of all the pleasure that we derive from the creations of Art, or of Nature. We recognize the ex-

*pression* of kindred life in all that moves or excites us. Nature with her blooming rose—her smiling landscape—her hills—her vales—her moss-covered tree, and silver stream, chimes in with our own Phantasma of Beauty. They are but varied manifestations of that all-pervading life-principle which binds together the world and man. At least so thought Byron, as he wrought that gem of passionate imagery—

“ From the high host  
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain coast,  
*All is concentr'd in a life intense,*  
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,  
*But hath a part of being, and a sense*  
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.”

We gaze upon the delicately-traced carving of a Corinthian column—we behold the gracefully-moulded proportions of Grecian art—and our love yearns for the silent, yet voiceful being of beauty enshrined within. We wander over the broad flag-stones, and stand beneath the lofty arches or swelling dome of a Gothic Cathedral, and we feel that the *spirit of vastness*—of immense solitude—is hovering around us—a spirit which we may worship but dare not embrace. Who, then, shall say that there is no life *there*? Every flower of the field lisps forth *its* Creator's name, and why may not every object of art—every embodied conception of man—hallow his memory, and reflect back the undying soul of its Architect? It may—it can—it *must*; the soul warms not towards that which is lifeless, nor holds communion with the dead; and that Gothic pile, even in ruins, still bodies forth the *mind* which conceived it, chained though it be, like Prometheus of old, to the time-worn rock. The Grecian Phydias, as he labored over the unhewn mass, must have infused into the Olympian Jove, not merely a thought, or an idea, but the more aspiring and commanding portion of his own soul; and the beholder, as he dwells upon it communes not with the polished stone, but *through the living* marble with the soul of Phydias. The sympathy that would otherwise slumber within us warms toward a congenial spirit, and that spirit is full of life, though entombed.

This, then, may be assigned as the reason that scarce any one of mortals—and certainly no one deserving the name of immortal—ever lived, and moved, and acted, who had not some chosen day-dream lurking within him—some “ideal creation,” to give form and animation to which seemed the object of his existence. Every one must have felt this; and every one, were their hearts bared, would evince this. We are also aware that all things that border upon this *mental conception*—this Phantasma—either in Nature or in Art—either in Mind or in Matter, exert through this means a claim upon our sympathy; we cherish them—we associate them—we brood over them—and those who succeed in embodying them, become *immortal*. Burns has touched this thought—touched it with the wand of his genius, and bodied as follows:

“E'en then a wish, I mind its power—  
 A wish that to my latest hour,  
 Shall strongly heave my breast;  
 That I for poor auld Scotland's sake  
 Some useful plan or book could make,  
 Or sing a sang at least.”

It is nothing remarkable then, that all really great men have been of a moody and somewhat brooding temperament, and that their *creations* have for the most part proved merely counterparts of their own secret aspirations—shadows of their own souls.

To this tie of kindred life which pervades all things—the marble statue as well as the blooming rose—and which binds together with its secret, yet strong influence, the entire Universe—to this sympathy which generates that universal brotherhood, so conspicuous in all things that delight or affect us, must we, therefore, attribute all the pleasure which we derive from the creations of thought, as shown forth in the Fine Arts. It is the intellectual life-principle that gives effect to each of them, to Painting—to Sculpture—to Architecture—as also to Music and to Poetry.

This brings us to the second phase of the Creative Art, and to the one upon which we proposed to dwell more at large,—to wit: the Creations of Literature. In these, as in those of the Arts, the same remarkable feature of thought made life-like, is observable. It may indeed be said, that the power of Creation—the power of investing ideas with an active and an *efficient* being,—commands high respect whenever and wherever exerted; yet, although this be true, still do we involuntarily yield to that power, when employed in this sphere, an admiration and a sympathy which it cannot elsewhere extort from us. As Literature, too, is grander in its ends, and more diversified in its means of bodying forth thought, than either of the Fine Arts; so also is its generating power more comprehensive and more *intense*. It does not merely animate a single thought, or a single range of thought, but gives life and form to the Ideal of a whole people. It does not manifest necessarily the hidden yearnings of any one man, or any set of men; but it bodies forth clearly and palpably the “Hero Worship” of a nation.

But Literature is not wholly creative. It embraces *three* different departments, corresponding to those three distinct phases in man's *progress*—Fancy—Reproduction—Creation—and thus affords ground which the Neophyte and the Critic may cultivate equally with the great Architect of thought. Its *creations* are confined principally within the range of Poetry and Romance, and it is to the development of the creative art—the only proper criterion by which to test phases of literature—as exhibited in these two separate provinces, that we shall at present confine attention. Exceptions to this general division, such as are implied in the analogy between Invention and Creation, or the formation of a *mental* and a *moral* system, may, and doubtless will occur, but these it will be more proper to consider afterwards.

As Poetry is the highest sphere in which man's genius may unfold itself, it is Poetry that will first present itself. One who has every right to be heard upon such a subject has remarked that nothing should ever be transmuted into Poetry which can be written in prose. This would imply that there are certain creations of the mind that cannot be incorporated otherwise than in verse, and such we find to be the fact. No one could ever conceive of a Cordelia, a Romeo, a Juliet, or a Caliban, divested of their present poetic livery and developing their characters in the set terms and every-day phrases of ordinary conversation. They are beings more than mortal, and in order that they may *speak* and *live* they require a language and an atmosphere entirely different from that allotted to mortals. Here lies the true province of Poetry; this is an end, and the only proper end that it subserves; but how, or by what subtle means it accomplishes this end, we can only *feel* and *realize*, not describe. To the higher regions of Poetry, therefore, must we look for the more sublime creations of the mind, as also for those ethereal beings that move and breathe as though they were the genii of a purer realm. Its creations however, do not all embody the same life—principle; but as there are two distinct phases of life in Nature, the animal and vegetable or the *physical*—and the *intellectual*, so its creations are of two kinds—the one descriptive and scenic, or *aggregative*—the other a *scintillation*. It is far more difficult to *etherealize* a conception than to *embody* it; for in the former case it is the spirit alone that acts, and it must therefore act *spiritually*; but in the latter an array of circumstances, a conflict of passions, or an appeal to sensible properties, may all serve to enhance its influence. This properly constitutes the difference between the mere Amateur in Poetry and the Master of his art; for while the one gives us Nature, decked it may be in refulgent colors, and made beautiful by ever-changing hues, to the other alone is it permitted to *scintillate* a being of pure intellect and passion—a spirit void and incorporeal, yet still moving and acting—a mind and a soul holy and ethereal—beautiful yet intangible—terrible yet formless. Byron's Egeria, Shakspeare's Ariel, and Milton's Satan, may be adduced as instances of this power of the Mind to *create without embodying*, and most assuredly this is the highest triumph of Nature, of Art, of Intellect, or of Genius. Of such a character, also, is "Festus"—it being an attempt to *incarnate* the Ideal of "human nature," and to show it forth divested of

"The matter and the things of clay,"

and although we cannot join in the bilious censure so lavishly poured forth against it, yet must we admit that the *execution* has scarcely been as happy and as successful as the *greatness* of the conception deserved. Of Descriptive Poetry, as also of that kind which, while it fashions forth Physical Life, imbues it at the same time with a certain share of intellectuality, it will be sufficient to say, that although its creations evince both the power and the originality of the mind, yet are they inferior to those which, while they lack the media of form

and of physical attributes, are still able to awaken our sympathy. Indeed, it would be a curious subject for philosophical inquiry to trace out the chain of association by which we are insensibly influenced, not only in our views and feelings, but also in our *actions*, by these ideal, and even by the more material, creations of the mind. Upon what *principle* of sympathy do we thus, as it were, hold communion with them, and appeal to their actions as a part of the world's experience? Whence arises the dominant power with which these creatures of "airy nothing"—these creations of a prolific and a glowing fancy, bend and sway men of a real and an actual existence? The imaginary "Falstaff" has in fact exerted more influence—both direct and indirect—upon the minds and manners of men since the day of his creation, than did ever his princely associate, the Fifth Henry, who lives in History as well as in Fiction. The dark, mysterious, yet all powerful "Arbaces" has consigned to the labyrinths of a mazy and dreamy philosophy numbers whom even Lord Bacon could not reclaim; and the world is most probably far more indebted for its *intellectual villains* to an Iago than to a Machiavelli. It is in reality this very influence possessed by ideal characters—an influence too which may well excite the envy of nine tenths of mankind—that lends to them their charms; and it is the chief source of consolation and of *triumph* to a creating and a generating Mind, that it will leave behind it an intellectual progeny, who, long, long after that mind itself shall have been disenthralled and shall have passed away, will still beguile the world with the sweet eloquence of their persuasion, or will make it to thrill and be glad with passion or with merriment.

Thus far we have spoken of the *Creations* of Poetry; we come now to the Creator—to the Poet himself. We have also hitherto used the terms creative art and creative power, in the same sense; whereas the art applies more suitably to the Poetry, the power to the Poet—to the Man. This distinction it will be well to keep in mind, in order to avoid the confusion that must necessarily arise if we consider them both as artificial; for the power may be innate, although the exercise of that power constitutes an Art. That there is or can be any *acquired* state of the Mind invested exclusively with the creative power, we do not believe, but would rather consider it as a direct gift of Nature, embracing all the mental faculties and merging them into itself, without being attributable to any one of them. Thus Imagination is embraced in Creation, although by no means synonymous with it, for whilst Imagination is merely *conceptive*, Creation must embody or etherealize, as well as conceive. So likewise of Judgment, of Fancy, of Reproduction, of Memory; they are all included within it, though none of them include it, and there is probably as much difficulty in determining the means by which we infuse *life* into Thought, as in discovering how life is infused into ourselves. Still there is one method that we do possess, by which we may detect a very broad distinction between men of Genius and men of Learning, and by which we may draw a line of demarcation between those who *create* and those who simply *reproduce*. It consists in examining their produc-

tions themselves, with an eye to the different lights in which they view Truth. The one considers it as an end, the other as a means ; the one pursues it as an object, the other uses it as an instrument ; the one traces it out by antagonism, the other seizes upon it intuitively, and embodies it. The Critic or the man of learning may be called the Undertaker, the man of genius the High Priest of Nature. The one deals in *discrepancies*, the other in *analogies* ; the one discovers *contrasts*, the other *resemblances* ; the one may be *witty*, but the other alone can be *eloquent*. This is the real and the broad difference, and a difference that cannot be overcome by human effort ; for although the critic may dazzle with contrasts and please with his quaintness, his conceits, his "*vibrantes sententiæ*," or his accumulated lore, yet to the man of genius has it ever been reserved—to the man of exalted and *creating* genius—to trace up the grand truth of the Harmony of the Universe, and to merge every discordant note into the all-pervading Music of Nature.

The great Poet—the first of Creators—is undoubtedly the greatest, at the same time that he is the most complicated and mystic, of all creations. To conceive *viridly* of a Mind always strained to its utmost tension, yet still expanding and enlarging—isolated apparently by its very height, yet still sympathetic with every phase of Life—created, yet creating—knowing all things, feeling all things, and peopling a world with its ethereal and fancied beings—to conceive of such a Mind requires in itself no tame or fettered imagination ; what then must be the compass, or rather the *infinitude* of that Mind which requires such an intense gaze to comprehend it ! So grand, so mysterious, so sublime, but withal so contradictory is it in its very nature, that it seems a perfect paradox. And yet it is not a paradox ; it is the noblest of all created Truths—true to itself, to its action, to its destiny. The workings of a great, great Mind are indeed "a wonder and a mystery." Exhaustless as the deep sea, when it floods wave upon wave, we see it casting forth gems unnumbered, and yet the last seems ever to surpass the first in brilliancy. If ought could increase our wonder, it would be to contemplate the frail, miserable tenements in which this grand Life-principle is so often lodged ; to see the drooping and exhausted frame tottering beneath its own weight, and yet nourishing within such liquid lightnings of the soul ; to see the uncongenial temperament—the cautious—the isolated—the suspicious being—fostering no sensibilities save his own, and yet intrusted with such a Heritage of Glory. This is the true mystery, and a mystery which as often calls forth our contempt for his apparent littleness—as it engenders reverence for his greatness. Bulwer has perhaps given the only intelligible solution to this manifest complexity—to this conflict of two natures, visible in the Poet's character. "He (the Poet) usually *has* two characters—the one belonging to his imagination, the other to his experience. From the one come all his higher embodiments ; by the help of the one he elevates, he refines ; from the other come his beings 'of the earth—earthy,' and his aphorisms of worldly caution." This we say explains the fact that intellectually a great



Poet is eminently *selfish*, while physically he is *sympathetic*—that while all the varied forms of animated nature find a responsive chord in his heart, yet in the “inner life” he is moody, distant, isolated, solitary, *wrapt in self*. Indeed it could not be otherwise; his *receptive* nature must be open—his *conceptive* must be grasping. In his intellectual relations he must merge every passion and feeling and emotion and existence into his own being. In his creations he must pour forth his whole soul, and that soul, that it may be impressive and effective, must, like the burning lava of Vesuvius, *liquidate* all that touches it. If the Poet lack this precious alchemy of the soul, his creations will be devoid of that *moving* life which should animate them, and will no longer stir “the inner depths.” Such a Poet do we conceive Pope to have been, but of such a character was *not* Byron. Indeed, these two, although in their *passive* states they were very similar, and almost present a parallel; yet in their *active* natures they were entirely unlike. Both, it is true, were deeply conscious of all that touched upon self, and drank in with rapture the eloquence of all that was beautiful or thoughtful. Both, it is true, were morbidly sensitive—were gloomy in their misanthropy, and brooded over their own unutterable thoughts, like the Spirits of Old Earth hovering over the formless Chaos. But in their *creative energies* they were greatly dissimilar, and while we detect in the productions of Pope, Life—contemplative and passive—in those of Byron it is intense, active, and impassioned. The one seems to have based his verse upon Statuary, and has left us the calm, smooth, marble features of a “Psyche,” or the motionless though beautiful and life-like form of the “Diana” of Praxitiles. The other has copied, as it were, Painting, and we behold in each stanza its resplendent and glittering colors—the features *warmed* into life—the passionate gesture and the form rounded into loveliness, glowing with excitement, and seemingly ready to start from the canvas.

The second branch of the Creative Art, as seen in Literature, embraces the creations of Prose, or, more generally, those of the Author. Romance or Fiction is so nearly akin to Poetry in its *subject matter*, that it is difficult to distinguish them; and yet a distinction may be detected in the different kinds of Life they generate. Poetry, as before stated, produces an ideal life—one of imaginary and perfect excellency; Romance, on the other hand, images an approximation to an actual, a real life. The one may shadow forth spiritual existences—may weave a mystic web of the “true Beautiful”—may vision a “Urania.” The other never can; its creations must be better adapted to common life, and this is perhaps the reason why this sphere is more consonant with general feeling than is Poetry. Readers feel more at ease in the presence of its creations, than when face to face with the higher spirits of imagination; it requires less effort to follow them, to comprehend them, to *woo* them, and we venture to say that hundreds are *familiar* with the “Vicar of Wakefield”—with “Olivia”—with “Tom Jones” or “Squire Western,” who have scarcely given to the creations of Shakspeare a glance more scrutinizing than that which “Partridge” bestowed upon the ghost. There is too a *sociability* about

the former, that we do not meet with in the latter, and this it is which endears them to us. It is in this as in Music; the gifted few can alone relish the higher-wrought strains and more elaborate compositions, yet every one may enjoy the simpler melodies. But Romance has another claim to sympathy, which consists in the fact that devoid of it life would lose half its zest; nor would it longer be *progressive*. Few have ever thrilled half so much at the occurrences of actual life; as at those invented by fiction, and even the school-boy may oftentimes be seen escaping from the noisy din of his companions to muse over his thumb-worn story-book, and there learn

“The wild tumultuous passions of the soul—  
The playful gladness of unfettered joys.”

Wonderful indeed must then be this Art, which can thus tempt the idle truant to knowledge, and we can readily believe that the author whose mind is teeming with unborn conceptions should be, to use his own phrase, “never less alone than when alone.” He has within himself a perennial fount from which a *life-stream* is ever gushing, and, like Milton, though outwardly blind, he may look within his own soul and see *there* an Eden. Bulwer, wandering amid the ruins of Pompeii—ruins which had been entombed for centuries—found a half-decayed and brainless skull. It was lifeless and thoughtless; and yet out of that skull he formed the Egyptian High Priest—“the Hermes lord of the Burning Belt”—who has poured forth more dark and weird philosophy, more soul-startling thought, more bewildering sophistry, than did ever a living disciple of the “Theurgic Mystery.”

A distinction has been instituted by Criticism between the creations of the Novelist proper and those of the Romance writer—the former verging more upon actual life than even the latter. Under the shadow of this distinction, also, and with an eye to degrade him, it has been asserted that Sir Walter Scott—“the Great Magician” himself—was nothing more than a Romance writer. If the view which we have taken of the Creative Art be correct, the distinction will *elevate* him, and prove that his creations rather approach Poetry than recede towards Criticism. But cavils and quibbles can infringe nought upon his fame, and it suggests thoughts as rife with interest as with wonder to gaze even for a moment upon the “habitations he has erected amongst men”—upon the world he has re-peopled like a second Cadmus. There stands the “Baron of Bradwardine”—the beautiful and high-spirited “Flora McIvor”—“Evan Dhu,” constant in death—“Waverly,” desultory in studies, in life, in every thing—the wily pedlar “Donald Bean,” and “Davie Gellatly” turning his rhymes with ceaseless volubility. Then too we see “Balfour,” with his sword and Bible—the gigantic “Bothwell”—“Claverhouse,” “Macbrier,” and “Mucklewrath”—the inflexible “Morton”—“Edith” and her stately Aunt, and that *living* monument, “Old Mortality.” And again, “Jenny Deans”—“Butler” and “Dumbedikes,” the *silent* oracle—“Madge Wildfire,” “Stanton,” “Porteous,” swinging in the cold winds of “Auld Reekie”—“Bertram,” “Colonel Mantering,” the incomparable “Pley-

dell"—"Dominie Sampson" and "Julia," "Dirk Hatterick," "Dandy Dinmont" and "Meg Merriles"—"Rob Roy," "Balie Nichol Jarvie," "Andrew Fairservice"—"Die Vernon," the beautiful and dauntless—the fiendlike "Rashleigh," and the quiet, easy "Justice Inglewood." In another scene we behold "Mr. Oldbuck," the antiquary—"Dousterswivel"—"Edie Ochiltree"—"Sir Arthur Wardour" and the young and gallant "Lovel." Again we turn and the stately oaks of Cummor Hall wave above our heads; we stand upon "the green knoll" and see the gorgeous train of Elizabeth, with its peers and princes sweeping on to the strong-hold of her vassal and lover; within we meet that faded flower, "Amy Robarts," vainly pleading the pity of the haughty "Leicester," while her sweet woe is insulted by the detestable "Varney," and the mischief-loving "Flibbertigibbet." There stand the "Peverils," the wily "Christian," the proud, yet fickle "Buckingham"—"Alice Bridgenorth" and "Bridgenorth" himself, that stern fanatic and pilgrim. In another we meet with the gallant "Montrose," with "Argyle," "Menteith"—"The Children of the Mist"—"Dalgetty" and his favored "Gustavus"—"Allan of the Red Hand" and "Annot Lyle." Again we are in the presence of the "Crusaders"—"Ivanhoe," and "Richard," the "Solden" and the "Scottish Knight," "Bois Guilbert" and the beauteous vision, "Rebeca," are before us. Shift the scene and we see the bold "Duke of Burgundy," "Quentin Durward," "Lewis," the politic—"Anne of Geierstein," the "Swiss," "Count Albert," and the peerless, indomitable "Margarett." What a host of beings are thus summoned up by the Magician! What a stream of life is poured forth on every page—suffused over every leaf—and yet what countless numbers are still unnamed! What genius! What depth of conception! What masterly portraiture is stamped upon every feature! This surely is to be an Author—to be a Creator.

A question that presents itself in connection with the Creative Art is, whether Philosophy, Logic, and the Exact Sciences afford any scope for its exercise. We incline to think that they do, and the apparent inconsistency in the thought seems to arise from a false limitation of their ends to *discovery* and *invention*, thereby opposing them to *creation*. Philosophy, in its general aim, is certainly directed towards the discovery of truths—those "inner facts" of the Universe, yet the *deduction* of truth from truth, of theory from theory, until an entire system is built up as it were—in other words the abstract and immaterial portion of philosophy resembles not a little the development of trait after trait in a character by the author, and may fairly claim to be ranked as Creative. Invention as applied to Philosophy being wholly mechanical, indicates "a certain means to accomplish a certain end," and so far as that *end* is concerned certainly excludes the idea of creation, in the sense in which we have hitherto used it; but in the theoretical portion of Philosophy the end is unknown—the thought is expended in fashioning the *means*—in *creating the system*—which system afterwards *may*, though it will not necessarily, evolve Truth. It is to these systems, which thought thus generates, that we would apply the name *Creations of Philosophy*. Indeed it is not too much to say, that Lord

Chancellor Bacon infused as much *life* into the confused and inanimate mass of Philosophy, as did Scott into the decayed fabric of "Feudal Grandeur," and that the "Novum Organum" is as justly entitled to be called a *Creation*, as is the romance of "Ivanhoe." The same holds true in Logic; the author of new systems of thought as much deserves the name as the author of new vehicles of thought, and he who by close analogical investigation should establish the *absolute* relation of moral qualities and moral actions, and from thence should frame a system of *demonstration* as applicable to morals as to mathematics, would certainly be a Creator in every sense of the word. The creations of Science are more difficult to be discerned. It is perhaps scarce possible, at the first glance, to detect any evidences of creation in Newton's theory of universal gravitation, and almost every one would persist in calling it a Discovery. But Newton did not *discover it*. It was the slow, laborious march of Thought—moving step by step, inch by inch, clearing each obstacle from its path, and feeling its way, until finally, it unconsciously reached the grand Truth. The fact was known before the days of Pythagoras, and it is not at the *fact* that we wonder; it is at the depth of thought that could compass it—at the *creative power* that could body forth a system embracing such a fact; and Newton, although he deserves not the name of a Discoverer, has a yet higher title to our regard in that of a Creator.

We have thus glanced at the phases of the Creative Art, manifested in Poetry, Romance, Philosophy, Science, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. We have shown also that the same stamp of "thought made visible" is characteristic of them all, and inspires them with that Life-principle without which they can neither charm nor move us. It is in generating *that life* that the author rises above his fellow-man and becomes the Prophet of coming time; for it is by his hands that the Future is and must be moulded. His position is high—his destiny a great one, and it becomes him, in view of the influence he wields, to take heed that he be the true priest, and not the idolater of strange gods. In reference to the *feelings* of Authorship, it can only be said that it breeds cares as well as joys. The choice creations of a "Michael Angelo" speak nought but loveliness and beauty; yet did they also embody the toils and the griefs—the mental agonies—the strife between hope and despair, and the heart-sick fears experienced by the Artist as he labored on, they would be any thing but pleasing to our view. Until Art's first great victory be won, "the still small voice" within him strives with *fear* and *trembling* to claim affiliation with the Great Source of Being. But, on the other hand, when once he has triumphed,

"And forth the high majestic stranger, Thought,  
Bright from the startled brain a Pallas goes,"

it is then that his toil becomes one of love—of passion—and he knows and feels that there is no joy earth can give equal to the Enthusiasm of the Soul, as it labors to Create.

## LIFE—DEATH.

"Dust thou art—to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the *Soul*."

NATURE is glorious, and the works of Art  
Are mute, yet voiceful—eloquent with power ;  
And thoughts unuttered fill the human heart,  
From their sweet presence, e'en in passion's hour.  
There is a glory in the boundless heaven,  
Its azure dome and vaulted canopy ;  
Where shapes of beauty to the eye are given,  
And clouds on outspread wings go sailing by.

There is a grandeur on the Ocean wide,  
Whose cold, gray waters break upon the shore ;  
There ages pass above the rolling tide,  
Yet still ascends its deep and solemn roar.  
And there is glory in the waving tree,  
That murmurs softly to the lipping air,  
While every breeze doth catch its melody,  
And hear its voice in low and whispered prayer.

Thus beautiful are Nature's scenes ; but they  
Ere long shall hide themselves in gath'ring gloom,  
And rushing swift to ruin and decay,  
Shall pass in silence to their final doom.  
*They* will not find a resurrection morn,  
When once they perish and forgotten lie,  
Nor yet again to life shall they be born,  
Nor rise renewed like *that* which cannot die.

And thus must *Matter* ever turn to dust ;  
Be lost and buried in the grave of years ;  
And on its Night no dawn shall ever burst,  
Or Memory o'er its tomb shed gentle tears.  
O, Death ! a dread and awful One art thou,  
Pale King ! that smitest on the beating breast !  
With thy cold hand thou chillest the fevered brow,  
And layest Man with all his cares to rest.

But in the *Soul* there glows a flame divine,  
Kindled from Heaven's own ever-living fire ;  
Brighter in radiance destined still to shine,  
Never to cease, but upward to aspire.  
There shall it shine, though ages hurry by  
And dimly glide far down the lapse of years ;  
And though each star should shut its burning eye,  
Still lives the *Soul*, with all its hopes and fears.

The Mind is monarch, it is lord of all,  
 O'er time and space and matter it presides ;  
 And though the universe in ruins fall,  
 Itself forever rules, forever guidea.  
 Such then is man ! O, Being, dost thou know  
 Thyself, thy aims, thy hopes, thy destiny ?  
 And ever upward do thy wishes flow,  
 To live not here, to live a spirit free ?  
 Thine is a home beyond the rolling spheres,  
 Thine is a world where nought save joy can come,  
 Thine is a Heaven unknown to grief or tears,  
 'Tis thine the universe of God to roam.  
 Then as the Eagle, when he mounts the sky,  
 Behold with steady gaze the risen sun,  
 So take thy flight—unblenching be thine eye ;  
 So shall the *immortal* prize at last be won.

W. S. C.

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### THE PICKLED GHOST;

OR,

CHRISTMAS EVE.

It was years and years ago—for though Christmas comes but once a year, it has come and gone full fourscore times since then—that one Christmas eve, four jolly fellows—Bob, Ned, Sam, and Jack they called each other, though that does not matter much—sat round a blazing hickory fire, in one of the back rooms of the topmost story of what is now “Old South Middle.” Out doors the white and level snow lay all crisp with cold, and the stars and moon shone through the thin air upon its shining surface, making every thing almost as clear to see as if it had been the light of the morning sun ; and the wind, which was a regular jolly, good-natured Christmas wind, and not a damp, spiteful, chilly November blast, went whistling through the tops of the leafless trees in a jovial, roystering sort of a way, as if it had on stout boots and mittens, and didn't care a fig for the weather, but was out for any kind of a frolic that might be started up between then and sunrise of the next day.

Such ideas, or some very much like them, passed through the head of one of these fellows, as he stood for a moment looking out of the window ; and then turning thoughtfully away, musing perhaps on the vanity of human life, he walked up to a large stone pitcher which stood upon the table, sending forth a huge cloud of steam and a savory smell of fresh lemons, held an earthen mug under its lip, and gently tilting it

upon one side, poured out a mugfull of the steaming liquid. Having performed this feat and set the pitcher upright on the table, he began to blow very hard and very horizontally across the mouth of the earthen mug, evidently of the opinion that if he could only cool about a quarter of an inch on the top, he would be satisfied with that, even if the rest was somewhat hot. At length, after two or three very small sips and very loud smacks, which might be interpreted to mean that whatever it was, it was uncommonly hot and uncommonly good, he shut his eyes with an air of great resignation, and holding his breath very tight, turned about half the contents of the cup down his throat.

"Well, Bob, how does it go?" said Jack, who had been watching the whole process with a great deal of interest.

"Go?—it goes right *to the spot*," was the brief but comprehensive answer.

All hands—if it is proper to call folks hands, and I suppose it is, or everybody wouldn't do it—being thus satisfied that if the fragrant compound was once started on its way there would be no danger of its getting out of the road and failing to find "the spot" at last, proceeded at once to start a considerable portion of it off in great haste, with implied directions to go to that particular place.

Having bid a hasty adieu to about one half the contents of the pitcher, "Now, boys," said Bob, who was the host of the party, "let's wait for the rest of it to get *hot*, and amuse ourselves in a little more substantial manner." Whereupon he locked the door, and having shook it to see if it was all right, all four went hard at work to clear the table of its contents.

The big pitcher was carefully deposited in the corner by the fire, the four tallow candles and the inkstand were put upon the shelf; the checkerboard was laid in a chair, on top of that was placed a Dictionary, which was in turn surmounted by a Bible, that again by a Grammar, and so on gradually growing smaller, till very soon the table was clean and clear. Then there was a dive into the bottom of a trunk, and a white cotton sheet was brought forth and invested with the full powers of a table-cloth in a little more than no time, Bob, who was something of a wag, expressing his regrets that it wasn't flannel, as he thought the things might lie warmer.

Then there was a large wooden box—and *such* a box it was too—a regular Christmas box, as Ned remarked, for when they opened the lid there was a chicken, and then a turkey, and then a mince-pie, and then another chicken, and then another mince-pie, and then a cake, and then—there being nothing more, the box was shut up and turned on end and made into a chair—from which, with folded arms and a satisfied look, as if he had just relieved his conscience of a great weight, by getting those things out of the box, Master Ned, who was a queer, quiet kind of a fellow, surveyed the things as they lay upon the table.

Four sheets of writing-paper were next distributed where four plates would have been, if they had possessed them—one small piece answering for a salt dish, and a sand-box being drafted into service as a pepper-caster. A sharpened hickory stick was next inserted in the

turkey's stomach, and a huge jack-knife soon made as small pieces of him as the most fastidious turkey could possibly desire.

"Now, boys," said Bob, "freeze on," and at it they went; but as people who have not enjoyed the advantages of a College education and commons board are not prepared to appreciate their feelings, I will not attempt to describe them.

For the first ten or fifteen minutes the conversation was extremely limited, both in subject and amount, being confined mostly to polite, but rather hasty, requests for pepper and salt, crackers and turkey, chicken and pie.

At length, these things began to occupy less of their attention, and in truth they might well do so, for there was very considerably less of them to occupy it than when they first began, and having one after another pushed away from the table, and all finally agreeing that they couldn't hold a particle more under any circumstances whatever, they proceeded to demonstrate the proposition by another draft on the stone jug, which was duly honored and accepted. And then the table was cleared off by the somewhat summary process of taking the cloth by its four corners together and laying it quietly in the corner of the room. Four pipes were then produced, and four mouths were soon sending forth four very respectable columns of smoke.

"Now," says Tom, "a story or a song all round, and I'll begin with a song." Whereupon taking three or four sharp whiffs from his pipe, and looking very grave, he sang in a solemn voice—

"By a churchyard cold dwelt a woman old,  
A woman old and thin;  
Her body was nought but rattling bones,  
And her clothes were shriveled skin.

"She spake to none; nor man nor child  
Durst near her dwelling go.  
Her face was wrapped in a milk-white shroud,  
And her feet were swathed in tow.

"One night when the wind shrieked diabolically,  
And the moon looked through a cloud,  
A white cat sat on her chimney top,  
And howled and cried aloud.

"With a silver ball and a charmed gun  
They shot her through the brain,  
And the woman old by the churchyard cold,  
Was never seen again."

"Well, Tom," said Bob, "the old lady's taste in dress was rather peculiar, wasn't it, though? but do you believe in witches and ghosts, and all that sort of thing?"

"Psha! no," said Ned, "who does?"

"I don't know about that, though," said Tom, shaking his head.



"I've heard my grandmother say that there was a strange kind of a woman that lived at her grandfather's once, and everybody thought that she *was* a witch. Nothing ever went right where she was. Cows gave bloody milk; pigs squealed; hens laid eggs with double yolks; cattle died in the field, and it *was* said that once some eels which she was frying jumped right out of the pan, but whether they ran any distance afterwards I can't say. Well, one day the butter wouldn't come. They warmed it and cooled it, and tried every sort of way, but all wouldn't do. At length my great grandfather, who understood witches' ways pretty well they say, heated a long shovel-handle red-hot, and coming up softly behind the girl, who was churning, thrust it suddenly the whole length into the cream. She screamed outright, and always after that she wore her sleeves down, till one day by accident somebody saw one of her arms; and there was a long red streak, just the mark of the shovel, where it burnt her arm"——

"Which goes to prove," interrupted Bob, "that she had a hand in it."

"For though," continued Tom, "she told some kind of a story about its being done when she was a little girl, nobody believed it, but everybody knew that it must have been the hot shovel."

After this mysterious tale, everybody looked thoughtful for a while, as if they were drawing their own private conclusions from the facts; till at length Bob gave signs of returning animation, by rather an impatient stretch of his legs, as if he were kicking the subject of his reflection down the stairs of his mind, and said, "Come, Jack, suppose you give us something in a little more lively key:" which Jack readily agreed to do, provided the rest would fall in on the chorus; whereupon he sung the song of the celebrated nine tailors that made a man; all four agreeing with him at the end of every two lines, as to the precise manner in which

"The proud Tailor went prancing away."

And Bob, who didn't profess to be much of a musician, being accused by Tom of not making a chord, indignantly repelled the charge, by reference to the Treasurer's standard, maintaining that it was much nearer a cord than the last load of wood which that gentleman sent him.

And then Jack suddenly discovered that it was a great deal later than he had any idea of; and when he told, none of them would believe him till they had examined the clock for themselves, and then they all wondered where the evening had gone to, and began to look for coats and mittens, and to discuss the probability of the Monitor's sleeping over next morning. And Bob declared that there was no use of being in such a hurry, for the evening had only just begun yet; and then the old pitcher was brought forward and drained entirely dry. So they all went away, and Bob was left alone.

Bob sat by the fire, with his hands on his knees, all alone. The candles had burnt out, one by one, till the last one flickered dimly in the socket, but he did not feel exactly like going to bed, and so he had sat down over the fire to reflect. He thought of the good sub-

stantial Christmas supper he had just enjoyed, and was contrasting it with the fare of common's hall, rather to the disadvantage of the latter, and dwelling occasionally upon the scar of the shovel-handle on the old woman's arm, when he was aroused from his reverie by a low tap at the door. He turned towards the quarter from whence the sound came, to assure himself that it was a sound, and not a fancy merely, and there stood, about half-way between him and the door, a figure of a boy, about fourteen or fifteen years old, in appearance, but very tall of his age. Bob thought he had locked the door—but there was the boy for all that. He was meanly clad, and the few clothes he had on seemed to shrink away as if ashamed of themselves, and clung tight to his meagre form; his face was of a chalky-white, and very, very thin, and as he advanced towards the fire and the light of the candle shone across the edge of his sharp nose, it seemed quite transparent, and the blue veins stood out as if in relief.

Bob had a vague suspicion that all was not right, and took a second look at his face to see if he could recognize any of his companions in disguise; but there were no features there that he knew, and this time he saw a frozen drop upon his eyebrows, and noticed that he seemed to shiver all over.

"Sit down," said Bob, pushing a chair toward the fire with his foot, "you look cold."

"I am cold—ugh," said the boy, with another shiver, "and very wet."

"Bless me! so you are," said Bob; "where *have* you been?"

"In the barrel," said the boy; and each time he spoke it was such weak, thin, diluted voice, it seemed as if it came from just outside his mouth, and hadn't been inside at all.

"In the barrel, eh? that *was* a go," said Bob, who instantly recollected a barrel which stood under the eaves of the College, but happened to forget that it had been frozen up for a week. Just then Bob accidentally cast a glance along down the boy's body—and, *whew!*—there right plain through his middle as ever he saw any thing in his life, he counted every upright post of the chair-back in which the damp youth sat.

"Who in Heaven's name are you?" said Bob, jumping up in some little alarm at this unexpected transparency; and just then, from sympathy, or some other cause, he felt a sharp pain in the same region of his own body; so extremely keen was it that he could hardly forego the luxury of a groan, and almost envied his visitor the absence of this region, which was so inconveniently troublesome.

"Sit down, and I will tell you," said the boy, as he leaned forward and held his skinny hand to the fire.

Bob was no coward, and the request was such a reasonable one, and made in such a reasonable kind of a way, that, although it must be confessed he didn't feel quite comfortable, he immediately complied, taking care, however, to set his chair on quite the farther side of the fire-place, and taking a hasty observation, with one eye, of the rela-

tive position of himself and the tongs, so that they might be handy in case of accident.

"I am," said the boy,—and as he spoke he leaned back and gave Bob another view of the slats, which was accompanied, as before, by an awful twinge, which reminded him that he labored under no such deficiency,—"I am," said he, turning full upon Bob, "THE PICKLED GHOST."

"Ah, indeed!" said Bob, as if he had often heard of that distinguished individual, and was pleased to make his acquaintance.

"Seven years ago I roomed in this room where we are now. I was a Fresh-Sophomore then, and a waiter in the commons' hall. The night before Christmas—seven years ago to-night—I went down into the cellar to get a piece of pork; the brine was deep and the pork was shallow. I had to lean over the edge of a large, deep tub or barrel, and reach down with an iron hook through three or four feet of brine. I lost my balance and fell in."

"Ugh!" said Bob—for Bob was fond of pork.

"I fell in and was drowned. All winter passed away, and then summer; and when Christmas came again I came back to this room, but the man who roomed here was frightened and ran away. More pork was packed into the old brine, and there I lay. Next Christmas I came again, and nobody was here. Another year went round, summer and winter, and more pork. Once a hook was fastened in my coat, but it tore out, and still I stayed. Every Christmas-eve I have been back to this room, but always with the same luck; sometimes they have been asleep, and wouldn't wake. One fellow told me that I lied—that was the Steward's son. No luck—no luck." And here the Pickled Ghost pressed his thin hands together, and two or three drops trickled down his cheeks.

Bob almost shed tears—from sympathy; but he caught another sight of the slats, and did it quite—from pain.

"I have told my story," said the Pickled Ghost, "and I must go; but first promise me—promise me on your honor as a man—one thing."

"I will," said Bob; "what is it?"

"Promise me as you love life"—

"Say pork," interrupted Bob, who could not resist the temptation to a joke.

"As you love life," said the Ghost, taking no notice of the interruption, "and as you hope for a quiet rest in the grave, that you will not rest in peace till you have removed my body from that place: promise me this, and I will trouble these halls no more."

"I will," said Bob, "upon my word I will."

Again another gripe. Bob actually yelled this time, and sprang from his chair. The room was dark, the candle was out, and the moon had gone down, but the stars were shining feebly on the snow, and the last bell was ringing for prayers; the Ghost had gone, but the pain was still there. Bob rubbed his eyes and found his hat, and by the time he was fairly in the chapel he began to think perhaps he had been asleep.

All that day Bob was a thoughtful man ; three jokes before dinner, four stories and two puns afterward, were all he uttered. At night he told the story to Ned, who laughed outright, placed the palm of his hand on the bottom of his vest, and said "Mince-pie."

Tom was not so easily satisfied, and insisted on a hunt being made for the barrel. Nothing in particular being found, however, Ned's theory of Ghosts was generally supposed to be correct.

### STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY :

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM MY JOURNAL.

"WELL, praised be the man who invented pipes and patience !—when, ye gods, when will our supper come forth ! Tired, parched, famished, with smoking visions of no less smoking viands flitting round, write me down Tantalus number two !"

"Waiter, the bill of fare !" cried a dozen voices.

"Halloo for another calf's head here ! and give me a dish of fried potatoes, an omelet, beer, beer all around !"

"Why, what is this ?" chirped a very small voice belonging to a very large man, as a traveling band of musicians appeared at the entrance of the hall ; "music, so bless me ;" and here the speaker abruptly stopped.

Hardly had the first strains of the bellowing brass resounded through the halls, when as if the whole University had been stationed at the door, both pannels flew wide open, and students of all ages and degrees burst in, and slowly winding their way midst benches and stools, seated themselves promiscuously around the different tables. The clatter of knives and forks, mixed with the hum of conversation, soon became general ; waiters stumbling and bustling about, diligently appeared everywhere when not wanted, nowhere when called for.

Suddenly a voice squeaking and cracking in its efforts to overtop the prevailing din, brought forth after many painful workings, in spasmodic measure, the fact that as our host, who was but newly installed, had not yet placed the seal to his inauguration, he intended so doing that night—beer gratis ! Thereupon the orator waving aloft a till now unobserved and dirty sheet which hung in one corner of the room, disclosed to our wondering eyes a pyramid of some eight or ten casks of beer, hitherto veiled beneath the drapery in question. Every soul sprung to his feet, (may the church excuse me.)—"To the health of our host !" and one loud deafening yell shook the house to its foundation, and as it died away, the peals of music took up the strain, until every window rattled in its frame. One hundred glasses were replaced empty on the board. Once again a shout resounded along the walls, but the burthen of the cry was this time, "beer ! beer ! beer !" and the

ready waiters like distant echoes answered, "beer!" The barrels spouted out their foaming contents, and one after the other gurgled as its last life's drop oozed out; yet still the cry was "beer! beer! beer!"

"Come, ho my lord Englishman, you do not drink!" yelled a well soaked guzzler from an adjoining table.

"Sir, cold water is"——

"Ha!" interrupted the German, "ha, gentlemen, the Englishman quotes Greek! Why then by Greek shall you be met. Was it not Mr. Plato, John Socrates, Esq., or some other gentleman of Greece who proclaimed all habits vicious and unwholesome, whether bad or good, and therefore prescribed to all sober folks a bout at least once a month. But letting alone mortals, take the gods and demi-gods, who according to rank sipped their nectar by Johns or demijohns. Jupiter himself was fond of a drop, and that of flat nectar; egad, he had never tasted beer, else——. My lord, I pledge you in a half choppin."

The Briton summoned a ghastly smile, gave the expected nod, more Jove-like than jovial, muttered the accustomed word, "drink," and the railor without taking breath half-emptied his glass. The compliment, however, was not to end here, and according to the custom, our man returned a few minutes after the courtesy.

"Drink!" cried the German, bowing.

The islander had almost accomplished his bitter task, and nearly brought his beer down to the half way mark, when he stopped, gasped, and choking, coughed aloud with unremitted energy during five agonizing minutes.

"A forfeit! a forfeit!" cried those around. "Dfink it over!" "Ἀρχὴ ἡκιστοῦ παντός." "Facilis descensus Averni," etc. etc.

That night, my lord knew not whether 'twas he who went to bed, or his bed which came to him.

"Halloo there, Herdman, fox!" yelled another lusty tippler, and Herdman thus appealed to, arose and emptied the contents of his glass.

"Salan, Rengen, Kraig, fox! fox!" and each one recognized the call, gulping down his measure. "Halt, music, halt! now for a round, keep tune to the airs. Drink or sing! here goes," and the speaker, doffing his cap, slowly arose, and lifting high in air his silver topped bicker, roared out with a voice whose most dulcet note rung like a gong:

"Es geibt gar nichts wie Mädchen,  
Es geibt gar nichts wie Bier,  
Wer leibt nicht alle beiden  
Wird gar nie Cavalier."

Then resuming his seat, the singer pointing to his untouched glass, took a short puff at his pipe, and laughing, continued:

"Und jets hab'ich gestungen  
Und setze mich zü räuchen  
Ich bin nicht mehr gezwungen  
Ein choppin Bier zü sauffen."

"Bravo! bravo," was the universal cry as the poor impromptu was

brought to an end in a terrific howl, and one hundred wide opened throats joined in a ringing chorus, now drowning, now drowned by the braying of the brazen band. "To the next in turn!" and emerging as if from a new dug grave, a cadaverous, long-faced mortal, drawled forth with lamentable pathos a melancholy, pitiful, dirge swelling, drinking song, which was chorused by a prolonged and nasal "Pro tibi Domine."—Up Krank and work your organ!

"Well, sirs," began the dull shaven headed blue, "well, sirs, though naturally 'audax et fidus,' still I dare not sing, but as Virgil says, 'Labor omnia vincit improbus;' I will also 'sic vos non vobis,' from him the saw 'alia tentenda via'."——. Here a loud hooting cut short the phrase, and though Krank hurled his wisdom manfully about, still it was in vain, and dragged to his seat, he was compelled to drink his forfeit.

"To the next! let's have the crambambuli first, however."

The libations freely used at last began to effect the revelers: now a troop of students try their address at rolling glasses; the brittle crystal swiftly urged forward, skips clinking on the polished surface of the board, then trundling slower on, it drags towards the table's brink, rolls, wavers, balances, then seemingly stops, yet while the cry of triumph dances on the victor's lips, the traitorous glass turns, trembles and takes the Tarpeian leap.

"Beer! beer!" whoop out the occupants of another table; the waiters are not there, and dashed against the wall, the brittle fragments of the glass fall around like raining diamonds. Glass follows glass, plate follows plate, knives, forks and dishes bring up the rear, and din and uproar reign sovereign. The band also becomes more irregular and unharmonious; tunes from Norma, beggar songs and anthems peal forth promiscuously, reeling and intermingling with each other in wild discord, as if besotted.

"I've tippled till I topple," hissed the Englishman in my ear, with a ghastly wandering eye, which would have shamed a ghost. "Methinks I swim like a fish, though I've not drank like one."

"Sir!" exclaimed a Wurtemburger, to a young fellow half seas over, near him, "sir, you've spilled some beer on me!"

"Ah!" was the bewildered ejaculation of the unconscious sinner.

"You are a-a-a- Dümmer Jünger!" (foolish boy,) burst out the Wurtemburger. The other, fairly aroused by this heinous insult, one of the most biting a German can give, cast back a fierce glance, and the challenge was given. A tremendous din here drowned their quarrel, and at the same time a huge, fat, purple faced fellow, ("in se totus, teres, atque rotundus,") already loaded with twenty-five choppins, staggered to his legs and announced his intention to win a bet and prove himself worthy of the title of king beer drinker, with which he was honored. Taking one after the other eight glasses of beer, placed before him in order, he quaffed them off without a second's interval between his draughts. "Ingenii largitur venter," whispered Steplein in my ear, "Persius hey?" I'd like to know, appropos, if Persius was a beer bibber! ha! ha! "Look, the earthen pots will crush

each other!" I cried as the colossus strode off, reeling against another monster of like proportions, "in se magna ruunt!" "Oh, but," jeered he, "Juncta juvant."

An evening's conviviality, followed by a heavy, restless night, is not calculated to brighten one's intellect, and the next morning, as several of us sipped our coffee in a companion's room, we could hardly summon courage enough to raise a laugh, even at each other's woe-begone countenances, but languidly reclining on our seats, we silently played with the large bowled pipes, and dropping here and there a disconnected phrase, watched the eddying smoke, as it curled aloft and mingled with the thick cloud which overhung us like a veil of mist. "Well," drawled Kosker, "well, Steplein, you'll come to see me slash with the Wurtemburger on Thursday? Hardman's my second."

"With pleasure; to how many bloody heaves have you challenged him?"

"Twelve."

"Very good, and à propos, Hardman, I'd like you to second me also."

"With whom?"

"I've two of them, Rengan and Baron Kraig."

"So be it. How is that?" asked I, "you only told me of your quarrel with Kraig, but Rengan?" My friend hesitated, laughed, scowled, and turned the conversation, yet could not turn me off, and after much entreating, I learned that he had taken to himself an insult bestowed upon me by Rengan, and which I had not noticed. The evening before, as the health of the American, for by that name I was generally known, had been drunken with loud halloos, Rengan, apparently owing me some pique, had whistled and hissed at the extent of his lungs, adding also a savory epithet or so, to my nation. Protesting against my friend's kindness, I at length forced him to abandon his good intentions in my behalf. Now I have a perfect horror for dueling, looking upon it as little less than polite murder. Hoping therefore to conciliate affairs, I knocked without more ado at Rengan's door, entered, and after a few moment's conversation, broached the subject of my visit. I hoped he meant nothing, and laying to the excitement of the moment his forgetfulness, excused him, and begged him to concede that I was not wrong in these conjectures. No! His reasons? None! I argued, and as I seemingly retreated, he advanced, until angered by a biting word, in a moment of uncontrollable passion, I gave the hateful challenge,—pistols. He started.

There goes an American, mysteriously whispered the janitor to a group of visitors, as I slowly paced toward my chamber. All turned immediately to behold so rare a curiosity. "He is not black!" murmured one, "nor red!" chimed in a second; "strange," ejaculated another, "he looks much like other poople, and yet"—here, with a loud, unearthly laugh, followed closely by two or three piercing whoops, I leaped thrice high into air, and with hideous contortions dashed around an angle of the narrow passage. "How long have you had him?" "Nine months! the first who ever entered these walls, and perfectly untameable." "Wonderful! does he wear a ring in his nose?"—

"Well, its all arranged, Steplein; day after to-morrow, with pistols."  
"With devils! that's serious!"

"You know I cannot manage a rapier. You'll second me? There goes the bell! little rattling vixen; let's off to our studies."

Thursday came round in due season, and starting off in a well-stocked wagon, we had no occasion to stop more than half a dozen times to feed our beasts and mend their tackle, ere we reached our destination. It was a sweet, secluded spot, perhaps more beautiful then, and in those circumstances, than it had otherwise appeared; but then it was indeed most lovely, so calm, so peaceful. The dark green wood of whispering pines, contrasted by the pale waving grass on the opposite slope, the tiny rill merrily skipping in its narrow bed, the warbling of a single bird—it was a linnet, I marked it well—all spoke of happiness and content. My courage failed me; life might be sweet, yet was death not unwelcome; but to die thus, and reeking with sinful passion, to appear before my God! And then the dream which follows death! Eternity, time indefinite, time without end, for ever and for ever, no joy, no hope, but blank, blank, blank despair. I could have wept, nor would I have shamed me of my tears; for if to be devoid of feeling was to be a man, I claimed not to rank with such. "Well, Steplein, let us in," and arm in arm we slowly entered the small door of the house before us. Upon a couple of benches arranged along the sides of the dingy walls of a low, spacious room, were seated some twenty of my fellow comrades; beer bickers were strewn around upon the numerous window sills, and beneath the seats, and many a porcelain bowl sent forth its tiny wreath of smoke. As we entered, two combatants, with faces and bodies slightly marked with blood, were about shaking hands and drinking brotherhood, their quarrel ended, and they were now to be friends; for, after all, the duel with the rapier is but a mere trial of skill, a rough game at most. "Well, I suppose we may begin," said Kosker to his second, stripping off at the same time his coat and upper garments. "There now, I'm fairly buckled, hand me the tackle; it is a shame too, that we have nothing but make shifts." So saying, he donned a well wadded cap, and drawing down the visor so as to protect his eyes, he held forth his right arm, which Hardman bandaged tightly with two stout silk kerchiefs, while another student carefully tied around his neck a thick and high cravat. After a few more preliminaries, the word was given, and with a graceful flourish both combatants raised the basket of their long thin rapiers to a level with the eye. Both seconds stepping behind their principals and stooping low, passed beneath their uplifted arms another rapier, to fend the blows which might stray toward the lower portion of the body. Suddenly stepping slightly to the right, Kasker whirled with lightning speed his blade toward the Wurtemburger's left cheek; 'twas parried and returned; blow answered blow, steel clashing steel, resounded sharp and quick, and all four weapons flashed and rung at every turn. Both students with stern fixed gaze and flushed cheek bend forward now, and now fall back, elude and strike, and circle round upon the floor. The strokes fall like pattering hail, and hissing



through the air the bruised steel leaves a train of sparks behind. Suddenly Kosker staggers, and fainting falls. The Wurtemburger's blade had cut through his side as if the muscles were but whip cords. "How fares he, doctor?" cried the victor, as the surgeon reëntered shortly after. "Pretty well, its only an affair of five weeks in bed." "Thank God." And now Steplein calmly taking his weapon, passed his finger on the edges, and threw himself in position. "Now, sir, Baron Kraig, on!" and hardly crossing swords, each made a feint at the other's head, and fell in guard again. Another menace, and Kraig's rapier heavily stricken gave way, and a long streak of blood from the eye to the chin, proved that the stroke had told. The surgeon here produced a huge black plaster, applied it, and stepping back, again the swords were crossed. After a few more animated passes, Steplein once more darted forward to strike, and as quickly fell back with an exclamation of fury. "Sir Baron!" exclaimed he and his second in a breath, "your point was directed at the face; 'tis foul play! foul play!" The whole room was in an uproar. "Sirs," expostulated the accused, "upon my honor as a gentleman I meant not to thrust, nor had I any intention that the Count of Steplein should run against my point; I beg your pardon most sincerely." And once again the students forced each other, the Baron muttering curses between his clenched teeth, my friend half smiling with irony. During some minutes both struck and parried with equal address, until out of breath and tired, their blows fell more feebly and slowly; but a sudden cut which though not reaching the flesh, slit Steplein's kerchief from the elbow down, recalled his energy, and seizing his opportunity, he sent his steel hissing by the Baron's head, clipping from his cheek a portion of the flesh and plaster. He let fall his guard immediately, and rested the point of his weapon on the floor. But as he did so, Kraig, boiling over with rage and unmindful of all rules, twice, quick as thought, brought his edge to Steplein's throat, and cutting through cravat and beard brought blood from a deep gash beneath the chin. A cry of horror broke from all around, and with eyes shooting fire they rushed forward, the seconds throwing down their swords.\* The Count alone remained unmoved. "Back, gentlemen," he said, "I beg of you; the scoundrel does not merit your anger. En garde, sir, en garde!" and drawing back his arm, he struck with mighty effort, his basket-hilt against that of the Baron, until the other trembled and staggered beneath the shock. Then brandishing aloft his arm, he sprang forward and struck his opponent full in the forehead with the hilt, throwing him prostrate on his knee; then with a loud laugh of scorn, he laid the flat of his blade upon the face and back of the prostrate knave, who reeled and fell forward on the floor. "This arm shall never be stained with honest blood again, since it has drank that of a coward, cried the Count," and snapping it cross his knee, he threw the broken fragments through the window. "And now, my friend, let us walk out and finish your affair with Rengan."

\* After every wound drawing blood, hostilities are momentarily suspended.

Though little skilled in these affairs, our seconds went through the preliminaries without many very absurd blunders; the ten paces were duly stepped, or rather leaped, for each one measured at least four feet, the pistols loaded, and being posted without reference to range or sky, we impatiently awaited the word. Now when Rengan had picked his quarrel, he had no idea that it would end in aught else but a skirmish with cold steel, and disliking hot lead as much as I, he stood up in a very picture of indecision. "Fire!" cried Steplein, and my opponent wheeling his full broad front, directly facing me, raised his pistol, whose muzzle apropos seemed to expand to the size of a hog-head, and pointing it some ten rods from the spot I occupied, immediately pulled the trigger, sending his ball whistling towards the pine forest. Not more murderously disposed than my adversary, I still could not refrain from paying him off for having procured me a couple of disturbed nights, and as according to previous agreement, we were both allowed a minute after the given word, to discharge our weapons I calmly brought my barrel on a range with his head. Then slowly bringing the muzzle to bear successively upon every portion of his body downwards, until reaching his feet, I again as slowly raised my piece, then suddenly jerking it towards the earth, I fired; but the ball, as fate would have it, striking a stone near by, and sped on by some mischief-loving devil, glanced off, and flew whistling through my opponent's ear, chipping on its way a most uncomfortable and unpoetic notch. First, clapping frantically both hands to his temples, he then ran towards me crying out aloud, "Excuse me, V——, I have acted like a cursed fool." Just then some three or four cocked hats crowning as many ruby faces appeared upon the brow of the hill, and the robes and silver medals of the owners soon becoming visible, we no longer doubted that the police was at our heels. Admirable fashion that, of so clothing justice, that the scare-crow is visible at half a league.

"Halloo, the horses! the horses! 'my kingdom for a horse!' this is a serious affair! off, off!" and we vanished into "thin air," or "Scottish mist," just as the reader is pleased to prefer. V. H.

#### THE LAST FAIRY BRIDAL

WHERS rolls a river, crested-white,  
With swift and dizzy flow,  
And from its bosom through the night,  
Gives upward rosy radiance bright,  
O'er Fairy Isle a fairy light,  
A deep, celestial glow.

O'-night the fairies meet on earth  
In dance of lightsome glee,  
And jolly elves, breathing mirth,

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Brownies, who guard the cottage hearth,  
With spirits of ethereal birth,  
Are here in revelry.

To-night they bid the world farewell,  
For e'en their island life  
Is cursed with ban and sinful spell,  
And man has made the earth a hell,  
A scene, where fairies may not dwell  
Unsolled amid the strife.

'Tis here they meet: the dreary stream  
That wastes the isle away,  
Is but a world of hateful seem,  
A world where lies and grossness teem,  
And hearts, like Fairy Isle, yet beam  
With living, inner ray.

And thus, embathed in rosy sheen,  
The Isle their bridal hall,  
A happier band ne'er met, I ween,  
Nor gathered for a brighter scene,—  
For weds their youthful Fairy Queen,  
The noblest Fay of all.

They stand within a magic ring  
Of emerald verdure rare,  
With flow'rs, in fragrance quivering,  
Flowers, that earliest bloom in spring,  
Flowers, that yet are blossoming,  
Entwined amid their hair.

Then fairy voices troll a glee,  
That th' echoing waves prolong;  
The air breathes zephyr symphony  
To the spirits' choral song.

"Oh! far away,  
Beyond the day,  
Is our world, the sun outshining;  
Where languid Hours  
In myrtle bow'rs  
Are ever in sleep reclining:  
The cooing dove,  
Soft beaming love,  
With her mild eye o'er them hovers,  
And while she sings,  
This burden rings:  
'Tis the Fairy Land of Lovers."

"Our robes of white  
Are richly dight  
From the heaven's gauze o'erclouding;  
The texture frail  
Of fairy veil,  
Is the dazzled mist, sun-shrouding.  
On lightning flash  
Through the air we dash,  
Till over the earth it hovers;  
And we gaily spring  
On airy wing  
To the Bridal Isle of Lovers."

Then o'er the fairy's tiny finger,  
A ring the Fay Prince drew,  
Faint, virgin blushes seemed to linger  
In th' opal's changeful hue.

But calmly she unloosed the token  
That bound her wedded lord,  
And sweetly glancing love unbroken,  
She dropped it on the sword.

"Our spirit-troth is pure and holy;  
It needs no outward sign,  
'Tis written on the heart so fully  
In characters divine.

"Perchance some outcast, wand'ring sadly,  
Life-weary, sorrowing,  
Weds Life anew, when finds he gladly  
The Fairy's Bridal Ring."

She waved her hand, and swift ascending,  
Each flight a dazzling ray,  
Far up they soar, till dimly blending,  
They melt, like stars, away.

A haggard form with count'nance pale,  
Stood by that flood of cold,  
And round his head, through crystal veil,  
The sun wreathed clouded gold.  
It seemed a hollow, mocking wreath,  
As fitful poured his sighs,  
A jeweled crown on Life in Death,  
Set o'er those frozen eyes.

"Ye Hopes, that bore me once along,  
Ye Hopes, that came when I was strong,  
Away! false minions of a name!  
Ye followed me when followed fame,  
Ye left me in mine hour of shame.  
I have sown my youth for others' good,  
I have found the fruits in dust and blood."

"Ye Fears, that once unwelcome spoke,  
Dark words of doubt I ne'er could brook,  
Ye chased my hopes away in gloom,  
Ye plunge me in this fearful tomb;  
Receive me now in your joyless home.  
Oh icy flood! guide me with shiv'ring hand  
To the Land of Fears, the Real Land!"

He has leaped into the chilly flood,—  
 His arms benumb erewhile,  
 And the tossing waves in furious mood  
 Dash him on Fairy Isle.  
 He rises faint, and, falt'ring on,  
 His senses scarcely cling,  
 Till near his foot in brightness shone  
 The Fairy's Bridal Ring.  
 The opal burned with mystic blaze,  
 Then glowed like ruddy skies :  
 He raised it, and a wild ring haze  
 Bedimmed his softened eyes :

He pressed it to his throbbing brow,  
 And age fled from his soul,  
 While to his ear, sweet whispers low,  
 In fairy zephyrs stole.  
 " Oh ! weak in faith, heart-infidel,  
 Dim fancies worshipping,  
 Go forth ! again with mortals dwell,  
 Thou hast found the Bridal Ring.  
 Go ! cleanse in Love thy fearful soul,  
 And write with grateful hand  
 This lesson on that snowy scroll,—  
 " THE HEART IS FAIRY LAND ! "

#### THE TRUE AIM OF THE SCHOLAR.

PARDON us if we begin with that common, almost vulgar term, Education. A word in every mouth,—a sound in every ear,—it echoes and reëchoes through every rank of every civilized nation. It is the talisman of the school-boy, the watch-word of his maturer years, the object on which his ripening genius fondly doats, and to which it ever loves to sacrifice. It is the boast of the pedantic upstart : with its badge and title, he proclaims his high vocation to the world, and gains a passport to power, riches, fame. It is counterfeited by quacks and impostors, courted by the gay and fashionable, prostituted by the wicked and selfish, worshipped as an "Unknown God" by the thoughtless and shallow minded.

What means this running to and fro of so many of her hopeful expectants, eager admirers and would-be votaries in our own little world ? The college bell rings, but far and wide over land and sea, it has already been anticipated, and crowds have left the pleasures and endearments of home, expressly to attend its calling. Ask them in what they now engage, and they are proud to tell you, " In that great cause to which these classic walls are consecrated, at whose shrine we every morning lift our eyes in homage, and every evening sacrifice our midnight oil," and we question if this is not as definite an idea as most have about it. Perchance their motives are as various, and their plans of life as different, as the dresses they wear, or the winds that wafted them hither. And yet, they come, all, professedly, to be educated.

Now then, we ask in earnest, what is this education ? Is it a mere privilege—a sweet something of magic power in the affairs of men—to be sought primarily as a means of erudition, usefulness or prosperity ; or is it a solemn duty which every man owes to himself, as an immortal intelligence, first of all for the discipline and improvement of his own faculties ? We propose briefly to answer this question, with a view to point out the true Scholar.

The object of education is not mere learning or erudition. Then were it comparatively easy to measure a man's attainments, if we knew the number of square feet in the books which he had studied, whereas the benefits of that education which most ennobles can never be measured. Knowledge is to the mind what wholesome food is to the body. It may overload and debilitate the weak and nerveless, as well as invigorate the strong. Thus the Greek hero had a celestial armor, but while it gave him the martial power and prowess of a God, it let in death unto his feeble friend. It is in vain thus to feed either body or mind, unless diligent attention be first paid to its growth, health, and strength. Some seem to act as if the mental house was already built, and needed only to be furnished; but the fact is, we have only a mass of rough-hewn timber within us; at best, a naked and unwieldy frame. It is yet to be shaped, smoothed, fitted; nay, first of all to be fixed upon a solid foundation, before it is prepared to stand the winds and storms of life, and at all events, it is to be the work of ages to make it like a model of Grecian Architecture, to combine the greatest stability with the greatest beauty. Mere human learning then is not the chief thing in education. You may call it a magnificent tool to work with—a splendid article of mental furniture—a convenience—a luxury. Its application is universal and ever useful, but it is a means rather than an ultimate end to be gained by the true Scholar.

Nor is it his grand object to acquire professional honor or emolument,—nor to gain a key to influence—nor to wield circumstances at his will. Let but an honest man in child-like docility, consult the oracles of human learning, open as it were the huge portals to her mighty temple and catch but a glimpse of the massive structures and numerous apartments within, now full and over-flowing with hidden lore which age after age has treasured there, and let him learn as soon he will, that all this is but a part, a specimen, while much remains unseen and yet unknown; or let him look abroad and see the emptiness of fame, the capriciousness of worldly influence, or fortune, and well may he be discouraged if not sickened at the sight; then, let him turn his eyes within upon the sacred deposit entrusted to his care, and realize that it is a germ to be developed through an endless future, and he will feel that education has a higher, nobler object, never to be superseded or transcended, to which all others are incidental or auxiliary, viz: to control, exalt, and dignify his own character as a moral and intellectual being. We have but to analyze this object, and dwell upon its parts, and we shall see a sacredness in all his duties, a deeper and more serious meaning in his life.

A well-balanced and full-developed character! *It means something* in the eyes of the true Scholar; not a mere phantom of ideal excellence, but something real, tangible, and religiously practical; not a mere harmony of conscience with the will and passions, but intellect, sensibility, and volition, all thoroughly disciplined and developed in perfect symmetry; not a mere supremacy of dry and stiff systematic law, but a free and vigorous order, constantly springing up to perfection, yet hidden in the soul.

But the great subject of mental and moral discipline is not to be passed over thus summarily. It needs a more particular application to show its bearings. To say that the mind is to be disciplined, is, indeed, virtually to say that every mental faculty is to be disciplined. We are not however to stop here. For if the soul, as strictly one and indivisible, must be made to fulfill a certain great and glorious end for which it was created, it is no less true that every faculty of the soul has a certain specific and subordinate end and office of its own to answer, in special reference to which it should be cultivated and put forth its efforts. Hence the several departments of learning, whether of science, art, literature, or religion, apart from the original unity of truth as all reflecting the image of one great and consistent Author, are to be studied, each for its own sake, and in the light of its own highest perfection as a distinct branch, and not always with an eye to superior utility, however dimly shadowed forth, as if that were really the only element of excellence. There have been alchemists in metaphysics as well as in chemistry; philosophers who have sought to resolve the whole science into a single simple and primary principle, by whose guidance all our studies should be directed, in the hope "that the pure gold of truth might be produced at pleasure." But this were more like the vain delusion of the middle ages, when the mind groaned under a consolidated mass of ignorance and corruption, and knowledge—"confusion worse confounded"—labored under the mighty spell of Aristotelian domination and monkish superstition. It was found necessary to fetter and bind down all the faculties under one common yoke of bondage to perpetuate the reigning authority of error. Here then we see their mutual *adaptation* and *dependence*. Give liberal indulgence to one faculty, and it may ultimately set them all free. Emancipate man from the thralldom of darkness and delusion in one field of inquiry, and it may at no distant day shed an enlightening and redeeming influence over all that gives rise to thought, or that ennobles and purifies his nature. Yet he that has learned to lisp the language of truth under the rising sun of a purely inductive philosophy, and of a spiritual religion, knows that every faculty has, so to speak, a prize of its own to win, a work of its own to do, correspondent to its own nature, for which it needs a *profound training*; just as all *external* departments of art or action, which demand strength or skill, from the child, the old Athlete or the soldier; to the doctor at law, medicine, or divinity, must be subjected, each to a long probation of training and toil.

Here then, the mind presents itself under a new aspect. Men may talk contemptuously of poor human reason. They may point now to the endless absurdities of a blind yet subtle philosophy—to the cumbersome systems of spurious logic and quibbling dialectics, which once decoyed the infant energies of thought into the snares of error; or now, to the mockeries of a theology, "wise above what is written," and so justly the holy horror of every pious heart; and sneeringly ask, what are all these but the legitimate effects of reasoning? But this cannot in the least disparage the claims of reason. We have no faculty which can explain all the mysteries of being, and the entire constitution of things; we have no faculty which may not be per-

verted by passion or blinded by prejudice ; and to say this is merely to say that all is not revealed, or that man is not God. But if by reason be meant a faculty which we do possess, competent, if rightly directed, to argue and decide for itself, the question is forever settled. It must be exercised and disciplined for that very purpose. To admit any thing into the bosom of a rational being, should be to intelligently recognize it as reasonable, and to affirm that any thing within the scope of human vision is too sacred to be exposed to the scrutiny of calm discussion—in other words, that we may have *faith* in what we may perhaps never *believe*, is to stint or repress the growth of “upright stature in the soul,” if not to sell the birthright of the true scholar.

But again we ask, shall not imagination arise from her drowsy sleep and bathe her wings in the pure light of heavenly inspiration, and seek her aliment on the heights of charming fiction ? Shall a sense of the beautiful slumber in the breast in blind homage to the dictates of a narrow though superior utility ? Shall the noble impulses of philanthropy, or the tender promptings of conscience, or the affectionate responses of heart to heart be stifled or baffled, and at last buried alive in the vaults of bigotry, laziness, or passion ? Nay, we need not enumerate—the question is settled—each power of intellect, and each sensibility has an *eternal interest at stake*, a capacity of its own to enlarge and to fill, and consequently ought to spend and to expand itself upon its own appropriate objects.

Yes, there is something full and finished in every effort of the scholar when he humbly asserts his claim to the high hope of a well-balanced and full-developed character. Thought is no longer the trifle of the moment—a mere bud of promise to be borne away and torn asunder by the winds, before it comes to maturity. Feeling is no longer wasted by indecisive action. He has no sympathy with that impatience which is eager to buy at once a ready-made faith, nor with that tame inertness which readily submits to authority, nor with that abject imbecility of mind which never forms a conclusion itself, nor embraces that of another ; but his opinions, resting upon enlightened conviction, become rooted as principles, and are ever cherished with the sacredness of true regard.

But it is objected that error will gain ground in the world, while the scholar is spending so much time in thorough and profound training, and that duty to *himself* will thus conflict with duty to *others*. Now it may be doubted whether the wear and tear of actual strife will not itself cultivate the mind more than any closet-discipline, especially if the ground has been once laid out and the plan of operation determined ; but at all events history will confirm the great law of nature, that the “*power of concentration*” will accomplish more than many years of feeble, though patient and self-denying effort. Alexander and Napoleon, while yet young, had made the nations tremble beneath their feet. Newton held science beneath the focus of his intense mind, and before he was thirty years old he had almost completed his discoveries. Milton toiled a long life in arduous preparation to write what he foresaw “the world would not willingly let die.” In this respect the scholar is but the soldier of truth. He cannot measure his conquests by the number of years in the field, nor when

his laurels are won in a righteous cause, and the banner of victory floats triumphant over the arch-enemy defeated, can he ever regret the days and nights he may have spent in preparing for conflict.

But we need not dwell longer on the nature of discipline. With such an object in view, who will sport with his own *destiny*? Let the very idea that this is a life of probation preparatory to another yet to come, strike home as a motive. It has already been hinted at, and is not to be left out of the question. Then, while some as scholars devote themselves supremely to other acquisitions, which may fit them to act well their part in the world; the Christian will feel that by all these things he is to enlarge, refine, and strengthen his powers, that he may be better able to study those deeper and sublimer truths which occupy the attention of intelligences in a nobler sphere. If this be not an aim—and the only aim which comprehends both the *dignity* and the *destiny* of the truest scholar—we ask what is that aim and whence does it receive its sanction?

Time was, perhaps, when the pursuit of such an object justly seemed chimerical. A long life was requisite to advance but little, and the longest life of the brightest genius could add comparatively little to the sum of human knowledge. The scholar could scarcely burnish and buckle on his armor, when he was called to conflict with the grim messenger of death. And yet, if we may judge, there were men in ancient times, when unassisted reason held her sway, who really did more by attempting what others have been pleased to call impossible, than most of our day, who dare not do what they can. But still, with us it is far different. The scholar lives under a weightier responsibility. He has no excuse, if he do not centre in his character the convergent rays of many excellencies. He must build up within him a monumental Colossus, whose free and vigorous outlines, liberal proportions, dignified and regular features, shall attest the transcendent privileges of the age. With Bacon and Locke he will wander in the labyrinth of philosophy; with Howard and Hannah More he will assuage the woes of weeping humanity; with Mrs. Hemans touch the chords of immortal song. With Boyle he will study the earth, with Newton the heavens, with angels the Deity. His glory is that he will neglect neither, and life is long enough for all. We will illustrate what we mean by a more critical survey of the literary world.

Would you see self-neglect in one of its grossest forms? Here is a scholar (for scholar he would be called) who is willing to overlook what may not be of any direct bearing in the arts of practical life. A student at law or medicine, he is content to forego the "tedious routine of college." He joins in the vulgar cry, "O how useless now-a-days to enslave so many of our best hours in the rigid service of cold and abstract mental discipline! How worse than useless to run the risk of burning, 'soul-consuming' thought! The mathematics are 'love's labor lost.' Speculative philosophy is meant only for the initiated few, and if it were not, forsooth it were mere 'soulless drudgery' to penetrate the arcana of nature, or to fathom the depths of the immaterial and spiritual. Nay, much even of the study of literature is after all a work of supererogation." Just as if our increased facilities of im-



provement, which give us so much speed, do not also make us responsible for more extensive progress. Thus narrow-minded and superficial, he does all for practical effect, looking constantly for something external and apparent. Experimental knowledge—a graceful, skillful tact is the height of his ambition. Sometimes a philanthropist, he springs up in a day, all ready and impatient for his work. His overweening benevolence would have him *all-absorbed* in the claims of others. By such we need not say that the *scholar* is sacrificed to the *business professional man*.

Would you see self-idolatry of no uncommon kind? Yonder is a student, who is forever breaking up the fallow ground of his own mind, going back even to his minutest motives, habits, and principles, by rendering to himself a rigid account of what he is and what he knows. He seeks to regulate and develop his faculties by a profound economy of deep and patient education, which begins and ends with himself. There is, so to speak, a serious gymnastic struggle within him, for a kind of internal strength of soul, which he recommends with all the austerity of an old stoic, and hopes will grow with his growth, and fit him for immortality. Such a man will have no time to impart, for he feels as if he must constantly appropriate. Not a few have thus lived and died, as we believe, honestly absorbed in a morbid and insatiable care for the deathless spirit within them. Scholars they were, and they had the true spirit of study, but it degenerated into the narrowest, coarsest kind of homespun philosophy. They walked not in the true light, but in the dark delusion of *self-dependence*—the victims of an aimless, self-exacting will.

There is a far more numerous class of Scholars, different from either of those already mentioned, who have not the very *best right* to the name. Besides the Self, which they nobly seek to control, exalt and dignify, they have another,—the self of selfishness, a malady of the mind; a self-love, which is not conquered by a purer love of self-excellence. They entertain false ideas of the world and of the conditions of improvement in it. They seek truth without duty, as if either could stand alone. They may be giant sons of intellect, but like Polyphemus, they never had but one eye, and that is blind. No wonder then if they lose sight of their own glory and become the sport of a worldly ambition. We can not expect that any truly noble end can be proof against perversion. They idolize the intellectual and neglect the moral. The scholar, conscious of his high dignity and destiny, will do neither.

We do not then speak lightly when we affirm, that the true scholar is a scholar for *eternity*. Let him be engaged in whatever pursuit or profession, he is ever the same humble votary. He will sit at the feet of nature, he will quaff the pure waters of truth, with the sincerity and docility of a child. With him, to study is to understand—to understand to feel—to feel to act. His heart is all alive with one generous impulse. His aspirations are all in unison with one living and abiding principle. That impulse and that principle are embodied in one grand scheme of education, and that education is not for a day—nor for time, but progressive through eternity.

## BOAT SONG.

DEDICATED TO THE A. B. C.

THE Wave, the Wave dancing in light,  
 Merrily o'er the sea ;  
 God surely meant this dwelling bright  
 For the noble and the free.

Hurra for the Wave,  
 Bright child of the Sea ;  
 'Twill bear but the brave,  
 It loves but the free.

The sunlight gilds its sparkling crest  
 With gay and joyous light ;  
 And when night brings to Nature rest,  
 It laughs in the soft moonlight.

CHORUS.

Now it wildly dashes against the sky,  
 Roused by the tempest's roar ;  
 Now lulled by the zephyr's whispered sigh,  
 It breaks on the pebbled shore.

CHORUS.

Now it soothes the mariner's troubled dreams  
 With quiet, gentle rest,  
 While its fairy anthem truly seems  
 The music of the blest.

CHORUS.

'Neath the sparkling, joyous, bounding Wave,  
 Where'er I cease to roam,  
 May I find a peaceful, lonely grave,  
 My last, eternal home.

CHORUS.

## NTIONS, AND THEIR BEARING ON THE OPERATIVE CLASS.

culture man may do all things, short of the miracle,—Creation.—TUPPER.

AND BACON, in speaking of inventions, has given a novel, yet interesting, commentary on the words of Solomon: "It is the glory of a king to conceal a thing, but the honor of kings is to search out a matter." The impression that it conveyed to his mind was, that it was the Divine nature took delight in the innocent and playful sports of children, who hide themselves that they may be found out ; and his indulgence and graciousness to men, chose the human soul as the

his playfellow." Whatever may be the more direct bearing of this passage, like many other truths of the Bible, it evidently has its analogy, throughout the material as well as the spiritual world.

Aside from the effect which searching out these hidden truths and designs of God will have, in cultivating our intellectual powers and thereby promoting our own happiness, doubtless one leading object of the Creator, was to direct our minds to Him, as the Author and Originator of all things. For if every great truth, whether of morals, mind or matter, had been left as it were upon the surface of things, where it would be immediately obvious to our perception without study or labor on our part, one of the strongest inducements would be taken away which incites us to long and untiring efforts to acquaint ourselves with His character, through the study of His word and works. The mind, as a knowing faculty, takes the highest pleasure in invention and discovery; and through its strong desire to gratify this passion for knowledge, is not merely *directed* to the wisdom and goodness of God in His works, but is necessarily *brought* and *held*, long at a time, in close proximity with the great facts of His creation and providence, until it can hardly fail to bear away an abiding impression of the truths taught by those facts.

Invention is indeed the glory and honor of man, whether as viewed in the department of "argument and speech," or of "arts and sciences." It is by the former, that mind prepares itself to wrestle with mind, and multitudes bow and do homage at the mandates of the weak. Hence are drawn weapons gleaming and bright, that make the hearts of the boldest to quake; and by them "one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight." The humble and lowly stand forth in the cause of truth; and great men, mighty men, and kings of the earth do them reverence. Hereby the poor are exalted, the oppressed find relief, and the injured receive right at the hand of justice.

But it is with the latter that we are at present more immediately concerned. In this department, invention, like some faculty divine, has carried man forward step by step; first aiming only to ameliorate his condition in this world, and free him from actual inconvenience; next seeking to instruct, improve, and bless; and lastly, strewing his pathway with the seeds of positive and enduring pleasures, filling his head with wisdom, his hands with plenty, and his heart with delight, and surrounding him with all that is pleasing to the senses, or profitable to the whole man.

\* It has added no less to the charms of home, than it has increased the facilities and pleasures of roaming abroad. No station in life can be named so humble, that it has not visited it; no class of enjoyments so trivial, that they have not been increased by it; no business or employment of man, that has not received from it a helping hand. It has multiplied the arms of the warrior in battle, and given him to mow down his enemies as the grass of the field. It has sped with the mariner from sea to sea, to point him to rocks and quick-sands, and tell him of a way of safety upon the pathless ocean; and by its unerring guidance, man has looked upon the ends of the world, and his prying

curiosity has wearied itself with viewing, and returned, saying it is enough. It has applied its magic power to the diffusion of letters, and the mind has been sated with the lore of all ages and countries. It has not touched the shapeless masses of crude material, and fabrics of beauty and of comfort have sprung at once into existence, to clothe and decorate the body, and array its residence like the palaces of kings for its reception. It has taken the speed of the wind, and plucked for him the fruits of every clime, and thrust them into his bosom ere their freshness had withered or their sweet living odor escaped from its imprisonment. It has looked into the eye of man, and taking thence its data, has created worlds out of atoms, and brought the infinite down to the finite. And last, though not least, it has given commandment to the lightning, and been obeyed; and remote cities commit to it their whisperings, and listen to each other as friend listeneth to friend.

And in all these things it has shown itself no respecter of persons, but has showered its golden gifts alike on the rich and poor, on the learned and on the unlearned, on its enemies and on its friends. Yet like every doer of good deeds, it has had its traducers, and been charged with robbing the laborer of his rightful employment—with taking from the poor to heap upon the rich—and with thrusting the already down-trodden into deeper and thicker mental and moral darkness.

The class of inventions now under consideration, will admit of two general divisions: the first including inventions in their application to Science, providing apparatus for making discoveries and experiments in Astronomy, Philosophy, Chemistry, &c.; the second embracing their application in all the departments of the Arts and Manufactures, in their numerous and endlessly varied forms.

In regard to the former of these, no reasonable man, of any general information, would for a moment question their utility, or at least their freedom from positive evil to any class whatever,—although there are those among the foster children of ignorance and superstition, whose vision is too obtuse to discover any connection between the advancement of Science, and the general prosperity and happiness of mankind. Nay, some have even thought they could see in this advancement, the shadows of approaching spectres about to interfere with their own interests, and take from them some of their good old opinions and practices, that had been cherished from the world's infancy. But the number of such is fast diminishing, and they will soon be lost in the fogs and mists of past ignorance.

In the application of inventions to the Arts, however, there has been more semblance of reason in the complaints that have been made; yet, even in this case we think those complaints are without sufficient foundation.

The inventions and improvements of machinery, in its multifarious forms, to bring it to its present advanced and perfected state, has been the work of ages, and has cost, on the part of many individuals, a lifetime of the closest study and thought. Its beneficial effects on the

world at large, especially in increasing the wealth and respectability of nations, and in advancing the cause of civilization, never can be too highly appreciated. But many, and among them men of sound judgment, have seriously doubted whether to the operative class merely these great advances in the application of inventions to machinery for manufacturing purposes, have not proved a curse instead of a blessing. It will be our purpose to notice some of the reasons that have been assigned for entertaining this opinion.

It is said that by the introduction of machinery, many of the laboring class are left destitute of employment, and their families thrown upon the charities of an unfeeling world. It is true that where machinery is extensively employed, the same amount of labor is performed by a much less number of hands. And on its first introduction into a community, in the great changes that are necessary from one kind of business to another, some have been left for a time apparently idle, until business has again become settled, and each has found his proper station. But this state of things never need continue for any great length of time, while the facts in regard to agriculture remain what they now are.

It is a truth not to be disputed, that in the most thickly settled agricultural portions of our country, the great fault is, that farmers have more land in their possession, and more even under partial cultivation, than they can cultivate thoroughly. It is astonishing what may be done by taking only a small portion of land, and directing all the energies to, and bestowing all the improvements on this. And what we have said of this country, is true for the most part of other countries. As a proof of these remarks, we have only to contrast England with France. And here let it be understood that we appeal to England only in illustration of this single point; and not as an example of manufactures so conducted, as fully to do away with all or even any of the objections which we are attempting to meet.

England is crowded with machinery, and consequently a large portion of the population are at liberty to turn their attention to the cultivation of the soil. Hence the space of ground for each is comparatively small, and that space the more thoroughly tilled. France, on the other hand, is nearly destitute of machinery; "the farmer constructs his own implements of husbandry, and in his family is manufactured the cloth of which his wearing apparel is made." And what are the results in the two countries? Notwithstanding the decided advantages which France possesses in climate and soil, it is estimated that she employs two agricultural laborers to raise food for themselves and one manufacturer; while in England one agricultural laborer raises food for himself and two, or, according to Alison, (vol. iv. p. 430,) three other persons. And though twice as many persons are employed, professedly in the cultivation of the soil, as on the same extent of ground in England, yet so much of their time is occupied in constructing their implements and performing other labors which ought to be performed by machinery, and their sum total of labor so much diminished by the inferior quality of their utensils, that the amount

of produce per acre is one fourth less in France than in England. Thus we see that where machinery is the most extensively employed, not only is there an opportunity left for all to labor with their hands, but *there*, above all other places, may that labor be bestowed to the best advantage.

Again it has been objected, that where the manufacturing is done by machinery, the farmer will have many leisure hours, at certain seasons, when his time will be wholly unoccupied. Now to say nothing of the necessity or not, that this should be so, we would concede the fact, and on it found our main argument in support of machinery, viz: that it affords leisure to the laboring man for the cultivation of his mind and heart.

Nothing can be more erroneous than to suppose that it was the design of the Creator, that any of His intelligent subjects should devote the whole twenty-four hours to eating, sleeping, and physical labor. Yet this has been the entire employment of a large portion of the laboring class in past ages. It is to be hoped that the time is at hand when men will begin to learn wisdom—when, instead of chaining the mind down as a slave to the body, they will make the body subservient to the wants of the mind and soul.

Were the powers of machinery increased seven fold, and the remaining amount of labor divided equally among the world's population, none too much time would be given to man, to become acquainted with the countless subjects of study and investigation which present themselves in and around him. Then the man of letters would no longer present the appearance, as he passed among us, of a moving skeleton; nor be compelled to lay his bones in a premature grave, as the penalty of constantly using his mental, to the neglect of his physical powers. Neither would the laboring man so often be cut down ere he had numbered half his days; or be left behind to suffer the pains and decrepitudes of a premature old age, because he was not allowed the time in early life to acquaint himself with the laws of his physical nature, and to learn the habits it was necessary to form, in order to secure the longest and happiest life possible.

Once more the complaint is made, that the tendency of inventions as applied to machinery, is, to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer. Every one, by a few moments' reflection, will see the wisdom of that providence, which has ordained the unequal distribution of property in this world. This arrangement is necessary to the highest good of the laboring class in any community, whether their labor is applied through machinery or without it. There must be a nucleus here and there, about which the wealth may collect, in order to carry out any extended plans and operations. Should a community, each individual of which was possessed of an equal amount of property, attempt to perform any great work, there would be as many plans and as many master-workmen as there were individuals; and the consequence would be, as much confusion as was experienced at the building of Babel, and a like abortion.

We are not disposed to deny that in large manufacturing establish-

ments the machinery is mostly in the hands of the wealthy. But lest there should be any room left for complaint, there is a constant change going on, so that the rich man of to-day is the poor man of to-morrow, and vice versa. While one scale is up, the other must needs be down. Thus each in his turn is permitted to make trial of what he deems fortune's favorite lot; if not in his own person, at least in that of his representative whom he leaves behind him. And as to the accumulation of unbounded wealth, it seldom continues collecting for any great length of time, or to any very great amount, before by some unexpected reverse of fortune it is suddenly dissipated among the surrounding population.

The laboring man then ought not to feel that he has no interest in the success of the wealthy, or no advantage to derive from his property. But rather to consider that fortune has stationed the rich man to stand guard over one of the store-houses of her treasures;—to suffer all the care, trouble, and anxiety of defending it from depredation and plunder—of preserving it from waste and corruption—of keeping upon it that lustre which is the result alone of use, and, at the same time, hazarding the loss of all enjoyment, which too free indulgence in the use of it is sure to cause, and to which he is constantly tempted by its presence; while the poor man is permitted to go on his way as a kind of gentleman at large—relieved from care, yet free to partake, and in most cases able to obtain as much as can be enjoyed with the highest zest. Could he but know and feel the real advantages of his situation, he would be the last to envy the rich their ever-increasing, yet never satisfied, desire for indulgence, which ever has and ever will grow out of the possession of wealth, unless the most rigid self-denial be adhered to from the outset.

The opportunity which is afforded in this country for every one to rise, and take that station to which his own merits or his own exertions entitle him, in a great measure does away with this objection. Every one who enlists for hire, does it with the expectation of becoming his own master at some future period. Almost every manufacturing establishment affords instances of men who have entered as common laborers, and have gradually risen till they have become overseers, and finally owners in that or some other establishment,—while in England too many of the poor laborers have no other prospect than a life of monotonous employment in the very lowest department, and for a trifling compensation.

And as a last consolation, when all prospect of riches is cut off, the poor laborer should remember, that "riches are but the baggage of virtue, which hinder the march; and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory."

It remains for us to speak briefly of the influence of manufactures upon the intellectual and moral interests of a community. In viewing this part of the subject, too much evil has been regarded as necessarily attaching itself to manufactures themselves, as such, and not enough to their internal *modus operandi*, and the institutions, forms of government, and various modulating circumstances under which they have

been conducted. No one would think of finding fault with God for giving us grain, merely because it has been applied to alcoholic purposes, and thereby been a curse to the world. Yet this would be as reasonable as to complain of the inventor of machinery for giving us the results of his labors, merely because that machinery has in many, or even in a large majority of instances, hitherto been applied under such circumstances as to increase the degradation of those who have labored in connection with it. Because the cupidity and avarice of man pollutes and perverts every good and perfect gift that is put into his hands, we are not thence to conclude at once that he would be better off without these gifts, or that they may not in some future period be so applied, as to prove what they were designed to be—the choicest of Heaven's blessings.

It continues to be no longer a problem, whether manufactures are necessarily attended with moral degradation or not. The almost incredible results of the partial trials that have been made in this country, over those of foreign manufactures, have set this question forever at rest. The change in circumstances has already wrought wonders, and yet this change has been but limited and incomplete. Surely if with this brief trial such important improvements have been made, we may reasonably conclude that the ultimatum of excellence is yet far from having been reached.

The leading differences between British and American manufactures appear to lie in these two points: *first*, the difference in the amount of intellectual cultivation among the inhabitants, previous to the introduction of manufactures; and, *second*, in the fact that in England every member of any given family, from the child of four or five years old upwards, must actually be employed in the business, and that from twelve to fifteen hours per day, and with a prospect that the same will continue through life, or the whole family must be rejected entirely: while in our own country, those who have not a prospect of speedy promotion in the establishment, most of them are young people who design only to spend a few years in that business, to acquire means preparatory to settlement in some other situation for life; and even while there, the number of hours per day at the most not exceeding from nine to twelve, and very many among them not working by the hour at all, but by the piece; and the more skillful and experienced sometimes doing two or three "days' work" in a day, or devoting considerable time to other purposes. In other words, the difference is in external circumstances and internal management.

With these limited, yet vastly important, changes at the outset, we have among us manufacturing villages and cities, that are already eminent, not only for intellectual and moral culture, but for revivals of religion, and for permanent, high-toned principles of piety. With such evidence before us, what may we not expect, when all has been done that may and ought to be done, to bring about the best possible results in manufacturing districts?

It has been objected that extensive manufacturing establishments, by bringing into near proximity so many of different classes and sexes,



present an unavoidable difficulty in the way of their moral elevation. This we deny. The fact that such results have followed in the past, only proves that that great and important principle, which appeals to the sympathies of men, and enables masses to be acted on more easily than individuals, whether for weal or woe, has hitherto in this particular branch of labor been allowed to take an unfavorable bias, rather than seized upon and turned to good account.

When owners and directors shall have fully availed themselves of this principle, in the diligent and unremitting use of the instrumentalities already in their hands, in the way of intellectual cultivation, moral reformation, Sabbath School instruction, and sanctuary privileges, and the almost countless systems of restraining and improving influences that characterize our age and nation,—we say, when all these shall be perfected and employed in their full power, can we doubt that manufacturing districts shall compare favorably, in point of moral elevation, with any other classes of their fellow-men, of any employment whatsoever?

It has often been remarked, that no other employment can be found so favorable to morals, as that of Agriculture. Yet “one of the most distinguished philanthropists of England stated that he had instituted an extensive inquiry into the comparative amount of crime, and especially of impurity, in the manufacturing and the agricultural districts of England, and had found, to his surprise, that the former were decidedly more moral than the latter.” (Quar. Chris. Spectator, 1832, p. 381.) This fact affords indisputable proof, that the degradation of the operative class in England, is to be charged entirely to other influences than those resulting from the application of machinery to manufacturing purposes.

We think enough has been written to show, that the effect of inventions, in their application to machinery, even on the operative class, so far from being the crushing and destroying monster that many have supposed, when stripped of its extrinsic evils and attending circumstances, is a mere bugbear, scarcely worthy of our notice. Space will not permit us even to glance at the direct benefits, otherwise the contrast which might thus be presented, would show in a still stronger light the blessings with which invention has visited the hardy laborer.

Proceed to take from him the grist-mill and flour-mill, and leave him to prepare his grain with his own hands,—at the same time increasing his labor and diminishing his comfort,—and unless he is a Grahamite of the broadest stamp, preferring his grain slightly broken, unbolted, and half cooked, he will bestow on you no thanks for the change. So we might go on with the saw-mill that furnishes materials to shelter him; the paper-mill that gives him the newspaper and book for his amusement and instruction, and the factory that clothes him, until we had stripped him of nearly all that renders life desirable. Even the poorest of the present working class, we had almost said, fares sumptuously, compared with the most favored in such a state of society. In short, the abolition of machinery, as connected with inventions, would roll back the wheels of improvement and civilization many ages,

and speedily reduce the world to a state of barbarism; and not the *rich* merely, but *all* would suffer a loss never to be repaired, but by the restoration of that which had been taken away.

Instead of this gloomy picture, we would rather look forward to the time, when by the still farther multiplication of inventions and labor-saving machines, the amount of physical effort with the hand, necessary for the supply of the world's inhabitants, shall be far less than at the present time; when at least two sets of hands shall be employed in every large manufacturing establishment, and not less than half of the time of every individual devoted to the cultivation of those higher and nobler powers, that ally him to angels and to God himself.

In conclusion, we feel prepared to say with Lord Bacon, that "the glory of inventions is that they raise human nature, without hurting any one; and do not press or sting a man's conscience, but bestow on all, rewards and blessings without the sacrifice, or injury, or sorrow of one. For the nature of light is pure and harmless—it may be perverted in its use, but not polluted in itself."

G. B. D.

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f  
"THE LIGHT OF BEAUTY'S EYE."

BEFORE the chariot of the sun,  
His coursers pant their race to run,  
Along the heavenly plain,  
They strive, impatient of delay,  
But vainly strive, to dash away—

Curbed by the golden rein  
Of Him who sits upon a throne,  
Within that flaming car,  
A form no eye may gaze upon,  
So bright its glories are.

In dense array, on every side,  
The laughing day-beams flit and glide—

A countless living swarm;  
While gleefully each tiny sprite  
Dips his wings in heavenly light,  
Which bathes the day-god's form:

And soon, in shining circles round,  
They wait the signal given, [bear  
Which bids them spread their wings and  
To earth the light of heaven.

Now open wide the heavenly doors,  
And out the countless army pours,  
In bright and swift advance;

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Down through the shadowy air they spring,  
In wide and wider spreading ring,  
Throughout the great expanse.  
They came the glorious light of day  
O'er all the world to spread—  
Light that from each spirit-wing  
In richest shower was shed.

Before their face the night-mists fled,  
As swift on glittering wings they sped  
Athwart the gladdened earth;  
O'er hill and dale they coursed along,  
And woke the busy mortal throng  
To mingled care and mirth.  
They played amid the morning clouds,  
And gorgeous colors gave;  
They dipped within the heaving sea,  
And fringed the crystal wave.

They fell upon the castle walls,  
And frolicked in the stately halls  
Of worldliness and pride;  
They glided in the humble cot,  
Where worldly state and pride came not,  
To overwhelm affection's tide.

They woke the great man to his cares,  
From dreams of wrong and spoil,  
And roused from calm, refreshing sleep  
The peasant to his toil.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Thus from the sky, on pinions bright,  
Imbued with Heaven's fairest light,  
A merry band descended,  
And fell upon a cottage side,  
Where creeping vines in beauty vied,  
And fragrant odors blended.  
They chased each other 'mid the flowers,  
And in the lattice peeping,  
They entered where a fairy form  
Of loveliness lay sleeping.

Along a forehead white and meek,  
And down a rosy, dimpled cheek,  
Her waving ringlets sported ;

And half-concealed an arm of snow,  
Which, pillowed on the couch below,  
Her gentle head supported.  
Thus wrapped in calm and peaceful sleep,  
The lovely being lay,  
Till o'er her placid cheek and brow,  
She felt the day-beams play.

Then from those swimming orbs of blue,  
Fringed with lash of darkest hue,  
The drooping lids divided,  
And through the liquid openings  
The shining sprites, with folded wings,  
In sweet enchantment glided.  
Thence, nestled in those sweet retreats,  
They never more will fly,  
But sparkle on forever there,  
"The light of Beauty's eye."

#### CURIOSITY SHOP.

THE following curiosities have been gleaned from the old laws of Yale College, and will compare favorably, we think, with any of the stray fancies or quaint conceits that have lately flooded the newspapers. They are decidedly unique in their kind, and the only wonder is how their venerable originators could bear to part with them. To account, however, for the great difference between the old and the new system, it is sufficient to remember, that formerly laws were made for the use of students, while latterly they are only printed to be sent home to parents and guardians. The old engraving has also been inserted, because the No. in which it formerly appeared is at present exhausted.

#### EXTRACTS FROM THE LAWS OF YALE COLLEGE, PUBLISHED A. D. 1787.

##### *Chap. 2.—Of a Religious and Virtuous Life.*

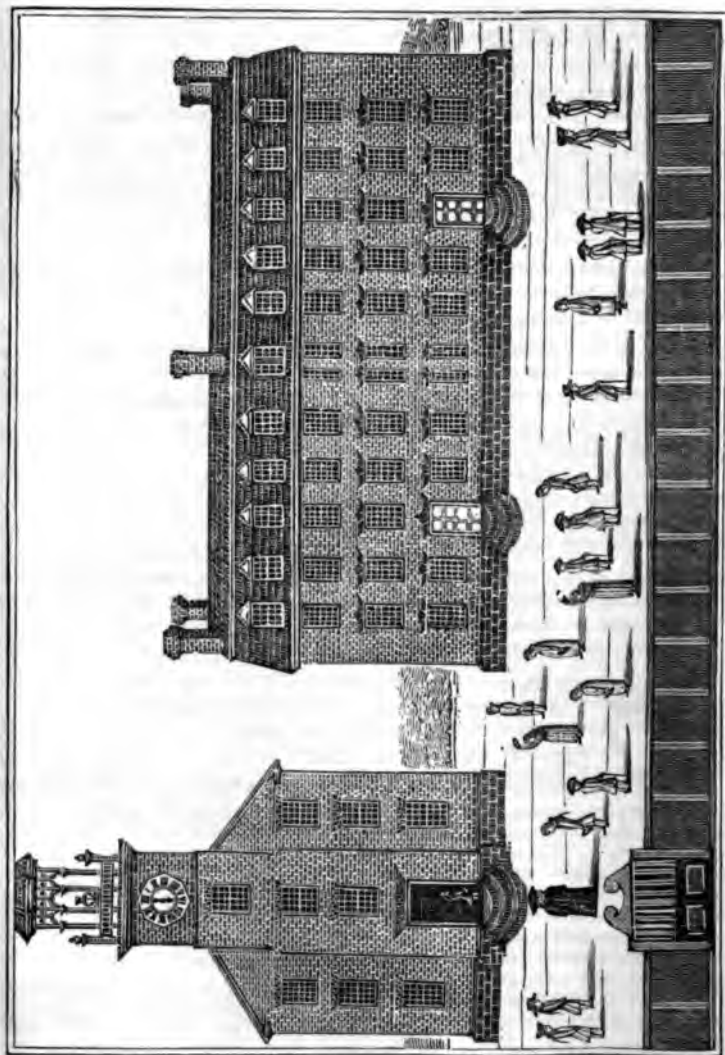
1. All the scholars are required to live a religious and blameless life, according to the Rules of God's Word, diligently reading the holy Scriptures, that Fountain of Divine Light and Truth, and constantly attending all the Duties of Religion.

2. The President, or, in his Absence, one of the Tutors in their Turn shall constantly pray in the Chapel every Morning and Evening, and read a Chapter or some suitable Portion of Scripture, unless a Sermon or some Theological Discourse shall then be delivered. And every member of College is obliged to attend, upon the Penalty of One Penny for every Instance of Absence, and a Half Penny for being tardy or egressing without a sufficient Reason.

4. All the Scholars are obliged to attend Divine Worship in the College Chapel on the Lord's Day, and on Days of Fasting and Thanksgiving appointed by public Authority, upon penalty of Four Pence (without just Reason) for Absence either Part of the Lord's Day, or a Thanksgiving Day, or a Fast Day, and Three Pence for Absence from a lecture, and One Penny for being tardy, &c.

6. Every scholar is required to shew all due Honor and Reverence, both in Words and Behavior, to all his superiors, viz. Parents, Magistrates, Ministers, and especially to the President, Fellows, Professors, Tutors and Seniors of this College ; and shall in





YALE COLLEGE AND THE COLLEGE CHAPEL IN 1786.

no case use any reproachful, reviling, disrespectful or contumacious Language; but on the contrary shall shew them all proper tokens of Reverence and Obedience.

7. No scholar shall walk upon the Sabbath, or on any Fast day.

#### *Concerning Scholastic Exercises.*

1. Every student shall diligently apply himself to his studies in his Chambers, and no student shall walk abroad or be absent from his Chamber, except half an hour after breakfast and an hour and a half after dinner, upon penalty of Two Pence or more to Six Pence, at the discretion of the President.

3. Every Saturday shall be devoted chiefly to the study of Divinity, and each class through the whole Time of their Pupilage shall recite either the Assembly's Catechism, the Confession of Faith received and approved by the Churches of the Colony, Wallis's Arne's Medulla, or something else, &c.

4. Any undergraduate who shall be absent from Recitation or Dispute without liberty may be fined Two Pence, and if from Declaiming Six Pence.

#### *Of Regular Moral Behavior.*

3. If any scholar shall be guilty of *stealing* or knowingly receive and conceal stolen goods he shall be fined and pay treble Damages, and, if the goods stolen shall be of the value of twenty shillings, he shall be expelled.

[This is probably the College law so frequently alluded to by our venerable Professors when they request *young gentlemen not to steal any thing*, assuring them at the same time, by way of comfort, that there are always two or three *thievers* in every class. This matter should be looked to, and if the announcement is *official* it would come certainly with better grace from the President himself.]

4. If any one shall fize upon another he shall be fined a shilling, and every Freshman sent must declare that he who sends him is the only Person to be charged.

5. If any Scholar shall break open the Door of another, or privately pick the lock with any instrument he shall be fined five shillings.

6. If any Scholar shall play at Billiards or any other unlawful or even lawful Play for Wager, or shall call for any strong Drink in any Tavern within two miles of College, except in company with his Father or a Tutor, he shall be punished two shillings and sixpence.\*

7. If any scholar shall *damnify* the College house, Glass, Fence, or any thing belonging to College, he shall be fined a shilling and make good the Damages.

8. Every scholar in studying time is required wholly to abstain from singing, loud talking, and all *unharmonious* or unsuitable sounds, upon penalty of four pence.

10. If any scholar shall any where act a Comedy or Tragedy he shall be fined three shillings, and if in acting he shall put on Woman's Apparel he shall be publicly admonished. [This, we incline to think, is a plagiarism from the old Blue Laws of Connecticut. We hope, however, that the Faculty will always *frown* upon the introduction, as a general thing, of such apparel.]

14. If any scholar shall assault, wound, or strike the President or a Tutor, or shall maliciously or designedly break their windows, let him be immediately expelled. And if several shall purposely dance in any Chamber or Entry near a Tutor's room they may be punished by being deprived of the privilege of sending Freshmen on Errands.

18. If any scholar shall go out of the College Yard without a Hat, a Coat, or a gown unless ——— he may be fined not exceeding sixpence. [What this blank means we cannot say certainly, but rather think that it is an algebraic negative implying "unless he has none."]

21. Every Freshman is obliged to do any proper Errand or Message required of him by any one in an upper Class, which if he shall refuse to do he shall be punished.

22. No member of College may do or undertake any Matter or Business of Difficulty and great Importance without first consulting with the President and obtaining his consent.

#### *Of Chambers, &c.*

4. When any tumbler or other piece of glass shall be broken by an unknown person in the Hall, Chapel, Library, or Entry, or any public Room, the expense of mending the same shall be borne equally by all the undergraduate scholars.

\* It is not, probably, known to all that at one time the Faculty bought a number of Lottery Tickets hoping thus to better the College finances; but upon their proving to be blanks they were so much exasperated that they immediately enacted the above law.

*Of the Steward and Commons.*

1. The Steward appointed by the President and Fellows, shall provide *Victuals* for all those who reside in College.

2. The Waiters in the Hall appointed by the President are to put the *Victuals* on the Tables, spread with *decent* linen cloaths which are to be washed *every week* by the Steward's procurement. \* \* \* No *Victuals*, *Platters*, *Cups*, &c. may be carried out of the hall unless in case of sickness. \* \* \* And when dinner is over the waiters are to carry the *Platters* and *Cloath* back into the Kitchen. And if any one shall offend in either of these Things or carry away any thing belonging to the Hall without leave, he shall be fined sixpence. [What a climax to a good dinner is the concluding sentence! It is literally old *Plautus* over again—"Pudding and Pence."]

3. The Steward shall take care that all the College Chambers and Entries be daily swept, and the Beds made; and those beds which are not made by 9 o'clock A. M. shall remain *untouched* until the next morning.

4. The Steward shall make out a term bill for each student—payable every quarter, with a duplicate thereof, viz.

|                           | £ | s. | d. |
|---------------------------|---|----|----|
| Tuition                   | 1 | 0  | 0  |
| Study Rent                | 0 | 3  | 0  |
| Repairs and other charges | 3 | 3  | 0  |

*The Butler.*

1. The Butler shall act as bell ringer *on all occasions*.

2. The Butler is allowed to sell in the Buttery Cyder, Metheglin, Strong Beer not exceeding twenty Barrels a year, and *such like Necessaries* for the scholars which are not sold by the Steward in the Kitchen; nor may any scholar buy Cyder or Strong Beer any where else but in the Buttery, and for this privilege the Butler shall pay fifty shillings into the College Treasury, and also provide Candles as they shall be needed in the Chapel at Prayers, or on other occasions.

*Degrees, etc.*

5. Every candidate shall pay to the President one pound and four shillings for every degree conferred upon him.

6. No scholar shall have his Degree unless the Steward on the Commencement Morning shall certify to the President that he hath paid all his College dues—even to his Buttery bill.

8. Every candidate for a first Degree shall appear dressed in *decent* apparel.

9. If any Freshman near the time of Commencement shall fire the Great Gun, or give Money, Council or Assistance towards their being fired, or shall burn Candles either *inside* or *outside* the College windows, or shall scrape the College Yard or shall run therein, or do any thing *unsuitable for a Freshman*, he shall be deprived the privilege of sending Freshmen on errands, or teaching them manners during the first three months of his Sophomore year.

~~~~~  
COLLEGIANA.

We cannot but rejoice at having chanced upon the following gem of science from our redoubted friend Jedediah Scatterbrain, ere it fell into the clutch of our sister "Maga," the "Journal of Science." That periodical we are confident would have made a *leading* article of it; but for our own part we shall evince at once our superiority and our good sense by reserving it as a desert, instead of serving up a formal "Editors' Table." We publish it therefore under the present *head*, only adding the warning of the Bard—

"Hear land o' cakes and brither Scots,  
Frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groat's,  
If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede ye tent it;  
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,  
An' faith he'll prant it!"

**MOST HONORED SIRS:**—At last am I a philosopher, and fain would I have you and all the world know it. For a long, long time did I perambulate to and fro this nether sphere of ours, bethinking me of what I might do for a name. Not that my own name isn't a very good name, and a very pious name; but it was needful to affix a proper handle whereby people might see that it was made for use and not for sport. One day the thought suddenly flashed upon me, that in all my actions and doings—in my incomings and outgoings—I had *invariably followed my nose*. Like the idea—Attraction—to Newton, it was a key to existence, and after that time the universe unfolded itself beautiful and serene, with all its hidden causes linked together, and dependent from the nose. Since then I have devoted myself to the study of nasal phenomena, and having gathered to me my friends and admirers, we have formed ourselves into a Club, which is, as it were, the abstract of one huge nose. But, moreover, knowing full well that there are many others at present in this our College highly fitted by nature to join in with us, I now proceed to give you a brief outline of our science and of our proceedings, that they may thereby be induced to avouch themselves and apply for membership.

Yours truly,

JEDDEDIAH SCATTERBRAIN.

#### CONSTITUTION OF THE BIG NOSE CLUB.

**WHEREAS**, We, the undersigned, being desirous of improving the good gifts with which Providence hath favored us—therefore resolved, that we do hereby unite ourselves into a society for the purpose of perfecting our *senses* in general and our nasal *organs* in particular. Moreover, being desirous of preserving order, harmony, and a concord of sweet sounds in said society, therefore resolved, that we do adopt the following as the "*Societatis Nasorum Constitutio*."

1. *Resolved*, That no person be admitted a member of this society whose nose is not twice the medium size, and who cannot, after a fair trial, imitate the various notes of a trumpet to the satisfaction of the President.

2. *Resolved*, That the business of said society be confined to investigating the phenomena of noses—to discovering the best means of increasing their size, growth, and polish, and to the detecting the eccentricities of character indicated, by their various curves, bumps, and peculiarities.

3. *Resolved*, That the President, Vice President, and all minor officers of this society be elected in accordance with the dimensions of their respective noses—providing always that the Roman have the preference over the Grecian, and the prismatic over the spherical or bullet nose.

4. *Resolved*, That all fines be at the discretion of the presiding officer, with the proviso, however, that no fine exceed the amount of two pence ha'penny—to be paid in snuff. Moreover, that in cases of doubt an appeal may be always taken to the I's and No's.

5. *Resolved*, That any *Ladies* who are desirous of being admitted into our society, must first send a Clerk's certificate of the length of their respective noses, duly authenticated according to law; also, that they must *cease their attentions to all other sciences immediately upon admission*.

6. *Resolved*, That every member be required to anoint his nasal organ nightly—both for its better preservation, and to give it that gloss and polish which indicate gentle manners and *refined taste*.

7. *Resolved*, That we do hold in the most utter contempt *all the pug nose community*; also, that we do declare war to the knife with the Temperance Cause, as being a despoiler of our beauty, and a traitor to our colors.

8. *Resolved*, That we do consider *snoring* a most evident sign of *genius*, as indicating the mind to be in an active state even while sleeping. Also that *sneezing* should be encouraged, and that therefore a premium be granted monthly to the one sneezing the longest and the loudest.

9. *Resolved*, That on all State occasions some member of the *Faculty*—the one most conspicuous in our line—be requested to *Marshal* the Club.

10. *Resolved*, That as *beauty* is a conservative element in our society, therefore a diploma shall be granted to every member leaving our body, authenticating his average rank in loveliness, amiability, and *sense*.

11. *Resolved*, That as the nose is the most prominent of all the features, therefore it should *lead* upon all occasions.



12. *Resolved*, That no question be considered as carried unless decided in favor of the No's, (nose;) and that all questions in the affirmative must be carried in the negative, and all in the negative must be carried in the affirmative.

Witness our noses, this — day of —, 1846.

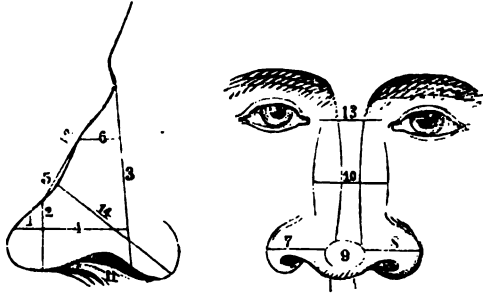
S. SKEWNOSE, *Secretary*.

J. BIGNOSE, *Pres.*

H. HOOKNOSE, *V. Pres.*

"THE DIVINE SCIENCE OF NOSEOLOGY."

Chart.



- |                       |                              |                           |
|-----------------------|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Pride—Irreverence. | 5. Music, also Self-conceit. | 9. Wit—Humor.             |
| 2. Avarice—Sharpness. | 6. Poetry.                   | 10. Knavery.              |
| 3. Longevity.         | 7. Coarseness—Vulgarity.     | 11. Sentiment.            |
| 4. Depth of Thought.  | 8. Sensuality—Gluttony.      | 12. Philoprogenitiveness. |
|                       | 13. Ideality.                | 14. Curiosity.            |

In further exposition of the plate, it may also be remarked, that a *lusty* nose indicates elevation of soul, while a *flat* one invariably denotes a *degraded* state of mind. A sharp nose marks the man of *delicate* and refined feelings—a thin nose manifests flexibility of purpose and fickleness of disposition; but should the nose melt away into the face like a lump of butter in a warm day, you may beware of the *false pretender*. Picking the nose, like scratching the head, greatly assists the powers of comprehension, and clearly evinces that the person is on the eve of an idea. Excrescences on the nose indicate exuberance of fancy, while a man who has no nose, or who, in other words, *knows nothing*, is usually gifted with a large imagination. It only remains to add, that a nose which is constantly *running*, by the plainest construction imaginable, points to the coward.\*

REPORT OF THE LAST MEETING OF THE BIG NOSE CLUB.

Christmas Night.

Scene in the Blue Parlor—Temple of Beauty.

Standing in the background is seen Mr. Bustle—a very little man with a very big nose, having very tight pants and a very loose coat, a very large hat and very small boots. In one corner Mr. Pomp is reviewing his curls before a broken shaving glass; in the other, Mr. Dryasdust is weeping the soul out of him over a plate of onions. Mr. Lovelace is lying upon the sofa—Mr. Simple is not. Mr. Ganderleg and Mr. Soberaside are vainly endeavoring to think. Mr. Swear-at-'em is practising upon his beloved friend, Jeddediah Scatterbrain, while Mr. Cute is most happily arranging some gun cotton for lamp-wicks. The officers are in the chairs—the house has been called to order, and the Secretary now reads the following report of the last meeting of the Club:

\* It may not be improper here to state, that having seen an article in a former No. of the Magazine, entitled the "Nosegay," verging somewhat upon the same ground, and fearing a quiz, we took occasion to inquire about the matter. We were informed, however, by a distinguished leader of the Club, that the author of that article was once admitted a member upon the representations of some of his kind friends, but upon initiation his nose being found too short, as also curled at the tip, he was unanimously rejected. In revenge, he published surreptitiously some of the documents belonging to the society.—(Edu.)

The Club met pursuant to adjournment, when the society was called to order by a *meese* from the President. Snuff was distributed as usual—tripe and codfish ordered for six, and lobsters for the balance. Devotional exercises were then commenced by the singing of a psalm, in which Mr. Dryasdust greatly distinguished himself by the melody and sonorousness of his *twang*, to the no small discomfort of Mr. Soberaside, whose nose, being sadly affected by a cold, no longer supplied with its usual facility the place of a *sounding-board*. A long and eloquent prayer followed from Brother Pomp, in which blessings and *increase* were earnestly entreated for our respective *noses*. After this the business of the evening was taken up. At the word from the President, "snake ready," and each member thrust his hand into his box and seized a pinch of snuff—"take aim," and the right eyes of all were suddenly closed—the hands elevated to the nostrils—the *weapons* duly primed—"fire," and a universal sneeze arose—verifying the old motto, "*mens sana in sano corpore*." The manœuvre was executed admirably by all save Mr. Swear-at-'em, who, being slightly beside himself with enthusiasm, made the mistake of thrusting the snuff into his left eye instead of his left nostril. The consequence may be imagined, but cannot be described. (Here Mr. Swear-at-'em swore he didn't swear a bit, and also swore it was a libel.) The Anniversary Poem was next in order, and amid cheers and bravos, hiccups, and "hear him," and while every one was yelling "silence" at the top of his voice, Mr. Lovelace arose to acknowledge the call.

"He must beseech the indulgence of the society for his want of preparation. Indeed, he had only taken a few moments to write a *few Cantos*, yet still he hoped they would admire that genius which could produce a very fine poem in a very short time." Hereupon a Heroic Poem, six Cantos in length, was *executed* by Mr. Lovelace with great pathos. The Secretary could only catch the two following stanzas—the rest defying King's English to embody it.

#### THE TOURNAMENT OF NOSES.

The knights were stationed round their chief,  
And noses bright glanced in the sun;  
Fair ladies snored to hide their grief,  
While banners cheered the combat on,  
And bid the braves  
Die in their graves,  
Nor yield to foes their handkerchiefs.  
The trump was pealed—the note of war  
Bid Heroes rush to glory's bed,  
And in they burst, while like a star  
Each nose was glowing fiery red,  
Till as they clashed  
The noses mashed,  
And Beauty shrieked at every scar.\*

The echo had scarce died away, when up popped Mr. Bustle, and desired to amend the Constitution in the following respect:

"Resolved, That beauty is no proof of brains."

"This," he said, "was his own opinion—it was the opinion of several gentlemen around him—and he believed it was the opinion of every sensible person who was *not* handsome. But he did not offer this through vanity; for as he was not beautiful himself—although he might be 'an he would—how could he be vain! It was truth that he wanted—abstract truth—and if this amendment was not passed, he should certainly petition Congress to place an 'ad valorem' tariff upon beauty, to encourage our home *manufacturers*—the tailors."

Mr. Pomp felt compelled to take the negative of this question—he thought it an infringement on the rights guaranteed to us by the Constitution, for that blessed instrument expressly affirmed, that "beauty was a conservative element." It was true he himself *was* beautiful—beautiful in the *extreme*—and he thanked heaven that it had made him handsome instead of diminutive. Moreover, although modesty forbid his saying that he was also smart, yet he felt confident that such was the fact, and this he thought

\* The remainder of this exquisite Poem Mr. Lovelace himself has kindly volunteered to write out for us. It may therefore be seen by the curious, by application at our *Circulating Library*.—[JEDDIE-  
DIAN SCATTERBRAIN.]

was a sufficient concatenation of syllogistic argumentation to authenticate his assumption.

Mr. Cute *guessed* he didn't have any thing to say, but he'd like to remark, that they *hadn't ought* to bring up such questions *ther*! Yes! he would say to the gentlemen *du tell*—and speaking of beauty he could ask Mr. Pomp, from the very apex of his nose, *be you*? No, sir, *don't say*, for if this should pass he would at once betake himself *hum*.

Another resolution, introduced by Mr. Dryasdust, also caused a considerable sensation. It was as follows:

"*Resolved*, That no member shall hereafter be permitted to smoke more than three pipes successively, without a suitable interlude of small beer. Moreover, that two pipes be considered equal to one bottle of ale or three glasses of ginger-pop, and that it be so counted for the future in reckoning whether each member has done his duty."

"This," said Mr. Dryasdust, "originated in experience, and was dictated by conscience. It was also," as he happily remarked, "intended solely to benefit the nose, by promoting in the same—both the issues of life and the flow of fancy." Here he was interrupted, however, by Mr. Swear-at-'em, who rose, as he said, "to a pint of order." "Yes, Mr. President, I rise to a pint of order," continued he; "I should like to know, sir, if I hav'n't a larger nose than the gentleman? and is it not better polished, sir, and more condensed, sir? Then, sir, by the powers of mud, sir, it is entitled to more *weight* than the gentleman's, and I have the precedence of him, sir. Yes, sir, I have as much right to go before him, sir, as my nose has to go before me, sir: and I say, sir, his resolution is a detestable one, sir—a countenancing the enemy. What! ginger-pop, ale, and small beer, sir, when we can get brandy, sir! It is monstrous. I cannot think of it, sir! and, besides, I have a debt of vengeance to pay off on brandy, as it killed my father, sir." He hereupon moved that it be amended by brandy, which was unanimously *seconded*, and the "raw material" ordered forthwith. Pipes were then lighted all round, and a very *warm* discussion ensued as to the relative effects of hot oysters; and whether hot or cold, fried, stewed, or roasted added most lustre and *intensity* to the nose. Mr. Ganderleg insisted on the cold—Mr. Lovelace on the hot—Mr. Skewnose liked them stewed—Mr. Simple didn't—Mr. Bustle liked to open his own oysters—while Mr. Swear-at-'em swore that brandy was the best *after* all.

The members then proceeded to arrange themselves for the most interesting of all the

Your humble petitioner here regrets to say, that he has unfortunately lost the remainder of this most interesting report. He only remembers enough of it to add, that when the meeting adjourned every one of the members was fast asleep, while the President (to use his own expression) *was dosing*. Before morning, however, the snoring increased to such an alarming degree, that each one waked his neighbor up, and they were thus enabled to attend morning prayers in due time, and with a proper devotional frame of mind.

Yours to command,

JEDEDIAH SCATTERBRAIN, M. B. C.

The following "gem," which we have rescued from the pile of shot rubbish before us, we publish as a confession of faith, for those who meet with an untimely fate, and are destined never to see the promised land. It purports to be "Lines addressed to the President, Nott, of Union College, by a promising young genius, upon his leaving *by request*."

"THE WAIL OF THE DEPARTED."

"Why do you mourn, despairing friends,  
Or grieve in telling me my fate?  
I shall, Nott, strive to make amends,  
When once beyond the College gate.

"Why then, I ask, am I sent off?  
I did, Nott, surely often flunk,  
Red pepper and, Nott, I made tutors cough,  
You know I was, Nott, often drunk.

"But waving all these useless claims,  
Since now my fate's proclaimed,  
I go, but leave this proof of brains,  
The only thing I have, Nott, maimed."

z.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Hunter's Revenge" has been returned to the post-office, as the author requested. The only objection to it was the lack of incident. We hope the author will try again.

"A review of 'The New Chemistry'" is rather too severe and biting to prove acceptable to "the powers that be." We therefore decline publishing it.

We have not room at present for "The Philosophy of Whiskers, after the model of Resartor Resarturus." It will probably appear in some future No. of the Magazine.

The "Tutor's Box" is a good hit, and well conceived, but badly written, and lacks genius, that indispensable requisite in all College Literature.

The article upon "American Sessary" has been received, and will probably appear in our next. The author can therefore forward the remaining parts of it as soon as possible.

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N. B. Subscribers will bear it in mind, that their subscriptions are due upon the delivery of the present No. Payments must be made punctually.

PROSPECTUS  
OF THE  
TWELFTH VOLUME  
OF THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

To be conducted by the Students of Yale College.

In presenting the prospectus of a new volume of this periodical, we take occasion to express our sincere gratitude for the generous support which has hitherto been extended to us, and also for the earnest which we have already received of a continuance of the same kindly sympathy. We may also be permitted to say in this connection, that our efforts always have been and always shall be confined strictly to our own proper sphere; and that therefore whilst taking no part in College politics in any form or shape, we may fairly claim the benison of each and every one.

With such a course then, in view, we offer to the public a TWELFTH VOLUME of the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE. We offer it not as a rival to the periodicals of the day, nor as an instructor in any of the departments of Science and Learning, nor yet as the oracle of our *Athenæ Mætræ*, but as a quiet companion for leisure moments, a mirror to reflect the humor of the hour. Our aim shall be to make it agreeable to all. We shall offer themes for the thoughtful, whims for the curious, jests for the fun-loving. Whoever has a truth to utter, a song to sing, or an interesting tale to tell, shall receive from us a hearty welcome and a just consideration.

A font of new type has just been obtained, which will greatly increase the beauty of the work, and with a faithful and punctual discharge of our duties, we hope to make it both interesting and attractive.

Three numbers of the Magazine will be issued every term.

TERMS.—\$2.00 per annum payable on the delivery of the *first* number. Single numbers, 25 cents.

No subscriptions will be received for a less term than one year.

Communications must be addressed (post paid) through the Post Office, "To the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine."

*Saban*

VOL. XII.

No. IV.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum nova gens erant, moenia ludibrio Yalivana  
Camillus Ostrum, amantibus Yalivis."

FEBRUARY, 1847.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY HORACE DAY

TRINITY ST. COR. 4TH ST. NEW HAVEN.

—HARVARD—

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

FEBRUARY, 1847.

No. 4.

TENDENCY TO DISSOLUTION IN GOVERNMENT.

Is government unceasingly ripening to decay? Can permanency never be attained in our political fabrics? To us the Future is a sealed book, and the only key that we have for its interpretation is the Past, which contains the causes of all things known to us, and is prophetic of all effects corresponding to them, to be disclosed in the unsealed volume of Time, which we are yet to read. Governments, without exception, have passed away like the generations which gave them birth: what, then, are we to expect of those which are now in existence? Must the sovereignty of England, upon whose possessions the sun never sets, and

" Whose flag has braved a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze,"

at length experience a downfall? Will another bloody revolution put an end to the royal regime in "la belle France?" Will the model republic of the world waste its energies in the struggles which await it, and perish like one of us? To our view, one fate awaits them all: a revolution depending on a regular and—in consequence of our social organization—a necessary decay, must take place in each and all; which will either totally blot them from existence, or transform them into new governments.

Permanency is the "philosopher's stone" of political economy, as perpetual motion is that of mechanics; or as the original stone, which transmutes all metals into gold, was of chemistry; and it has been ardently sought for by political philosophers, who have as vainly dreamed their lives out in its pursuit, as the alchemists of old, or as do the inventive mechanicians of the present. When the fathers of our own Constitution assembled to deliberate upon its formation, this was the centre in which their thoughts concentrated. The opinions of the most distinguished writers upon government, ancient and modern, and the experience of all the world, were before them. After long and elaborate study, they selected, from the vast array of principles and postulates, maxims and axioms, truths and speculations, such only as



would conduce to this great end ; and their wisdom determined them to lay it in equity rather than force. In the language of one of them, "they adopted the method of a wise architect in erecting a new palace for the residence of his sovereign. They determined to consult Vitruvius, Palladio, and all other writers of reputation in the art ; to examine the most celebrated buildings, whether they remain entire or in ruins ; compare these with the principles of writers, and inquire how far the theories and models were founded in nature, or created by fancy ; and when this should be done, as far as their circumstances would allow, to adopt the advantages, and reject the inconveniences of all." After such extraordinary caution and foresight, we would fain flatter ourselves that our republic is impregnable to destruction ; and it would be eternal if it consisted of an independent organization of principles ; but we are even constrained to say with Tacitus of a republic, "haud diuturna esse potest."

Most political writers are disposed to believe, that the process of decay in governments is not conformable to any degree of order ; nor that it is regulated by certain and unvarying causes. They attribute the overthrow of empire, in all cases, to the operation of arbitrary circumstances ; and upon the possibility of removing or avoiding these, is grounded the hope of duration. The body politic, say these philosophers, is not capable, like the human body, of a "rise, maturity, decline, and extinction," because time cannot be supposed to have any influence in hastening the dissolution of the immaterial organs, or principles, of which it is made up. We grant that the abstract principles involved in political institutions cannot be destroyed, or even changed, by the lapse of years—that they are immutable ; but to consider them as comprehending within themselves the idea of an absolute and independent organization, borders too closely upon a Utopian vision. Such governments may exist in the imagination, but are nowhere to be found in practice. Walls of adamant, though a form of matter least susceptible of any to the touch of time, if built upon a foundation of sand, would stand the test of but few years. So with these principles ; they have their foundation embedded in the nature and character of the people—a basis infirm and insecure, since it is always subject to the influence of an insidious corruption, coëxistent with the present system of society ; and from this cause alone it must gradually and necessarily give way and let the superstructure reared upon it fall to the ground.

Constitutions are merely compacts or written agreements between the rulers and the ruled ; and laws are nothing more than defined rules for the regulation of conduct in the political communications and dealings which each member of a community may have with his fellow-citizens, that the rights of all may be kept distinct, and be strictly observed. These conventional obligations may be respected, or even venerated, whilst the comparative equalization of *classes* renders it practicable for all to live with any degree of happiness under the same laws ; but when, from any causes whatsoever, classes become alienated from each other, a cherished jealousy is the consequence, which invites into action that powerful motive of our nature, *self-interest*. Under the

unrestrained operation of this principle, and the tendency it has to vitiate our better nature and corrupt the whole social body, a struggle is continually going on ; the stake for which the parties contend is political power ; each seeking to convert the government into an engine to assist in their own advancement and disable their opponents. In speaking of the massacres and bloodshed occasioned by the civil wars throughout Greece, Thucydides remarks, that "such things will ever be, so long as human nature remains the same." "But," says Mr. Adams, commenting upon this observation, "if this nervous historian had known a balance of three powers, he would not have pronounced the distemper so incurable, but would have added—so long as parties in cities remain unbalanced." Besides this, we would add—so long as a just equilibrium is preserved between the classes of society ; for the distemper is a social one, and the balance of the three powers clearly depends upon the adjustment in the latter case.

The circulating medium is the great regulator, or, perhaps we should rather say, disturber of society. It is the bond of our communities. It makes men endure one another, and mutually seek an intercourse that will be profitable to all. It regulates and supports government by supplying its motive-power. It creates superior and subordinate stations, and thus divides mankind into classes, and these classes it divides into various professions. It then circulates to every individual in every profession, and becomes the main-spring of his actions—the pole-star to which he is constantly steering throughout the voyage of life. It induces the husbandman to break the earth and prepare the harvest ; it sends the laborer to his daily toil ; it encourages the mariner to brave the dangers and hardships of the sea ; in a word, it is the vital principle—the blood of the social system ; and it is necessary to the perfect health of that system, that its various parts must have a regular and stated supply. But all experience has taught us, that it cannot maintain its own level. Either by industry, inheritance, or some adventitious circumstances—the certain offspring of a dense population—it becomes unequally distributed ; and this inequality constantly becomes greater, because the subordinate class, from their situation in crowded cities, become more dependent upon the superior.

It has been a favorite idea in the United States, that the absence, here, of the law of primogeniture, is a sufficient guarantee against these dangers ; because, in this case, the acquisition of wealth cannot exist permanently in the same families ; and as the avenue to promotion is open to merit and industry of every rank, the people must be constantly exchanging classes—some going forward while others are falling back ; and that the opinions and feelings which they transfer from one order to the other, will cultivate an equalizing sympathy throughout the whole. The deception here consists in taking for granted that we imbibe our principles from the mere love of their truth, and are disposed to adhere to them ever after for the same reason ; but it is characteristic of poor human nature to square principles by interests, and interests by circumstances. Wealth, in many cases, has been acquired suddenly in this country ; and any one having an oppor-

tunity of knowing the recipients of such good fortune, even by slight observation, might have traced a total revolution in their sentiments and feelings. A novel sensation, an idea of superiority, insensibly creeps upon them, and they scorn the station of poverty which they formerly occupied, and their less fortunate brotherhood whom they left behind. Aye, we know that self-interest and a covetous disposition for separate and superior possessions, has, frequently in our midst, withered the ties which united together the closest kindred. How much more, then, has this aspiration a tendency to alienate from each other the different members of the body politic! Wealth may continue in the same hands and the same class for half a century, and no more time than this is needed to perpetuate it. Although orders and titled distinctions may not be known, they are easily legislated into existence—"a breath can make them, as a breath has made."

Such is the manner in which a republic *may* merge into an aristocracy, and such is its ruling tendency; and through this transformation its progress is onward to a revolution, which will either renew or destroy it. The republics of the olden time were short-lived, because their political checks and balances were injudiciously arranged, or rather, we might say, because they did not exist at all; but however well they might have been provided, after a longer time, they would have inevitably arrived at the same fatal crisis. The same causes which wrought decay in the ancient governments had been for a series of years silently preparing the way for the English and French revolutions; both of which we have no doubt will be repeated. But in order that we may exhibit our idea a little more clearly, let us briefly sketch the outlines of a nation's progress from the beginning up to this point.

The first is essentially the utilitarian age, since it is a time when the actual necessities for sustaining the bodies politic and individual are in demand. At the outset the nation can be considered nothing else than barely a community of *persons*, independent of institutions; because, as yet, all of the latter, political and ethical, are in embryo. Hence the energies of physical labor are employed in developing the natural resources of the country; in collecting them together, and rearing the material superstructure, whilst mental effort is directed to the formation of the political and social constitution. The mechanic arts are in the most flourishing condition, and benevolent Genius is busy with her many inventions for the public good. History does not often pause to consider the workings of the various elements which are found in operation at this stage of a people's progress, inasmuch as there is nothing to take hold of—it cannot particularize, and the vague and general passages devoted to shadowing forth the spirit of the times are too meagre as well as too much devoid of interest to engage the attention of the reader; yet it is here that the philanthropist must turn for the most satisfactory contemplation of his race.

Whilst the range of territory continues to be large enough for the support of the people mainly in agricultural pursuits, there must be an equilibrium between labor and capital; consequently the former re-

ceives its just equivalent, and the maxim of "the greatest good to the greatest number" is most fully carried out. Thus being beyond the tyranny of Mammon, to which every other species of deception is subservient, men of all classes and conditions are in the enjoyment of the truest liberty, and the privileges of all are, as nearly as possible, equalized. The importance of every individual is known and felt to be alike; and, in this respect, a more genuine democracy cannot be realized short of the silent City of the Dead.

At this period, too, the social and moral virtues shed a meridian lustre upon the nation, and contribute to its happiness. The religion that would grow up among a people so situated, if truthful, must be severe and uncorrupted; or, if founded upon fanciful theories which the uninspired mind has wrought out for itself, it will, nevertheless, be beautiful and chaste. The stern faith of the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock cherished reverence and integrity; and the idea of the Great Spirit which was impressed upon the simple Indian at every footstep, and upon which he built hopes of an elysian hunting-ground, cultivated innocence and purity.

These healthful influences necessarily create a high and happy degree of prosperity. The dignity of labor; the high hopes of the artisan, while he remains unfettered by artificial circumstances; his respectability and freedom as a citizen, all converge to this result. Out of these he finds motives for perseverance and reasons for success; and of these the radiant spirit of enterprise is born, and assumes a ubiquitous presence. Cities and villages rapidly shoot up, covering the land, and commerce whitens the waters with her thousand sails. The unsophisticated mind is also active, struggling with an honesty of purpose through the labyrinth of principles; and according to the degree in which truth obtains the mastery, do we see the monarchy or the republic rise and take its stand among the nations.

But all the energy and industry of the people, after the area of the national limits becomes thoroughly filled up, tend to produce one result—a surplus wealth. Then a social revolution is introduced, in which capital dethrones labor and makes it a liveried slave. In consequence of its degradation, all who have it in their power desert its ranks and seek some higher walk in life; and those who are compelled to adopt it as a means of livelihood despise it, and many even prefer crime as an alternative. A great increase in the learned professions is an unfailing indication of a decay in the tone of the moral system of the nation which supports them. On the principle that "the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," we might, with tolerable correctness, estimate the degree of vice among a people by the number of their lawyers and divines. By evidences like these, the gradual transition from frugality to refinement may be noted, and as this revolution advances, the lines of demarcation, which separate the people into classes, become more clearly defined, and firmly established. Soon may be observed the extremes of splendor and wretchedness—the dwelling-places of the banker and the beggar. It is the age of inequality. Consult history or look abroad upon the States of Europe and you will

find it so. Wealth appears in the halls of legislation and in her marble palaces, drawing with her Pride and Scorn; but you may find Labor with her "Family of Pain," chained down in the workshops and factories. She only claims for her pittance bread enough to satisfy hunger, being reduced to this degraded point of misery by the competition of her own great household.

Since a portion of the people have the leisure and means for ministering to all their desires, every accessory to refinement is called forth. Their wants give birth to the fine arts and a national literature, which form the most conspicuous feature of the times which call them forth; and although they are legitimate blood-relations to labor, they are forced to play the parasite to the favored of fortune, for whom the poet offers up the brightest gems of his genius; for whom the artist gives life and beauty to the canvas, whilst the man of science explores the arcana of nature to find some new object for their pleasure. It was at a corresponding period that the scholars of Egypt made their profound learning the world's idolatry; that Greek and Roman writers rendered their land's language classic and permanent, and created a mythology the most beautiful from the most gross and ridiculous superstitions of the ignorant. During this period likewise it was that Horace reared his "monument more durable than brass," and that the Parthenon and the Theatre, the Coliseum and the Capitol arose.

The monuments of literature and art which are thus erected, stand out in such bold relief as to attract and dazzle the eye of the observer, and prevent him from seeing the real condition of the mass of the nation, as a bright glaring flame in a murky night renders the surrounding objects doubly obscure; and under this delusion looking back from the past, the heart almost "runs o'er with silent worship of the great old," in contemplating what seems to have been the beau-ideal of the people, and to have become incorporated in their intellectual character. A general view of the background, however, exhibits as strong a contrast to this outward picture as there is between light and chaos, the "melancholy mass" from which it sprung. Nevertheless, in conformity with the laws which govern the upward and onward progress of our race, this condition of things must be considered the *summum bonum* of mankind, since, so far as it goes, it represents the height of civilization, and is the inevitable tendency of association and communities.

In the course of time refinement slightly changes and becomes luxury, which ever has corruption in its train. A state may blaze for a time in the brilliance attendant upon luxury; but having arrived at a certain point, it makes a retrograde movement, and all is darkness again. The reason of this is obvious. Excessive sensual enjoyment corrupts the heart, enervates the mind, and blights its energies. The luxurious

"Sweat in palling pleasures, dull their souls,  
And sap their strength in toils which yield not  
Health like the chase or glory like the war."

Thus they are unfitted to guide a government in prosperity, or defend it when in danger; but tremble at the approach of the invader like the

monarch of Babylon, when the Mede thundered at his gate. Were it not for their imbecility, these wealthy aristocracies might last much longer. But the discontent of the lower orders of the people, under this state of things, is heightened and kept alive by unprincipled and ambitious demagogues ; and hence it is a period eminently characteristic of factions, which almost inevitably plunge the nation into a civil war. Goaded to desperation, they exhibit, in all their actions, a spirit like that embodied in a description of Shakspeare's—

———"let order die !

And let this world no longer be a stage,  
To feed contention to a lingering act ;  
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead !"

#### THE DYING TEMPLAR.

A mighty storm was beating o'er the mountain's rugged side,  
The thunder, wildly pealing, rolled on in lofty pride,  
While a lone, wounded Templar, with death-film o'er his eye,  
Gazed dimly at the lightning, as it darted, mocking, by.  
Beneath him were the foemen, who hunted for his life,  
Around him wavered visions of the battle's joyous strife ;  
He spoke of prowess knightly, from that lowly couch of moss,  
The glories of the Templars,—of the Order, Holy Cross.

"The Crescent o'er the Temple had cast a baleful ray,  
'Mid clouds of midnight blackness where once was holy day,  
Till our priestly, knightly Order, with rosary and sword,  
Purified from unbelievers, the dwelling of our Lord :  
And aye through Palestine, above the battle's swell,  
Before the moated castle, before the yawning fosse,  
The bravest o'er were Templars,—the Knights of Holy Cross.

"And in the martial conflict, at tournament and joust,  
His sword was ever keenest, his lance the minstrel's boast ;  
A snowy mantle lightly o'er his sable armor pressed,  
An emblem of the purity that swelled his Knightly breast :  
Or, clad in garments priestly, with crucifix and prayer,  
He bent to shrive the dying, he bent to hide a tear.  
Then, from that garb of meanness, as silver 'mid the dross,  
Shone the spirit of the Templar,—of the Order, Holy Cross.

"Now curses on the tyrant, whose coward jealousy  
Hath driven forth the Templar, in anguish here to die,  
May ever be upon him, the One avenging hand,  
Avenger of His Order, that fought in Holy Land.  
And curses on the shavelings, who wrought the envious deed,  
Let them find the hour of vengeance, in their hour of sorest need,  
Let them feel the retribution, in peril and in loss,  
The curses of the Templar,—the Priest of Holy Cross.

"My senses hardly linger; no more shall lips of mine  
Cry '*Beauseant for the Temple*,' or kiss the sacred shrine.  
Oh, Thou! whose arm of justice to mercy ever yields,  
Receive thy humblest soldier to his Order above,  
Among his comrades ancient, among the host of Love,  
And cleanse with showers heav'nly his earthly nature gross,—  
Receive the dying Templar,—redeemed through Holy Cross."

Life slumbers in him faintly, until he hears the clash  
Of the foemen's heavy armor, as they fiercely onward dash:  
A brown array of lances is leveled at his breast,  
His dying eyes are dazzled with flashing helm and crest,  
But he springs from the earth, and waves his sword on high,—  
He sinks to earth again, and gasps his battle-cry.  
Then passed away, 'mid foemen and in the tempest tows,  
The spirit of the Templar,—the Knight of Holy Cross.

## STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY:

OR,

GLEANINGS FROM MY JOURNAL.

"COME! now that we have seen all: dance, punch, theatricals, gambling, fencing, monstrosities, magicians and company, let us once more admire the tooth-extractor, ere we bid adieu to the village festival," urged Kosker, standing bolt upright in his stirrups, as we rode before the stand on which, with arms bared to the elbows, paced to and fro, as if in great excitement, a ferocious-looking fellow, trapped in finery and fantasticals of more varied shades and colors than ever graced the cloak of Joseph.

"Yes, gentlemen, and fair dames," cried the artist, as he spied our students' group approaching, "walk up! walk up! I alone can extract, from a simple incisor to the whole maxillary process, without causing suffering; a straw suffices, or a sword, the pain is nothing,—rather pleasing than otherwise. Walk up! walk up! give me one trial only! Walk up to Dr. Skiermankill, surgeon-dentist to the Khan of

Tartary, the Bashaw of Turkey, confidant of her majesty the Queen of England, (she has an awful mouth, sirs,) favorite and sole operator of the Kings and Emperors of Southern Europe! Four kreutzers for one tooth, three for the second, two for the third, and so on diminishing—all over five, gratis. Soldiers and children half-price; walk up! walk up!" And here Dr. Skiermankil, surgeon-dentist, friend and confidant of their potent majesties, tossed a formidable sabre under his arm, and clenching a huge steel instrument, so as to leave both hands free, drew out his diploma, a figured, painted scroll of asses' hide, some two feet by four, placarded at the bottom, sides, and top, with awe-inspiring seals, numerous enough to have rendered happy at least a score of doctors of ordinary stamp. "Walk up! walk up! Ah, my friend," smiled he, with an ogre's grin, as a villager slowly clambered up the platform, "sit down." And clutching with both hands the jaws of his writhing victim, he wrenched them open, and turned the distorted face to the admiring crowd. "Now, I do but ask of this enlightened assembly, if they ever saw, heard, or read, of a throat more thoroughly dirty and disgusting than this gentleman's which I here display?" And to add emphasis to his words, he cast his eyes on high, with a look of unbounded horror, and filled his nose with snuff. "Shall I take the straw?" insinuated Dr. Skiermankil, surgeon, friend, and confidant, etc. etc. etc., peering down the patient's throat, and approaching to his mouth a terrific-looking English key, wrapped around with a single strip of barley-stubble.

"No-o-o-o-o!" gasped the trembling boor, as, with eye-balls half hidden in his cheeks, he caught a glimpse of the murderous weapon. "No-o-o-o-o—I've tried that once; I'd even rather have the sword!"

In an instant the blade was glistening between his grinders; one push on the handle, one wrench of the blade, a crackling of bones, a half-suppressed yell, and the tusk flew whizzing in the air.

"There!" exultingly exclaimed the operator, addressing his quivering victim, "you did not feel it, did you?—three kreutzers, if you please. There, ladies and gentlemen, it is out; he says he did not feel it; walk up! walk up! You may walk down, sir; it is out—gone!"

"So I fear," muttered the countryman, passing both hands the whole length of his jaw.

"That will do!" laughed Krank, jerking his horse in a line with the nags which we bestrode; "home's the word, then, and a quick transit thither!" and off we scampered, scattering the crowd of gaping villagers like leaves before a storm. "Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!" shrieked my lord, squaring himself in his saddle, and pushing his hat over his eyes; "here we go, with a crash!" and his pipe flew in splinters over the courser's rump; and each one threw out his legs, to plunge with redoubled vigor his spurless heels between the furrows of the horses' ribs. On we plunged, at a stumbling gallop, past cot and wood, field and vineyard, hedge and wall, along the dusty road, like a ragged whirlwind.

"A catastrophe! a catastrophe ahead!" suddenly exclaimed the leader of our squad, as we reached the brow of a slowly-rising hill,



and stretching forward on our racers' necks, we spied a crowd of peasants at the bottom of the slope, clustering around what appeared to be a fallen horse and a broken cart. Down we scud, at a break-neck canter, as if all Tam O'Shanter's witches were tugging at our horses' tails, and came thundering in upon the appalled group, like so many battering-rams.

"Stay your hand, fellow!" cried Steplein, as the carter, after the first pause, occasioned by our irruption, strode forward with heavy raw-hide whip to beat again his prostrate horse.

"It's my horse," was the sullen reply, "and if he won't get up I'll make him;" and to add emphasis, he strung out a whole litany of oaths, and again the loaded handle fell with merciless stroke upon the bleeding sides of the quadruped, who, struggling and straining every muscle, arose to fall again with groans of agony and fear.

Steplein leaped from his saddle. "Hold my reins, Krank; give me that whip, fellow, I'll show you why your horse will not rise;" and wrenching it from the carter's hands, he seized him by the collar, and with a gallant flourish, lashed him blithely over legs and back. "Hee! get up, horsey!" cried the count, shaking off the grasp of the furious plebeian; "get up! hola!" and again the whip-handle, slung aloft, fell with a dull, heavy sound upon the scoundrel's head. "Hola! I say, horsey!" continued the student, throwing from him, with a kick, the struggling peasant, who, yelling with agony, stumbled and pitched forward on the road. "Get up with you, you lazy beast! why—don't—you—get—up?" fiercely laughed the count, accompanying every word with a sweeping stroke; the peasant, mingling screams and oaths, rolled and writhed in the dust with fearful contortions.

"There, vile brute, hissed Steplein, throwing down the shivered fragments of the whip, now you know why your horse could not arise. Here, men, untackle that poor beast in the cart,—coax him, that's it,—there, he's on his legs again: home, boys, home!"—and vaulting into his saddle, we started off anew. Nor did our cavalcade ever stop until we reached the stable-yard at home, when, like full-trained cavalry, all wheeled short round, bolted towards the open gate, and abruptly halted, as if transfixed, with their noses thrust in the troughs.

"At all events, I came in a full length ahead," quietly remarked Rengan, arising from the ground, where his racer had cavalierly thrown him.

"Did you hurt yourself?" whined Hardman, bursting out in a loud laugh.

"Oh, no! just spoiled my cap, and cracked my skull, that's all."

"A cap-ital and caput-al joke!" simpered Krank.

"There!" said Steplein, as we sat together in his room, "there!" slamming down, emphatically, a huge quarto before him, "I'm thirty pages wiser than I was two hours ago. Did not the castle-bell toll just now?" and heaving a deep sigh,—a sort of triumph of the body over the mind,—he pushed aside the volume, arose and unslung from amidst a dozen pipes hung on the wall, one of the largest dimensions, emblazoned with a many-quartered coat of arms.

"Aye," I answered, "throwing down my pen, "the clock struck one."

"And down he run, dickery, dickery, dock!" exclaimed a voice on the threshold, and my lord Englishman entered.

"Well! to-night, you are the first through your book-worming. Why, I've peeped through a dozen key-holes at least, and could find no idlers. You Germans are a strange set, crowning a bout with a night's study, sealing friendship with a rapier's blade, and—hang me if I don't publish a book on Germany when I get home."

"And pray tell me," asked the count, pushing back the candle so as to throw his face in the shade, and punching down with unnecessary effort the tobacco in his bowl, "pray tell me—just hand me that match—pray tell me what you—confound this tobacco, it won't light—what you intend"—puff, puff, went the pipe—"aye, now it burns—intend to say of us?"

Here my friend gave an awful pull at the stem, set the weed in a full blaze, and swallowing flame and smoke, started up, and with overflowing eyes, began to cough and spit and swear outrageously.

"Why," mused the author in embryo, "Imprimis, Chapter I. A pack of good-natured, clever, quarrelsome rowdies."

"Well," mumbled Steplein, giving a dozen quick and agitated pulls at the amber mouth-piepe, "what next?"

"Well," reechoed the Saxon, "Chapter II, a rollicking, frolicking care for nought—"

"What next?" interrupted the German, splitting the stem between his teeth.

"Chapter III," continued the imperturbable Englishman, "a troop of impudent, flaunting, dancing, drinking—"

"And then?" muttered Steplein, sending out each word, entwined in a circle of smoke, "after that?"

"Why, after that,—let me see,—well, End, or Finis."

Steplein bounded from his seat. "So it is always; not one word, no not one, of our virtues! A fig, a snap, a pin for travelers' remarks."

"Bah! sit down," quietly urged he of the immovable countenance. Would you have me write you down, in canting prose, apt and steady scholars, patient and persevering; as friendly, hospitable, open-hearted generous and noble, as you are gay and rollicksome? An interesting chapter that would make! It would clang like a sermon, man. Now, seriously, it were useless to touch upon your virtues, because, though precious, they are but silent and monotonous, as is all virtue. Distinguo: pleasures may be *described*, virtues but *indicated*. Besides, people have sense enough to suppose virtues, though they be not mentioned, upon the same principle that when we term a man a liar, we nevertheless suppose he concocts more truths than lies. We say that the earth is but a ball of mud, yet we know there are precious stones embedded in it. And so with character. virtue is so much more common an ingredient than vice, that we pass by the first unremarked, and note the latter only—and now I'm all out of breath with this eloquent effusion—and my pipe is out—so much for being so fiery."

"Will you not give place to the traveling mendicant student, my lord?" I suggested, innocently casting a merry side-glance at Steplein.

"Aye," cried the count, his eyes flashing fire as he spoke, "jumble that in too; but add also, that here, when intellect is poor in purse, it thinks it has a right, sanctioned by conscience and by custom too, to beg its road to education, and that he who drags through hardship and humiliation to attain a noble end, deserves our sympathy and our respect, nay, more, our admiration. Have I not seen our wretched paupers gather dung from off the highroads? Have I not seen our peasant women spreading on the rich man's lands, manure, which they tore to shreds with their naked fingers? Have I not seen, great God! tackled to the harrow with the beast, the toiling, denuded wretch of poverty—not often it is true, but still have I seen this—and all this degradation and vile drudgery for the gain of a miserable pittance to support the body and feed the flesh? Why, then, should not he who sees and perhaps has tasted of this bitterness,—why should not he, in order to support, nourish, and refine the mind, seek charity from those who can afford to give? Who knows but that the beggar-student may repay his debt towards his hopeless countrymen? Who knows but that the once starving wretch may bless the hour when she gave her mite to the traveling mendicant? Who knows?"—

Here the candle, shooting up one bright flame, glared wildly on the noble features of the count, and then suddenly dwindling down, shed a lurid, bluish light upon us, and sank sputtering in the socket. "Good night, Steplein,—good night, my friend,—good night,—good night."

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## SCENERY AMONG THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

### NO. I.

WHEN we have observed the apathy and insensibility which the American people, as a body, exhibit respecting the grand and beautiful, that Nature has scattered with so lavish a hand in every direction over our country, we have been at a loss whether to attribute it to a want of capacity to appreciate the exhibition of beauty and grandeur, to an unremitting homage before the shrine of Mammon, or to the arbitrary demands of Fashion. If the former of these reasons, as we are inclined to believe, does not exist, the two latter certainly do; else why is it that they ply so incessantly the instruments for hoarding filthy lucre? or when the summer solstice at last compels them to lay these aside and leave the crowded thoroughfares of the city, why do they exchange them for the equally crowded resorts of fashion and dissipation?

To counteract, so far as we can, these pernicious influences, and excite, if possible, in the breasts of some who may peruse these pages, a desire to examine for themselves the grand and lovely exhibitions of

Nature, are our objects in presenting these descriptions of American Scenery. If we should effect our aim in a single instance, we should feel amply rewarded for our labor.

The lofty mountains, the broad lakes, the picturesque streams, the majestic rivers, the awful cataracts that lie scattered through our country, are not surpassed, if equaled, by those of any other on the face of the globe. Other lands may perhaps rival our own in some one of these features of natural scenery, but not one can present them all in their variety and richness. We lack, it is true, some of those features which throw around European Scenery half its attractions. We cannot point to the crumbling ruins of ancient art, whose origin carries us far back into the dim vista of antiquity, and whose lofty battlements have witnessed in the onward march of time the rise and fall of empires, the terrific meeting of mighty armies, and the still more terrific outbursts of popular fury. We have no lofty columns seeming to pierce the very sky and presenting on their time-worn sides the history of battles and triumphs, no stately cathedrals hallowed by the lapse of centuries, and decorated with the wealth of kings and emperors, and no moss-clad towers whose halls once rung to the voice of mirth and revelry. We cannot point to where a Cicero poured forth the thunder of his eloquence, or where a Cæsar, in disobeying the decrees of his country's Senate, plunged that country into all the horrors of a civil war. We have no Rome with her seven hills and long line of king, consul, and emperor, no Athens with her chaste and classic architecture.

American Scenery cannot boast of these adventitious aids. Associations it does indeed possess, but they are national in their character, and until hallowed by the flight of centuries will fail to excite emotions save in American breasts. But in the pure and unadorned features of natural scenery we may safely challenge the world. We not only possess the purity of the Italian sky, the grandeur of the Alpine peak, and the picturesque beauty of the Rhine, but our western wilds present the majestic river, the broad lake, and the sublime cataract, in their own peculiar and striking forms. For boldness of outline, for a variety that almost runs riot in its profusion, for harmony of combination, and for perfectness of finish, American Scenery is unrivaled.

At the northern end of Lake Winnepisiogee lies a small village called Centre Harbor, and consisting of two or three private residences and as many hotels for the accommodation of those travelers who have the curiosity to visit the beautiful scenery in the neighborhood. It derives its name from its position, being situated upon the centre of three inlets which terminate this end of the Lake. About four miles from this little village lies a lofty eminence, which has received the appellation of Red Mountain, and from whose summit the eye wanders over a scene of singular beauty. It was about the hour of noon on the 15th of July, 184—, that in company with some friends I left the hotel at Centre Harbor and began the ascent of this isolated peak. When within about three quarters of a mile of the summit, we came unexpectedly upon an old dwelling perched upon the brow of the mountain,

where we were heartily welcomed by its occupant, an old woman who had seen the frosts and snows of fourscore years, and yet her sight was little dimmed and her voice loud as ever. Indeed, we noticed throughout this part of the country a very large proportion of aged persons, and all in strong and vigorous health, owing doubtless to the invigorating qualities of the mountain air and the habits of the people themselves. Like the rugged hills among which they are born and nurtured, they seem to be little affected by the ravages of aught save time and weather. Far removed from the lap of luxury, and free from the pernicious influence of those vices that are met with in more favored climes, they escape their enervating effects, while necessity forces them to an industrious course of life to gain a comfortable subsistence. Thus guarded from vice and indolence, they live out all their days in health and happiness, and submit not to the summons of the great destroyer till age forbids the body any longer to perform its functions.

The old woman, in childlike simplicity, had many inquiries to make, and we willingly satisfied her curiosity. After drinking a tumbler of milk, and bestowing upon her a token of our regard for her kindness, we left the old woman and her dwelling, and after a tedious and toilsome ascent arrived at the summit of the mountain. And amply were we repaid for all our toil: the eye glances around an immense amphitheatre of several hundred miles in circuit, enclosed by lofty hills of granite, ramparts of Nature's making. In the north towered in solemn grandeur the Alps of New England, with their bare and rugged peaks distinctly visible. In the south, east, and west, lay other summits of less elevation, but yet bold and striking in their outlines. I had read, with feelings of wonder and admiration, descriptions of Roman amphitheatres, their colossal size and majestic architecture, their massive walls and costly decorations; but in comparison with the natural one, in the midst of which we now stood, they all sunk into insignificance. It embraces every description of scenery, from the tall and towering mountain to the calm and placid lake. Directly beneath us lay Squam Lake in all its loveliness, perfectly calm and motionless, save here and there where the gentle breeze shooting around some lovely island scarce disturbed the placid water, causing it to curl slightly beneath its kiss, and then dying away almost before its power was felt. No unrelieved expanse of water produced by its dull monotony a fatigue to the eye, for in every direction were spread over the lake numerous and diversified islands. Of every possible form and shape, from the most strictly mathematical to the most irregular and fantastic, the eye now rests upon them individually with the most intense delight, scanning their dark-green foliage with which the greater part are covered to the very water's edge, or tracing the rocky sides and sandy outlines of others less favored by nature, and now enjoys at a glance the combined effect of them all. The northern and eastern shores of the lake, which rise gradually to a mountainous height and terminated at our feet, were covered with copse-wood and beautifully diversified. At one point a gentle promontory, clothed with its foliage of green, surges forward

to the lake ; at another a small bay curves among the overhanging trees and winds under the rocky shore. In every direction some new feature, some fresh object, present themselves, each rapidly succeeding the other, all different in their effect, though exhibiting similar materials, and in nowise less interesting by repetition. The whole appeared like some fairy scene, and forcibly reminded us of the imaginary descriptions of the Eastern novelist.

Toward the southeast, Winnipisiogec,

"In all her length far winding lay,  
With promontory, creek, and bay,  
And islands that, empurpled bright,  
Floated amid the livelier light."

In the centre of this lake a noble channel sweeps to the distance of twenty three miles unbroken by a single bush or rock, from which extend both ways a succession of arms, as it were, formed by numerous islands nearly all lying at right angles to the channel, and skirted with shores of every irregular formation. The varied appearance of the islands, some cultivated by the hand of industry and presenting luxuriant fields of grain and corn, others enriched by Nature with shrubs and reeds, tends to charm the eye. It is only from such an elevation that the numerous capes, bays and promontories, with which the lake is studded in every direction, are to be seen in all their richness and beauty ; it is there only that the varieties of the scene, arising from the waving of the trees, the ripples occasioned by the transient breeze, and the coppice reflected on the mirrored surface of the water, can be truly appreciated. Over the whole the declining sun poured his gorgeous hues, creating numerous and diversified shadows upon the sparkling ripples where some fairy-like island met his rays.

I would here remark, that, although the Indian names of these lakes are far more melodious and agreeable to the ear when correctly pronounced than those of any other language, yet no less distinguished a person than Dr. Dwight has had the barbarity to change them, and insert in their stead in his journal English names, for no other reason than that they have an uncouth appearance. The beautiful name of Winnipisiogee\* he has changed for that of Wentworth. 'I am suam reprimé,' for his profane attempt, I can give it no better title, has wholly failed, and the same melodious names that once rung from the mouth of the red man still greet the traveler's ear. Take away these names, and you remove the delightful associations which give much of their attractions to these romantic sheets of water. They recall to mind the people who once inhabited these delightful spots long ere the woodman's axe sent its echoes through the forest. Here the red man, disdainful the arts of civilized life, sounded the loud warwhoop through the unbroken woods, or chased the moose and the deer over the uncultivated heath. Here he shot his light canoe over the calm waters, or under some shady bank baited the unwary fish. Here the Indian

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\* Win-ny-pis-i-ock-y.

maiden dressed her glossy locks by the clear stream, and gazed with womanish satisfaction on her own fair image in the watery mirror. Here the Indian brave and his dusky mistress whiled away the happy hours in the enjoyments and endearments of mutual love. And could the stones and trees find voices, how many an unrecorded vow and plighted faith would they disclose !

In the distance are seen other smaller bodies of water relieving the otherwise unbroken extent of forest by which they seem to be surrounded, while the constant succession of hill and dale presents at every moment some new feature as yet unobserved. Throughout the whole extent of the scene, wild forests and richly cultivated fields seem to run into each other ; and hill and plain are thickly studded with dwellings, appearing in the broad light of the sun like so many sparkling gems. As these objects gradually recede and vanish in the distance, the lofty mountains rise in solemn grandeur, closing the scene and shutting from view the world beyond. We would fain have lingered long by this enchanting prospect, but the brilliant luminary had already given a parting kiss to the distant mountains around whose summits the dim twilight was throwing her misty mantle, while the falling dew warned us to retrace our steps to our hotel.

On the morning of the 17th we left Conway and commenced the ascent of the mountains. The air was so clear and cool as to render our overcoats very comfortable. We left the main road for the first few miles and proceeded on a more direct though less frequented route, from which the mountains were to be seen to the best advantage. The sun soon rose quite to our satisfaction, dissipating the vapor that hovered over the streams, and warming with his genial rays the cool atmosphere. The road winds along the Saco, which runs foaming down the hills, now gliding softly through the thick foliage which in many places completely covered it, and now leaping madly over some slight precipice far below us. Before us lay the mountains, yet blue and misty, though all directly around us was glittering in the rays of the sun. The birds were singing gaily their morning carols, which added to the music of the gushing water at our side, and rendered it almost a scene of enchantment.

As the day advanced the fog rolled slowly from the sides of the mountains, exposing their gray and hoary outlines and presenting a scene very similar to one which Milton describes :

“ The mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and their broad, bare backs upheave  
Into the clouds: their tops ascend the sky.”

A cloud long lingered over the top of Mt. Washington, as though loth to leave its rocky bed, tossed into wild and fantastic forms, and casting a deep shadow over the rocks below.

The view at the Elder Crawford's is very fine and striking. You stand on the side of an immense amphitheatre, elliptical in form, surrounded on all sides by the various peaks of the White Mountains, and defying all human competition. As many millions could sit here as

hundreds in the boasted amphitheatres of art. We left here before the noon was spent, in order to survey more leisurely the Notch, or, more properly speaking, the Pass. About six miles above Crawford's the Pass commences, extending about two miles between a double barrier of mountain ranges from a quarter to a half of a mile in length, and terminating, at the northern extremity, in two perpendicular cliffs, that seem to have been rent asunder by some convulsion of Nature, or by the irresistible pressure of a large lake which might once have occupied the country above.

At the southern extremity which we entered, the termination is less abrupt and perceptible, yet sufficiently so to enable the watchful traveler to mark its position. As you enter the narrow defile, the mountains seem to close behind you and remain closed before you. Almost directly at the entrance of the Pass, the Notch house is situated, interesting as being the scene where the Willey family were swept away by what is here termed an avalanche. This occurred in the summer of 1826. The family, as their beds and clothing showed, had retired to rest, little suspecting, it would seem, the danger that was hovering over them. The night was unusually dark and tempestuous, and seemed to threaten a recurrence of those slides which a short time previous had taken place, though not sufficiently alarming the inmates of the house to prevent them, as we have observed, from retiring to rest. Late in the night the catastrophe happened; the rain descended in torrents from the clouds, and throughout the whole extent of the Pass swept down the steep declivities, carrying every thing before it. The largest and most destructive of these torrents started from the top of the mountain that lies directly in the rear of the house, and crowded with stones, trees and earth which it had loosened at its outset and in its progress, swept on toward the house until within about a rod of it, when striking a huge rock which there lay in its path, it divided into two smaller streams, each of them however of immense power, and rushed madly on past both sides of the dwelling, leaving that, as well as a little green sward in front of it, on which were reposing a flock of sheep, uninjured, when it again united, carried away the stable and horses, and swept on over the meadow and orchard, depositing over the whole an immense bed of sand and rocks. The family, it would appear, frightened by the noise of the roaring torrent which seemed to be coming directly upon them, and by the dashing against the rear of the house, of that part of the torrent which flowed over the obstructing rock, rushed from the house in hopes of escaping the danger. But they only hastened into its very jaws. Had they remained in the dwelling, they would have escaped without the least injury; but terrified by the apparent approach of destruction, and unable in the darkness to discern its direction and progress, they took that course which seemed to them to promise an escape. Their bodies were swept along with the mass of water and rubbish, and deposited with it on the meadow below, where a rough board is now placed for the information of the traveler. We left our carriage and examined the house and the grounds around, particularly the bed of the stream, or rather torrent, which looks as



fresh as if recently made, and the rock which diverted the torrent from its direct course. I had hoped to have found the house as the catastrophe left it; but the avaricious hand of man had remodeled it so as to destroy the effect which otherwise the desolate appearance of the place would have produced.

From this point is a fine view of the Pass lying directly before you. Throughout the whole extent, frequent torrents, produced by heavy rains or the melting of the wintry snows, have left indelibly imprinted, upon both sides of the Pass, marks of their progress, extending from the summits of the mountains to their base. Huge masses of granite of every size and shape obtrude themselves into view. Chasms of every description and in every direction are seen, suggesting to the mind the occurrence, at a former time, of some vast convulsion of Nature. Over all, rise above the continued ridge, gray peaks resembling castellated turrets.

The Pass now gradually diminishes in width, scarcely leaving room for the Saco and the road, the latter of which is in many places cut into the solid rock. We soon reached a small stream known by the name of the Flume, from the resemblance which its channel, worn into the mountain, bears to that object, its sides being perpendicular to the bottom. The stream falls from a considerable height over three precipices at short distances from each other, two above and one almost directly under the road. The first and second of these cascades are unbroken, the third is divided by projecting rocks into three, which fall into one basin below. Although the stream was diminutive in size, yet the peculiar formation of its channel, and the graceful descent of the water, through which the rays of the setting sun were playing, gilding its gliding foam and disclosing the granite pebbles at its bottom, enchanted us for a time with solemn grandeur in every direction, and a tranquillity unbroken save by the sprightly murmurings of this little stream, and the Saco, of which it is a tributary.

Passing on, we soon reached the Notch itself. This consists of two perpendicular cliffs, about twenty feet apart, leaving hardly room for the road and the Saco, which has here worn a passage deep in the solid rock, now gliding along in view, and now flowing beneath the loose rocks and stones, as if ashamed to disclose its diminutive size, having dwindled to a mere brook, with its source a few rods above. Here rocks of every imaginable shape are piled one above the other in wonderful confusion, their fronts rugged and hoary with moss. The water was here and there trickling down their sides, a few wild flowers were peering from the crevices where they had succeeded in gaining a foothold, and occasionally a slender vine straggled over the protruding rocks and hung gracefully down their sides, showing the reluctance with which vegetation releases even the most barren of Nature's dominions. By what tremendous power these cliffs were separated—for separated they most unquestionably were—must be left to conjecture. Whether their present condition is the result of the deluge, or of volcanic action, throwing up from below the original surface these awful piles of granite which meet the eye in every direc-

; whether an earthquake rent them asunder and tumbled the med fragments into the ravine below ; or whether an immense of water, once occupying the country above, forced itself a passthrough what was once a barrier against its progress ; these are questions which, in the absence of positive information, cannot be factorily solved. Each has its advocates and an appearance of ability.

often rambled over this wild and romantic spot, examined every and crevice, and every time with increased interest. There is rock, or rather group of rocks, that deserve a passing notice. se are so arranged as to bear some slight resemblance to an oldoned pulpit, the mass gradually enlarging from its base, and pronng over the rocks below, with its summit nearly coinciding with ine of the main cliff. It is difficult of access, and after considerlabor,—for the cliff, though not high, is almost perpendicular, and alipperry,—I succeeded in reaching what might be considered oorway of the pulpit. From this place Nature speaks with a louder more eloquent voice than the studied orator from the marble desk. hrough this Notch the Indians were accustomed, in the early setent of the country below, to make sudden irruptions upon the unecting inhabitants, and before a sufficient force could be collected pose them, would as suddenly disappear with their booty. The es, ignorant of the existence of such a pass in the mountains, for a long time unable to account for the sudden appearance and lly sudden disappearance of their savage foes. It is now the ipal route through to Canada from the country south of it.

E. H. H.

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### WILL SHE FORGET ME ?

BY WILLIAM SMITH.

Will she forget me—she, whose face redeemed  
 The promise of its Spring,  
 And from whose radiant eyes such brightness beamed,  
 As I ne'er in my secret heart had dreamed  
 Could come from earthly thing ?  
 Will she forget me,—she, my spirit's shrine,  
 Whose form I worship as a thing divine,  
 And which to me in all my wanderings far,  
 Will be my idol thought, my guiding star ?  
 Will she forget me,—she, whose presence sent  
 A charm to all my hours,  
 And to my lonely thought a glory lent,  
 That cast its hues in varied beauties blent,  
 O'er earth and sky and flowers ?

Those hours, those halcyon hours ! they 've passed away,  
 Like gilded clouds, that but a moment play  
 In loveliness along the evening sky,  
 Then change, and fade, and dazzle, as they die.

Will she forget me,—she, for whom I pray  
 In all my nightly dreams?

My name, O no ! it cannot pass away,  
 Like the swift winds or like the morn's bright ray,  
 That flits across the streams ;

By friends to be forgotten is to perish,  
 To lose all Joy, all Hope, all things we cherish ;  
 But Oh ! by her we love, to be unknown,  
 No fate can be so bitter, dark and lone !

Will she forget me,—she whose name is shrined  
 In my sad heart alone?

When others' words are scattered to the wind,  
 Her last farewell will linger in my mind,  
 A fond remembered tone ;

And when Youth's flowers within my breast lie dead,  
 When Autumn o'er my path its blossoms shed,  
 My heart will think, whate'er my fateful lot,  
 My name remembered, though perchance forgot.

WESTON, Mo.

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#### IAGO.

IT has become fashionable of late for the critics of Shakspeare to search in each play "for its inmost germ of life, and from hence to trace out the principle and progress of its growth ; in short, to discover and to illustrate the internal law of its organization, and the unity both of mind and life which pervade its whole form, and all its parts and members." But as yet we find greater satisfaction in forgetting that Shakspeare or anybody else ever wrote the tragedy we are perusing, and in studying the characters as living realities, in tracing out their individuality, and making acquaintance with their kindred, and detecting the resemblances and points of difference between them.

We have not yet learned to care so much for the reputation of the dramatist as for the naturalness of the characters. We prefer to see how each one stands in relation to his fellows, and how they move among each other ; not how much credit they reflect on their creator ; even as we prefer the living energy of men to the puppet figures of the skillful mechanician.

We have no idea of writing a formal essay on the genius of Shakspeare, but shall content ourselves with the contemplation of a single

character, in respect to its consistency and harmony. No critic has yet given us a full length portrait of Iago. Dr. Ulrici, who is now the model of Shaksperian criticism, has devoted but half a page to him. Hazlitt has dwelt longer upon him, but only as it was necessary to develop the character of Othello. His peculiar traits, or rather the peculiar degree of certain traits, seem to claim for him a more critical analysis than either of these accomplished writers have attempted.

A cursory examination of the tragedy of Othello, has doubtless satisfied every one that Iago is something more than a "good hater." If there is any term comprehensive enough to characterize him, it is that of a VILLAINOUS HATER. Hatred evidently enters most largely into the composition of his individuality. Yet we cannot call it an absorbing passion, for we are accustomed to associate this term with some excitement or agitation of the mind. And Iago does not betray any thing like emotion, except where he is describing to Roderigo the rejection of his suit for the lieutenancy, which had been preferred by "three great ones of the city," and asks, with some show of emotion, whether he is in "any just term affined to love the Moor?" After the first Act there is no mark of real passion in the whole play. Indeed, his hatred loses its distinctive character after the first Scene. In the development of the plot there is disclosed to us a heart which has evidently been agitated by the fierce stirrings of hate, but which now exhibits only the distortions occasioned by its throes. All seems calm—but it is the calmness of a deeply settled malignity. Not a trace of disquietude, not a sign of irresolution appears, as if some generous, manlike impulse still lingered about him—not the slightest indication of any tumult within—no rash resolutions—no hasty movements—no insane attempts of revenge; but a quiet, dogged, sullen purpose, that has sundered every tie of sympathy and affection, and with a power inhuman, has turned the soul itself into a spring of bitterness, still as a lake at evening, when the breezes sleep—but moving on to the attainment of its object with all the strength that an indomitable will and a cunning stealth unitedly possess.

Some have been not a little troubled to find a reason for this soul-possessing malignity, sufficiently plausible to satisfy the imagination. Though there may have been cause for ill-will, and even hatred, it is insufficient to account for the depth and strength of his malignity. One can conceive how Shylock should not forget that the man who then was praying for three thousand ducats, had one day called him "cut-throat dog, and spit upon his gaberdine." Why should not a Jew have passions and affections even as others—and when the highest insult that he could receive had been gratuitously offered him, and the author of his shame had at last been forced to sue for help—who could wonder at his practicing upon the lesson he had learned, and, like his Christian persecutor, taste the sweetness of revenge beneath a show of justice? But with Iago there was no such provocation. He had only failed to get the price that he had set upon himself. Some little display of chagrin would be very natural, but

nothing more. If this is the only cause of his intense hatred, and the only circumstance which prompted him to lay his plans so deliberately, and pursue them so pertinaciously, then we have an exhibition of a man who would seem to have been born destitute of every manly sentiment; who never saw any thing lovely or attractive in truth or virtue; who, though possessed of what he facetiously nick-names humanity, could never for one moment have felt or yielded to its influence, or if so, had by a long course of crime entirely burnt it out of him; an exhibition, in short, of the legitimate outworkings of a spirit completely imbued with, and thoroughly dyed in, the rankest hatred.

The soul-possessing malignity of Iago, though engendered in hatred, becomes finally established only by the aid of the inherent vices of his character. In that single reply to Roderigo, when laughing him out of an intention to drown himself, that "since he could distinguish between a benefit and an injury, he had never found a man that knew how to love himself," we detect one characteristic, favorable, and indeed necessary, to the existence of a deep-seated malignity. Iago was supremely selfish. Moreover, he possessed an inordinate self-esteem, by which he could not brook the conferring of honors on inferiors. Hence his anger when he heard that Michael Cassio, a man

"That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knew  
More than a spinster;"

whose soldiership was "prattle without practice,"—had received the lieutenancy, while he, who had given many honorable proofs of his worth at Cyprus and at Rhodes, must be his "Moorship's ancient." Such is the beginning; and time increases, instead of diminishing, the intensity of his feeling. He soon recollects a vague and long-forgotten rumor, that the "Moor had leaped into his seat;" the thought whereof doth, "like a poisonous mineral, gnaw him inwardly." This is the finishing motive. Now he will be even with him, wife for wife, or failing so, "infuse in him a jealousy beyond a cure." Have we not then, in his mortified pride, backed by a supreme selfishness, and heightened by an afterthought of jealousy, sufficient reasons for the concoctions of all his hellish designs, and for his pertinacity in following them out to a complete accomplishment?

We have thus far considered the individuality of Iago, and the causes of it, independent of all other real or imaginary characters. But it is evident that a comparison between him and others is necessary to a just conception of him. Unlike Richard III., he has no ambition beyond the attainment of the lieutenancy—unlike Shylock, a far less cause will prompt him to as deliberate and diabolical a mode of revenge. He exceeded Lady Macbeth in wickedness only because he was not a woman. She was as void of principle, but not of sentiment. She could frighten away Macbeth's misgivings, and compel

him to his resolution. She could drug the possets of the grooms, and lay their daggers ready, but she whispers as she leaves the chamber,

“ Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done't.”

Iago had all her diabolical spirit, and obduracy enough besides, to keep him from flinching when the crisis came. He is pre-eminent among all his kindred villains, and outdoes them all in their peculiar forte. With others we feel comparatively secure, because they seem incapable of doing *every thing*, either from the dullness of their wit, or because we detect some faint gleams of humanity yet playing about their wretched souls. Richard needs a Buckingham to suggest particular crimes, and to point out the best way of committing them. We have already seen that Lady Macbeth could plan, but yet falter in the execution. But Iago surpasses them all by combining in himself the will, the hatred, the obduracy, the patience, the cunning—every thing, in short, that could command complete success. He is therefore a man that nobody can love, but is to be kept at a distance proportioned to the knowledge one has of his real character. We can not discover the slightest display of any thing like affection, even in his intercourse with those against whom he has no enmity. His dupe and tool, Roderigo, “poor trash of Venice,” is the butt of his ridicule. His wife is the slave of his humor, and a mark for his pitiless sarcasms. Our wonder is that he ever got married at all. Certainly there could have been no love in the matter. And as to his having pets, that is out of the question; he would have kicked the dog that fawned upon him. A pleasant encounter of wit is not to be thought of either, for he is such an incorrigibly “hard hitter.” It were as much as his life was worth to bestow a kind word on any body. Not even the presence of the gentle Desdemona can soothe the bitterness of his spirit, or teach his tongue to utter gentle words.

“ *Iago.* You are pictures out of doors,  
Bells in your parlors, wild cats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended.

*Des.* But what praise could'st thou bestow  
On a deserving woman?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair and never proud,  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;  
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay,  
Fled from her wish, and yet said—now I may,  
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrongs stay, and her displeasure fly;  
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following, and not look behind;  
She was a wight—if ever such wight were,—

*Des.* To do what?

*Iago.* To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.”

One remarkable quality we have not yet noticed. His malignity,

his disposition for intrigue, his nerve to execute, are all apparent enough; but besides these he displays a minute acquaintance with the weaknesses of human nature, and a consummate skill in using his tools, not as the hirelings of a villain, but as the apparent executioners of their own designs. Roderigo is the disappointed lover of Desdemona. Iago laughs him out of his intention to drown himself, and schools him into the belief that there is no such thing as love—it is none other than lust tempered with such show of reason as may gain for it an honorable title among men. Therefore let him “put money in his purse,” and wait until the fair Venetian shall have become sated with her lord, and learned to loath as heartily as she then adored him. To give color to his philosophy, to inspire Roderigo with the hope of gratifying his lust, and influence him with jealousy towards Cassio, he points out the increasing fondness of Desdemona for the lieutenant, and the silly dupe suffers himself to be filched of his jewels, and becomes so bitter an enemy of Cassio that he is ready to strike when Iago gives the hint.

Cassio, too, is to be made, unwittingly, the instrument of his own destruction, while pleading with Desdemona for Othello’s forgiveness. Every effort to extricate himself affords fresh opportunities to Iago for poisoning the mind of the Moor against him, and at the same time of strengthening his suspicion of her virtue. But the master triumph of Iago was over Othello. He had to deal with one whose openness invited the attempt, but whose fiery spirit could be wrought to frenzy by a hint, so that it were impossible to tell whether Desdemona or Iago would feel the weight of his anger. The task which he was now fairly engaged in was such as none but an Iago could enter upon, or have the heartlessness to execute. A contraction of the brows, the echoing of his master’s words, is enough for a beginning; and when the poison begins to work, he cries,

“Beware, my lord, of jealousy!”

When Othello falters, Iago grows bolder—when Othello is ready to burst with rage, Iago begins to soothe, yet even in his soothing he takes care to irritate the wound.

We are inclined to believe that Iago did not at the outset contemplate the death of Desdemona. He confesses nothing more than the “infusion of jealousy beyond a cure.” The result might have been a separation, but death could not have been anticipated. We believe him to have been driven to extremities in self-defense. There was no retreat for him after having once roused the Moor. Death was to be the penalty if he failed to prove her dishonest; and her destruction alone could insure him safety.

But though he may not have foreseen the actual result, he had already proved himself capable of any thing. Roderigo had been pushed to assassinate Cassio as a dangerous rival in Desdemona’s affections; and he himself had slain Roderigo when his dagger was not needed, when his presence had become troublesome, and even his existence dangerous to himself. And now that his own crimes

have hedged him in, one more victim for his safety is a trivial sacrifice. Iago is triumphant. But what a triumph! Peace of mind disturbed, confidence destroyed, the ties of conjugal affection rudely sundered. The hopes of wedded life suddenly blasted—all, all, the fruits of pure malignity.

In the very moment of triumph, Iago finds himself ensnared in his own toils—the last desperate act has closed every avenue of escape. The strong arm of the law is now upon him, and the sword of justice appears ready to cleave him to the earth.

In reviewing the character of Iago, we perceive that he has cut himself away from the sympathy of every one. Channing, in his analysis of the character of Satan, alludes “to the touches of better feelings skillfully thrown into the dark picture, which are both suited and designed to blend with our admiration, dread and abhorrence, a measure of that sympathy and interest with which every living thinking being ought to be regarded, and without which all other feelings tend to sin and pain.” But there is nothing of this in Iago—he hates without a worthy cause—he strikes without remorse—he asks no sympathy—he shows none. How can we give him ours? It is far more consonant with our feelings to take him as we would a viper, and put our heel upon his head. And the only satisfaction left us is, what we must confess to be a refreshing thought, that with Cassio remains the “censure of this Spartan dog,” and that the time, the place, the torture, shall be carefully provided.

D. T. N.

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#### ARISTOCRACY IN AMERICA.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing in America that so much excites the wonder of strangers as the nature of our social distinctions. These are peculiar to ourselves—founded on no precedents, but graven out of the rough mass of society, without regard to former standards or ancient rules. Like artists of a new school, we have sought our models in nature, and have studied the works of the old masters, rather to avoid their errors than to imitate their graces. Our object has been to embody as nearly as possible the abstract idea of democracy, with only such modifications as were essential to national existence. No distinctions were recognized by law; but these were left to grow, as they necessarily must, out of the inclinations of the people. They were deprived of all dangerous influence, and permitted only to acquire what they could by voluntary cession. They were entrusted to the tide of public opinion, and then suffered to find an anchorage where they could. It would have been absurd to attempt their total demolition. A component part of society in every stage, they could not be abolished. No efforts could eradicate—no statutes could prevent them. Belonging to the constitution of Nature, neither constitution nor laws of men could effect their extinction. Society might be leveled for a time—its origi-



nal elements might be confused and blended in a general mass—violent commotions might shake it till it totter, and fall a heap of rubbish; yet will it rise again—restore itself to the original form, remodel and reestablish itself on the same base, with the same peculiarities, the same distinctions that Nature in her wisdom first ordained.

These distinctions are innate with man. They originate in the disposition and activity of his powers, mental and physical; and they must live on and flourish till Nature herself is equalized—till she ceases to fix her seal, stamped with energy of character, power of intellect, or glow of genius. Artificial distinctions, indeed, may be avoided, and happily they were avoided on this continent. The consequence is, that we find ourselves freed from a nobility which has no better claim than accident; and from an aristocracy that would oppress while it impoverishes—a class separate in feeling and interest from the large mass of the people. A wise prudence has provided against these. The experience of the old world had demonstrated their impolicy and injustice; and in America they were destined to find no genial clime—no soil favorable to their growth. They were left rooted where they first had being, and will remain there to enlarge their power, until the very existence of this power shall occasion their downfall. They exclude all sustenance from the earth about their roots, which, meanly as they regard it, is the source of their existence, and must soon wither and perish, because that earth will refuse its support. The hand of violence shall uproot them, and their once proud trunks, in rapid decay, shall reinvigorate the soil they have exhausted.

We were not to be cursed with them. Happy in this, if in nothing else, we may regard them as foreign to the spirit of our institutions, and never destined to bring on us the calamities which follow in their train. The painted crest and gorgeous insignia of nobility appear not among us. They are to us as wild stories of days past—confounded with old battle-fields, and the exploits of chivalrous knights who have passed away to make room for another generation and a new era. We know them not—recognize them not, as things of our age, but ask for more than these—for energy and mind, rather than old tales and gilded display, to prove men great or noble. The aristocracy of America is of another stamp. It has its foundations in truth, justice and worth. Renewed every generation, and made by itself, none other can be found so superior in all that should pertain to rank and influence. Before it heraldry bows down, and hides its head in shame; for our aristocracy is above and beyond its reach. It looks to other proofs than lengthened tables of genealogy, and spurns, with contempt, the would-be emblems of great deeds. Titles it has not, nor would have. In itself, in its own greatness, in its own influence, are best displayed its dignities. Nature has bestowed her patent—Man recognizes its authority.

There may, however, be some claimants to this distinction who little deserve it; and for these a slight passing notice will serve to demonstrate their insignificance. We refer more particularly to the assumed aristocracy of birth—a branch, we suppose, of those old distinctions

long since exploded here. Whence the numerous claimants of this kind derive their claims, it is difficult to determine ; for we had thought that in America all were, at least, *born* equal. This being one of the first principles in our political code, we have yet to learn that there can be any superiority amongst us derived from birth. In some cases, it is true, an ancestor has been highly gifted and honored ; but while we are disposed to revere the memory of said ancestor, it would be far from our design to fall down and worship his pigmy descendants. We only recognize in the claims of these " first families " their already too palpable *descent*. They appear to stand among others in a broad valley, and point with the most ridiculous gravity to some eminence once occupied by their several families—boasting of their own *descent*. Awe-struck by the magnificence of their tone and gesture, and supposing that there is something to admire in daring leaps from point to point, slight holds upon roots and twigs, or the passage of mountain torrents—perhaps some such *descent* as that made by the author of 'Typee' and his companion when they came into a valley of the Marquesas—we turn to gaze upon the mighty impediments to their downward progress. Can it be that there were none ? Why then do they boast of this *descent* ? men should only pride themselves on conquering difficulties, or on the display of great powers. These persons have done neither. The difficulties were rather in maintaining an elevated position ; and this they have lost. This display of powers should have been in mounting higher ; but they have fallen lower. Alas ! we pity them. They abandon the real for a mere phantom. They seek to gild themselves with particles from the tomb. They vainly think to derive lustre from the deeds of another. In pity we speak of them, not in ridicule—pity for their ignorance, their too short-sightedness.

We admit that it is a noble theme—the virtues of our fathers, their talents, the dignities bestowed on them by gratitude and love. It is, indeed, a generous subject for thought, that we can be proud of the memories of those whom nature has taught us to revere as the authors of our existence. It is gratifying and encouraging to find our names recorded in a nation's annals, and honored by a nation's homage. But it is not noble, nor generous, to think of these with pride merely—to seek our own elevation through others, without native exertion—to cast them scornfully in the way of those whom energy and talent are even now bearing aloft through difficulties and trials. Such illiberality is only worthy our contempt. May it find no kindly aid in America ! May its growth be checked ; and even those " of the first families " learn that merit is the only acknowledged claim to distinction.

Birth may substantiate an otherwise good claim ; but it never can create one—and will tend to degrade those who are too arrogant in their pretensions. It has its advantages in leaving a path open which to others may be full of obstacles ; but that path must be pursued, or the advantages are lost forever. It affords increased facilities, ordinarily, for the cultivation of natural powers, and hence imposes responsibilities that must not be neglected. It is becoming, then, that those who have inherited these privileges should be grateful, and not

haughty. Without exertion of their own, their task has been rendered easier, whenever they shall attempt to elevate themselves; and they should strive to build, rather than consider their present tenement already secure and honorable.

Enough, however, for this class. It belongs not to the real aristocracy of America, and obtains no more consideration than it deserves. But there is another even more absurd in its pretensions than this. Some who have acquired wealth, will, in the absence of other influences, assume to themselves all that belongs to a privileged rank. Their pride and display is a just subject for ridicule; and when we find one of these endeavoring to conceal an origin that should afford reason for honest satisfaction, by evincing the natural force of his character; when we see him aping the follies of aristocracy, and resorting to the magic aids of heraldry, and shields blazoned with many quarterings, to prove himself an aristocrat, and astonish the vulgar, we are tempted to cry out at him, with Horace,

"Licet superbus ambules pecunia,  
Fortuna non mutat genus."

Still, although reprobating the conduct of such as these, we are disposed to admit that much influence should be connected with wealth. When its pretensions are not too arrogantly set forth, and so paraded as to render it an object of contempt, it will always meet with respect from the people. It is in fact, if we may be permitted the expression, the aristocracy of democracy, when its possession depends on such causes as in America. Its influence originates in democratic feeling, and has a tendency to forward the principles of universal equality. Here appears an apparently irreconcilable statement. It may be asked how aristocracy and democracy, distinctions and equality, can be made to harmonize. For an answer, we return to the original proposition, that some distinctions are necessary; and when we adopt those which approximate most to right and justice, we have rendered them agreeable to the true principles of democracy. We use this expression, then, in its relation to the aristocracy of wealth, because it is one open to all—crowding out no energy, and closing the door upon no merit. It is one that exists in America as no permanent institution; but is subject to complete revolutions with every generation, and becomes the standard of a certain species of excellence, which should be encouraged wherever there is a tendency towards ultra democracy. M. DeTocqueville ascribes the progress of equality of condition among men rather to the influence of wealth, and its attendant incentives to exertion, than to any other cause. He says that the value attached to birth and fictitious rank decreased in exact proportion as new paths for advancement were struck out. We know, too, that nothing has contributed so much to give stability to the English government, as the class of merchants and manufacturers who have arisen, and now form a connecting link between the old aristocracy and the people. These are gradually insinuating themselves into the rank of the privileged classes, and thus will destroy to a great

extent the influence of an hereditary aristocracy. They are rapidly rooting out old prejudices, and removing the barriers which oppose a free exercise of the powers of men. In short, they are effecting a complete revolution in the established order, and will ultimately secure advantages to the nation as signal, in proportion to the advancement of the age, as did the old Barons when Magna Charta was granted them.

Since then this influence has worked such considerable changes in Europe, why may it not be encouraged here? From the disposition of our people, we have less reason for fearing it than others; and, from the already existing equality, it will be still less partial in its operation. It must be remembered that here wealth is in most cases the reward of energy and industry—the fruits of long labor and cultivated powers. No entailments, nor laws of primogeniture, preclude the large mass from advancement. No partial statutes proclaim who shall be rich, and who poor—no invidious distinctions are thrust in the way of any. Generation after generation must rise and struggle for itself; while every man enters on life gifted with no extraneous advantages. With us wealth is no accidental, nor, properly speaking, external circumstance. It proceeds from the man, and is the tangible evidence of native ability—the results of that perseverance which alone will result in the full development of powers—of that industry which is the best guarantee of worth—of that prudence without which the greatest ability can achieve nothing permanent. As much accidental is distinction of any kind—military, political, or literary. All are but the development of internal powers,—the active, living being, which displays to our senses what nature has planted within. Who now dreams of wealth from the stars?—some lucky favor from the hand of fortune? These are but idle tales of the novelist; and those who linger over them, in airy fancies, will soon find their hopes decay before the cravings of necessity, and their self-respect depart in the disgrace which follows indolence. Exertion only can attain what they desire; and, when attained, we can only esteem it the evidence of industry and worth. The qualities that generate it are the true germs of greatness in any sphere, and they must be admitted as worthy of respect in one as in another. They are the real marks of distinction between man and his fellow, and proclaim nature's nobleman distinct from nature's self.

We may not justly rank stupidity and indolence with intellect and industry. The former owe a just tribute to the latter, which even instinct prompts them to award. We may not class one possessed of that so called virtue—content in a humble sphere while a nobler was within reach—who can creep on, a dull, insensate clod, when he might become an active, useful being, multiplying his own means of happiness, and contributing to the general good—we may not class such an one with the man who has energy to struggle upward and onward till he has fulfilled some of the objects of existence in the exercise of the faculties which nature gave him. The beggar in the streets of Bagdad once murmured at his lot, and complained that for-

tune had bestowed her favors more generously on Sinbad. But he repined no longer, after he had learned the origin of the sailor's wealth—when he knew that the rich man, in the fullness of age, was enjoying the wages of former toils and privations. What a moral is here for us! Let us not look merely at the golden bubble, but also regard the care, and expense, and difficulties, attendant on its construction. In itself it is a mere bubble—to us it is the evidence of worth.

Fair and beautiful is that theory which inculcates universal equality—would strip vulgar metal of its mask, tramp it in the dust, and elevate virtuous poverty! Fair mark for the shafts of ridicule is “the bloated aristocracy of wealth!” Meet subject for the demagogue's harangue is “the purse-proud oppressor of the poor!” Yet this theory is better adapted to some land created by the theorist's own fanciful brain. The shafts fall harmless from the mailed person of the attacked. The abuse had better be directed at some weaker adversary. We respect and honor those who have risen by the force of their own characters—we yield to them the homage of which their very rise proves them deserving, and we candidly acknowledge them one portion of the aristocracy of America.

The sphere of the sagacious and energetic merchant, of the skillful mechanic, of the industrious agriculturist, should be no confined one. When they have earned station, and proved themselves worthy of influence, they should be permitted to enjoy both. It is the enterprise, the ingenuity of our citizens, that have given us a name and a place among nations. As a people, we have reaped national honor from the exertions of those who are now wealthy. As individuals, then, why should these not receive individual distinction? This same spirit of enterprise and ingenuity may make our country what none other has ever been. Continue, then, to encourage it. Stimulate the people in every manner—give them reasons for exertion—let them know themselves competent to high station, by the exercise of whatever abilities nature has given. Then you forward the principles of freedom and democracy—then you make every man estimate himself properly. It is not our part to hesitate, and inquire the intrinsic value of everything that can be used as an inducement. The inducement is all that we desire; and it is sufficient for us if this only be found to exist. What is it most men desire? Is it merely houses and lands, bonds and securities, gold and silver? Happily, the original elements of our nature have a higher origin, and make a more perfect compound than this. Men desire rather influence, and the respect of their fellows. Only when you remove all prospect of attaining these, do their purposes settle on mere wealth for its own sake. But show them a worthier object within reach, and their desires at once expand. You have done wonders for them. You have struck out a new feature in their character, and transformed a set of drones into a swarming hive of busy workmen.

Were there needed any other evidence in support of our conclusions, besides that already adduced, and what is afforded in America, we might refer to the many free towns in Europe, which maintained

their rights in a despotic age, and in the midst of powerful enemies. These were little more than communities of tradespeople, who acknowledged no distinctions but those created by superiority in their several crafts. Their wealthiest men were entrusted with the control of public affairs; and, as their wealth all sprang from the same source, none were precluded the hope of ultimate advancement. It might not do, with our extended interests, to proceed so far with this principle. It would not certainly be wise to do so; for, though capacities for acquiring wealth may deserve much influence, they certainly should not be ranked with those of a higher order. We only mean to claim for them a large share of respect and influence, without derogating at all from what belongs to another class.

There is another of much greater importance—one impressed by nature with a seal, which none dare gainsay—"an aristocracy," to borrow the language of Mr. Jefferson, "of virtue and talent, which nature has wisely provided for the direction of the interests of society, and scattered with equal hand through all its conditions." This is the universally acknowledged legitimate aristocracy of America. We can place no bounds to its influence, for it has superseded every thing else. All others yield to it without a murmur—almost without regret. They acknowledge in it a power, which, while it does not rob them, comprehends their own and every other. Its manifest superiority forbids the possibility of envy or hate. We can only admire, and then grant all it demands.

The supremacy of mind in America has given a tone and character to our institutions, which afford the very best guarantee of their permanence. Here, among ourselves, was first granted to intellect full room for development, without restraint—without a single obstacle. In other ages, indeed, and in other countries, the influence of mind has been felt; but it was left to our age and our country to give it an unbounded sway. Elsewhere it has risen amid difficulties and dangers; here it is found always supreme, and a safeguard against every danger. With others the strong hands of despotism and prejudice have weighed down its powers; with us the kind influences of freedom and liberal sentiments have encouraged its opening energies. In other countries it may have appeared for a moment in periods of great national extremity; in America it forms the main bulwark of our liberty. Other nations have found it joined hand in hand with tyranny to trample on their rights and render them more degraded; we find it elevating our national character, and diffusing its own inspiration through the people. Of an Aristocracy thus founded—of institutions that encourage such—we may be justly proud. Closely allied to the people—deriving its claims from a perfection in that divine spark, which assimilates man to his Maker—using its powers for the advancement of our race—it merits all it receives in the unqualified admiration of mankind. Who could wish that it should be less highly regarded? Who would desire that its influence should be less respected? This very regard shown it, and this very influence granted it, betrays the character of the American people. Possessed themselves of intelligence and advan-

tages of education, inferiority with them is the absence of this intelligence and education, while superiority is the highest degree of the same.

Only where there is general enlightenment, can intellect meet with due appreciation, or attain its proper dominion. The ignorant and degraded cannot feel its power—they cannot know its majesty. It must have mind to appeal to—mind to govern. The essence of mind must move through the whole body of the people; it must influence their daily discharge of duties; it must quicken their every energy, and direct every movement, before real intellectual superiority will be known and honored.

It is thus in America. No people regard intellect so highly, because none are so generally intelligent. They almost worship it. Every other consideration is lost under its influence, and it has become supreme without a dissentient voice. Wedded as we are to our democratic prejudices, it may appear strange to some that we can grant such influence to anything that pertains to man. They must recollect that we grant it not to man, but to a higher authority—to that seal of excellence which our Maker himself placed. It is the spiritual, not the material, creation that we worship. It is the fair likeness of divinity itself—not gaudy, tinsel show, that we adore. There are no invidious distinctions made in our estimate of ability. It is the same to us whether found in lordly mansions or lowly huts. We seek it everywhere, and admire it alike from every source. We encourage its development, and afford every facility for its improvement. Our colleges and academies are open alike to all, and brought within scope of the most moderate resources. In them are found many laboring on to intellectual eminence, and enduring every privation in the hope of its attainment. All are upon the same footing—equally encouraged and equally assisted.

The American parent watches eagerly for the first dawning of intellect in a son, and devotes every attention to some little spark which his hopes and fancies already magnify into a future flame. He dreams of station and name for the bright-eyed boy who now follows him to the field or assists him at the work-bench. He knows that there is a broad path open to the son of the laborer or mechanic, and feels that his own fair boy may one day rank among the greatest in America. It is this feeling that drives despondency from the breast of the American father. It is this that imparts a sense of dignity to his character. Hope gladdens him when cares press too heavy; anticipations cheer him when difficulties seem thickening on every side. He sees fair prospects for his children, even when darkness shadows his own path.

The American youth too are eager for advancement. As each feels the germs of intellect within himself—for intellect never fails to betray itself to the possessor—aspirations begin to work upon him. The halls of legislation—the distinction of literary or scientific excellence—all await his exertions. He knows what he must be and what he must do to reach the station he covets—yet that station is worthy every exertion, and he *may* reach it. Among his fellows he early discovers

fluence of mind, and often finds himself, though poor and of *poor*, far more respected than the scion of some *nobler stock*. Thus urged on—encouraged—mounts higher and higher, till the goal is reached, and he ranks in the Aristocracy of mind and education—the *legitimate Aristocracy of America*.

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THE WINDS.

## I.

Lest ! the winds blow,  
Driving the snow  
Madly and sparkling bright,  
On high and around,  
Till it covers the ground  
With its mantle strangely white.

## II.

Solemn music they sound,  
As onward they bound  
In wild and mad career.  
Dreary and cold  
Is the snow-storm bold,  
In its pathway bleak and drear.

## III.

Loud anthems resound  
In the forests around,  
As they sweep through the branches old;  
Fit temple here,  
To worship with fear  
The Lord of the tempest bold.

## IV.

Weird spirit and life  
Of the element's strife,  
How wildly thou drivest along !  
Laughing and glad  
O'er the ruins sad  
Of tower and turret strong !

## V.

Joyous and free  
O'er the mighty sea,  
Thou mockest the strength of the brave.  
The mariner hears  
The tempest he fears,  
As it sweeps o'er the rolling wave.



## THE MEXICAN VOLUNTEER.\*

## PART II.

"VELL, vot do ye think of this?" asked Mr. Thomas Spoon, Job's second, as the dueling party sat in irons on board the steamer, bound for Point Isabel: but as Mr. Doope didn't make a practice of mental exercise, he returned no answer, and Mr. Spoon resumed: "Vot ha uncommon aggrawatin' circumstance this 'ere is, a settin' vith all a man's legs run through a piece o' pig iron vot's so big as a horse couldn't carry it; it's enuff to pervoke the feelins of a fillossifer, as the man said ven they hung him through mistake. Vot a idee to cover von vith these ere little ornaments, and then havin' a man to vatch him, as if he vood be a stealin of 'em; vereas I couldn't be prewailed on to run away jist now; and vere's the use in chainin' o' respectable peeple by the legs like they wos a wild elephant? See here, Splitface, vot are ye laughin' at?" angrily demanded Tom of the sentinel, who seemed vastly amused at the prisoner's soliloquy. "Vere's the necessity of yer openin' yer mouth so wide, and makin' such a noise vith it; vere's yer respect for wiolated wirtu?"

"See here, Tommy—shut up your speaking trumpet," interrupted Mr. Dennis. Mr. Dennis was the other second, and he was in irons too, for being caught in a bad scrape. "Don't you see, we're gentlemen of leisure, setting here doing nothing?"

"Vell," replied Mr. T. Spoon, "I don't diskiver much consolation in that ere fact, vile the sun's a roastin' of us, and we aint had anythin' to eat for a whole day; if that's vot you call 'leisure,' I'd perfer to vork a little, vere I could 'casionally run in the shade and take a lunch: I'm sick o' this wolunteerin', any how." Indeed, the expression of the afflicted man's countenance fully verified his assertion, for he looked as though he had been breakfasting on nutgalls.

"Ah, Tom," returned Dennis, "don't allow your feelings to get you under their thumb. It's glory we're going to fight for; don't ye know that?"

"Glory!" returned the other, sarcastically, "uncommon fine glory that 'ere is, ven yer don't know, von day, but vot you'll be killed the next and flyin' all over the country in some buzzard's crop: for they say there's plenty of them animals down there, and they're pertikelar fond of human steaks; and vot wexes me most is, that this ere is a unjust and vicked var, and I doesn't like to be on the wrong side."

"No matter what the war is, Tommy, we're in for it and must keep a fighting to preserve our consistency."

"Consistency," returned Mr. T. Spoon, "wot's that 'ere—hany thin' to eat? cos I'm at the pint o' starwashun, as the charity boy remarked arter he'd been in the Orfun 'Sylum a week."

This last question rather puzzled Mr. Dennis. The remark he had just made was by no means original with himself, for having heard it in a conversation similar to the one in which he was now engaged, he had treasured it in his memory, ready to serve up at the shortest notice, forgetting, at the same time, to furnish himself with an idea corresponding to the expression. Coining, therefore, a definition, which he thought most suitable to the case in point, he continued: "Consistency, 'Tommy, is, when you get into a bad scrape and won't acknowledge it, for fear folks will say you 'backed out;' consequently you keep getting in worse."

"Very satisfactory hexplanation that 'ere might be to one as didn't understand the English langvidge," was Mr. Spoon's reply to his friend's elucidation of the subject. "P'raps you can tell us wot this 'ere war's about."

It may be observed in this connection, that Mr. Dennis was a man who prided himself upon his information with respect to public affairs, and who professed an intimate acquaintance with the rigging of the ship of State; and although he was ever ready to enlighten ignorance on any subject connected with political economy, yet in many cases his knowledge was rather dubious, and his ideas, like eels in the mud, were not unfrequently pretty well obscured; he began, however, "That's a difficult question, 'Tommy, for different folks give different reasons for the war, and no two agree: however, we'd been owing Mexico a grudge, and all we wanted was a good chance to lick her, for she couldn't make much of a fight no how, and we'd thrash her a few times, get up our name as fightin' characters, make her pay the costs and give us as much of her territory as we wanted: therefore our army was sent down here to provoke the Mexicans into a quarrel."

"See here, old feller," sharply interrupted Mr. Spoon, his patriotism waking up, "I beg leave to disagree with you now, as the green apples said to the little boy, arter he'd eat only sixteen on 'em: our army vos sent here to pertect our—what d'ye call 'em? outsides"—

"Frontiers," suggested Mr. Dennis.

"Yes, that ere's the wery vord—to pertect our front-ears; cos they'd never been pertected before, and all to once it was diskivered that they vos agoin' to be in great danger, and that ere's the vy a standin' army was marched there."

"How do you know that's true?" dubiously inquired Mr. Dennis.

"True," echoed Tom, in surprise, "vy didn't I see it in print; and I guess newspapers don't lie, as the chap said ven he saw his death published, and straight vay he goes and drowns hisself, to perserve the weracity o' the press, cos he allers had a great weneration for truth in type."

Mr. Spoon delivered this opinion with an air of triumph, as though he had been quoting scripture, and the authority adduced was perfectly incontestible, and there was no use in endeavoring to coerce those stubborn little mules commonly called facts.

"After we got into the fight," resumed Mr. Dennis, "these Mexicans showed spunk; well, that was what we didn't expect at all, or

we'd kept clear of 'em ; and now the more we thrash 'em the more they won't be whipt, and what's to be done ? We can't back out from Mexico, and the water is up to our chin now"—

"Vich case," interrupted Mr. Spoon, "is wery 'nalogus to the man as vanted to crawl through a horn, and the more furder he got in the more tighter he wos stuck ; vich sitivation caused him considerable inconvenience, and finally he come out o' the little end looking *werry* small, vich he wos in fact, or he wouldn't a tried to done it ; and this 'ere is confidently hexpected to be the consekens in the present case, if I 'preciate your statement—aint it ?"

A reply was prevented by the appearance of Mr. Sergeant Bigfizz, who strode along the deck and informed the prisoners that they were released.

"Werry mnch hobliged to you for that ere suggestion," observed Mr. Spoons, as his irons were knocked off.

"Silence, sir," said the sergeant, with a frown of condensed severity ; "go below ;" and by way of adding force to the remark, he favored Mr. Spoon with a delicate specimen of an Irish hint, which so far disturbed that gentleman's centre of gravity, that he evinced a settled determination of going down stairs on his head ; he recovered, however, without injury, and took himself off, bestowing certain common-place blessings on the sergeant's head, wishing him a permanent location in a region rather too warm for a delightful place of resort, especially in the summer months.

With reference to Mr. Stukkup, as ill luck would have it, the story of the duel got abroad somehow—generally supposed to have leaked out of a crack in Mr. Spoon's countenance, inasmuch as that individual entertained a nice appreciation of the ridiculous ; and the consequence was, that Job rose considerably in the estimation of his fellows, while Mr. Stukkup proportionably descended.

It has been a subject of frequent remark, that when a man is going down hill everybody gives him a kick : now as a vast number of the human race have trodden that hill, and nobody ever seems to have found the bottom, theory has started the ingenious hypothesis, that, like the Irishman's well, the bottom has dropped out.

We mention this supposition, not for the purpose of engaging in any metaphysical discussion ; neither have we donned our moral arms and pulled on our literary boots, to batter down wind-mills or any kind of air-castles, our sole object is to illustrate Mr. Stukkup's position by a figure—we hope both his and ours are understood.

Endless were the challenges pouring in on the unfortunate martyr, to fight imaginary duels, at unmentionable places, with principals incog. ; everybody looked daggers and talked broadswords at him ; and so harassed was the poor man, that one day in a paroxysm of rage—got up for the occasion, probably, as there was no apparent cause for it—he seized the drummer's boy, who was quite small and had done nothing, and shaking him fearfully, threatened that he would treat any one in the same way, who should be guilty of a like offence ; a declaration that

must have had great effect, considering that there was nobody but the shaker and shook anywheres in that vicinity.

The voyage to Point Isabel was performed in the usual time, and without any occurrence, of a nature sufficiently remarkable, to make it a matter of history.

Arrived at their destination, the new recruits were "quartered;" a term which, from the practical effects of the operation, Job conceived as meaning, putting four times as many men in one tent as it was originally designed to hold, at the largest calculation.

Job and five others, among whom was the veritable Mr. Thomas Spoon, were stowed away in a place about capacious enough to contain two middle-sized persons, without any very great excess of comfort to either, and at night the half dozen packed themselves in, as tight as pickled herrings in a box, for the purpose of sleeping, or rather laying awake with their eyes shut; for to allow oneself to relapse into a state of unconscious repose, was considered the very height of folly and recklessness; the reason of this was, that the camp being pitched on, or rather in a marsh, the ground was so soft and yielding, particularly in the fall, that not unfrequently persons were absorbed by the soil, so to speak—literally received into the bosom of mother earth.

Messrs. Doope and Spoon were discussing the merits of this phenomenon, when Job manifested his incredulity by declaring, he did not believe a word of it. "Vy," said 'Tom, "there was a individual in this werry tent not long ago, as had retired to rest von night, and havin' inadwertently fallen asleep, that was the last of him; nothing was ever heard o' him arterwards, but his hat, vich was found floatin' about over the place vere he vent down, and it was allers supposed he'd foundered; it was considered quite a uncommon and melancholy event for the season o' the year, and the hat was cut up and distributed among the friends o' the deceased."

Though this might be esteemed a disadvantage attending such a location, yet accidents of this kind rarely happened, hardly often enough to keep up a proper degree of interest and conjecture among the survivors, with reference to the supposed fate of their lost comrades. The climate was, however, warm, and musquitoes in such abundance, that the air acquired a degree of solidity, in a measure compensating for the want of stability in the other element.

The sojourn at Point Isabel was of short duration, and in about a week the regiment was put under marching orders for the interior.

The soldiery, weary of the monotonous life they had hitherto led, were eager for a bout with the enemy, and the day of their departure was one of great bustle and excitement. Gaily floated flags in the air, drums rolled merrily, and the shrill fife filled the air with that melody, which son of Uncle Sam never yet heard, without feeling his blood crawling all over, with a chill, clear to his fingers' ends—the tune—

"Which Americans delight in,  
It'll do to whistle, sing, and play,  
And's just the thing for fightin'."

Column after column poured from the barracks ; the word of command ran along the ranks ; and as they moved off with their heavy tramp, the wild hurrah that arose, awoke even Job's soul, and made him really enthusiastic, for he waved his hat, grasped his musket tighter, and from the way he put that right foot down with a stamp, he seemed to insinuate, that he rather thought if he did get hold of a funeral ; even the philosophic and imperturbable Mr. Spoon remarked Mexican, there wouldn't be quite enough of him left to make a decent upon the occasion, " wot a hextraordinary hexcitin' 'owl that ere was !"

During the first day the route for the most part lay through a prairie ; for miles the plain extended to where sky and earth met, and the tall grass waved to and fro in the wind, like the swell of the sea in a calm ; bright flowers lifted their heads on every side, and looked like inquisitive eyes peeping forth to see what was going on in the world around. Here and there were scattered clumps of trees, where birds of brilliant plumage sought the shade and whistled and sung most indefatigably, while parrots flew about, screeching defiance at the intruders, and such beauty was in every thing, that as Job wondered why man would seek such a place to shed his brother's blood, he thought of Cain and Abel in Paradise, and concluded that the world was as bad as ever.

The second day of the march, the scouts brought in intelligence that the enemy were at hand in full force. The news created no surprise, as an attack had been anticipated ; but every man held himself in readiness to begin operations at a moment's warning.

About noon, a few straggling musket-shots announced the immediate presence of the enemy ; the line of battle was formed as soon as the Mexicans were in sight.

The engagement was commenced, on the part of the Americans, by the light artillery, and they peppered away with grape and canister, as though they were in earnest, and after some severe skirmishing, a charge was ordered on the Mexican centre ; Job was in for it now, and no mistake.

The observation has often been made, that, if there ever is a time when a man is peculiarly liable to receive a real, bona fide, " well authenticated " scare, it is when he goes into his first battle ; and marching as he was right in the teeth of a battery, belching forth fire and smoke, balls flying like hail, and the earth trembling beneath him, it must be confessed that our hero yielded to the common feelings of humanity, and shook in his boots ; it was, though, but a transient quaver, for as soon as he got fairly into the fight, he laid about him without the slightest compunctions of conscience.

The combatants soon came to close quarters. Job was blowing out brains as though he was perfectly accustomed to it, and had already collected a large pile around, when a Mexican made at him with a lance, long enough for a civilized lightning-rod ; our hero saw him coming, and banged away with his musket, but unfortunately, just at that moment, he forgot which eye to shut in taking aim, and to make sure of it, he shut both ; the consequence was, he came nearer killing himself than his foe, for his piece exploded with a report like that of a

minor cannon, kicking him over flat on his back, and the first thing he saw on opening his optics, was his antagonist right on him ; quick as thought he sprang to his feet, clubbed his gun—whack ! Didn't that Mexican get a crack over the head that would have knocked in the gable end of a house ; so severe was the blow that the stock of the musket was wrenched from the barrel, and the lock buried in the man's brain.

While examining the corpse for any little valuables that might be worth a place in a poor man's purse, Job came across a bottle tucked away in a side pocket ; to the victors belong the spoils, thought he, so he pulled it out, and to his delight it was filled with brandy ; now if there was any thing our hero did especially love, it was fourth proof Cogniac ; so he tasted the article to the extent of about half a pint, and finding it excellent, he continued the operation, according to a prevailing principle in that description of suction, that if a little is good, a good deal is better.

While thus engaged, a voice near him shouted forth, " Misther Doope ! Misther Doope ! run here wid yerself and atind to this spalpeen."

Job turned and saw one of his company, a native of the Green Isle, on the ground, with a large " whiskerando" on top of him, endeavoring to stick him with a knife, which the Irishman was fending off with one hand, while he was throwing sand in his adversary's eyes with the other, and from all appearances, Pat bid fair to come off second best in the encounter. Job was destitute of weapons, but he was not long in deciding what to do ; with a run and a jump, he sprang high in air, and came down all in a lump on the combatants, with a concussion that drove both of them, several inches into the earth. " Ow, Ow," howled the Irishman, " which are ye helpin' ? is it burying me alive before I'm kilt, that yer'e afther ?" But the Mexican had rolled over, and Job had him by the ear with his teeth, and bit him till he squealed like a pig.

Freed from the grasp of his foe, the Irishman rose to his feet, picked up the knife, which had been knocked several yards off, and coolly sat himself down, to survey the combat, occasionally encouraging his friend :

" That's right, Misther Doope, bate off his head entirely—och ! what a jewel he is with his fives !" as Job planted his fist on his adversary's nose, with a firmness of purpose that indicated his intention of having it take permanent root there and sprout.

" Misther Doope, if yer could find it convanient jest to drop yerself on him, like ye did before, by the powers, an the sowl of him would lave his body," was Pat's next suggestion ; but the fight was speedily drawing to a close, for the ear that Job had been indefatigably tugging at worked loose, and suddenly came off, with a jerk that threw our hero off his balance ; and the Mexican would infallibly have carried the day, had not Pat sprung on his back with the knife, and commenced carving him into small fragments—a mode of proceeding which quickly put an end to all further controversy.

Rising from the ground, covered with blood and dirt, Job was about to take summary vengeance on the Irishman for not assisting him sooner ; but recollecting himself a moment, he thought of the bottle, which he produced, and the two agreed to drink instead of fight.

As Job was taking a long dram—he was a sort of an animated reservoir, and it took time as well as brandy to fill him—a musket-ball happening to be passing that way, struck the bottle from his face, leaving the neck in his mouth.

Now should we avail ourselves of a common license, and indulge that fancy which is more properly the sphere of the imaginative author, than of the stern, impartial recorder of truth, we might be led to say, that Mr. Doope's eyes immediately proceeded to loom out like two dining-plates ; but a scrupulous regard to facts, moreover, a just appreciation of the necessity of strict veracity in an historian who would ensure the confidence of millions yet unborn, compels us to state, that the said organs of vision did not dilate more than seven-eighths of an inch each beyond their usual size ; and as it has been affirmed that "an inch on a man's nose is a good deal," we feel justified in the assertion, that an inch in any other man's eye is of equal dimensions, and this fact has probably given rise to the above comparison between eyes and china ware.

When Job had recovered from the trepidation consequent upon the remarkable occurrence just related, he took a perspective view of the scene before him. The battle had degenerated into a pell-mell fight, and though the Americans had obtained a decided advantage, yet the enemy stood their ground manfully.

In the distance Mr. Sergeant Biggfizz was seen, apparently dancing a fandango with a small body of Mexicans, between two pieces of artillery, but in fact endeavoring to elude them, and get a fair chance with his heels, for they had him in quite an uncomfortable corner ; he, however, escaped their grasp, and set off on a most undignified and precipitate canter, considering that he was an officer of government.

As Job was about to proceed to his assistance, he descried in another part of the field a Ranchero endeavoring to impale Mr. Thomas Spoon on the end of his spear, a point to which the latter seemed to have some decided objections, for he was hopping about, with a long tent-pole, now defending himself, now giving his opponent a thrust, talking all the time, as though the whole affair was a mere matter of amusement, got up for his own especial benefit. " Vell, Mr. Mexican, wot's the state of yer feelins' now, eh ? " humorously inquired he of the long pole, as he administered a most touching poke in the ribs. " Hope you left Mrs. Mexican and the family in easy circumstances, for I rayther hexpect you wont survive this 'ere meetin', as the Methodist preacher said, ven the young 'oman vent into the high-sterics ; if there's any dyin' request you'd like to make, and if there's any partikelar spot vere you'd like to be buried, I'll see to it, and plant a veepin willow over yer head, I vill, you yeller son of a saffern-bag."

Job had reached the scene of action, and coming up behind made a

fearful lunge at the Mexican, just as he jumped aside to avoid the descending tent-pole, and our Murat, being in just the right range, received the blow on his own defenceless head ; Mr. Spoon, vexed at missing his aim, hurled his weapon with such violence and precision, that his foe was prostrated in the dust ; to seize the lance, and pin the fallen to the earth, was but the work of a moment, and Mr. Spoon performed it with evident satisfaction.

But Job's accounts with this world were well-nigh settled up ; the candle of his existence had nearly burnt out, and death with his white horse stood ready to trot him out into the world of spirits.

"Hollo," said Mr. Spoon, coming up, "you really don't think you'll make a die of it?"

"Brandy," ejaculated Job, faintly, like the murmur of the far-sounding sea, dashing on some distant shore.

"Oh, yes," said Tom, who was acquainted with his friend's ruling passion, "that's the caper, is it? vell, if yer no more'n dead drunk, I don't think ve'll stop to have a funeral over you; come, get up here, old two-gallon, get up and shamble." An expression by which the speaker meant to intimate his desire that Mr. Doope would arise and accompany him to head-quarters; for the battle was over, and around the General's tent, which had just been pitched, the soldiers had gathered, and were engaged in relating incidents of the late engagement, and discussing matters and things in general. Thither Mr. Spoon bent his steps, lugging his wounded companion in his arms. Approaching a group of his comrades, he deposited his burden on the ground and joined in their conversation.

"Well," Tommy, observed one, "that was something of a bout you had with that Ranchero."

"Vell," replied the individual addressed, "it was considerable of a scratch, as the middle-aged man remarked, ven his young and amiable wife come the cat over him;" and as Mr. Spoon was proceeding to give the particulars of the encounter, some one called upon him to state the number of killed and wounded in the affray.

"Vell," replied Tom, "not having been sent for yet by the commanding ossifer to make out the 'fisal report, I can't 'zactly say, but I don't hexpect more'n sixteen thousand of the inimy has been murdered, vereas, from our side, Mr. Doope has been sewerely vounded, and three young recruits has been found dead, and consekens o' they're havin' no hexternal marks o' wiolence, it is confidently supposed they was scared to death."

As Mr. Spoon delivered this tit-bit of eloquence, which he concluded with an oratorical flourish, Sergeant Bigfizz came up; his face looked as though it was covered with blood, but an observer of nature might have detected a closer resemblance to the color of pokeberry-juice than that of the vital tide; for the last half hour he had been engaged in running his sword in the body of a dead horse, to stain it to the proper degree, and he now was flourishing his reeking blade in the air, and telling large stories of his prowess.



"I say," asked Mr. Spoon, with a knowing look, "ain't you werry uncommon good at a foot race?"

The drum beat to quarters; the troops retired to their barracks; night drew her curtain over the ensanguined plain,—and we will follow her example.

Mr. Doope was seriously wounded, and procuring a discharge soon, he turned his steps homeward.

Now the rest of the acts of Job, and all that he did; how he was invited to public dinners—how he made a triumphal entry into his native city on foot, carrying his knapsack—how he stood on a barrel to make a speech and the head fell in and he too—are they not written in the newspapers?

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### THE NEW SCIENCE.

The times do cast strange shadows  
On those who watch and who must rule their course  
\* \* \* —and these are of them.—SHELLEY.

We have been favored with another scientific paper on this interesting subject by the learned Doctor Scatterbrain,\* who informs us that he has devoted himself so assiduously to the investigation of the new phenomena connected with the science, that he has passed many sleepless nights, much to the discomfiture of Mrs. Scatterbrain, who "takes on so." It appears from this invaluable document, which, we must say, reflects great credit upon its author, that the science is making rapid progress in this country, and we have no doubt but that the "eyes of all Europe" will be directed to it in a very short time. The circumstance of its origin and rise in this country is but another proof of the inquiring mind and penetrating genius which peculiarly characterize our people, out of whose wide awake eyes—

"looks forth  
A life of unconsumed thought, which pierces  
The present and the past and the to come."

We would gladly dwell longer upon a subject so fruitful and, to us, entertaining; but we must hasten to a conclusion of these remarks, that we may lay before our readers the paper of Dr. Scatterbrain. The complimentary manner in which he speaks of ourselves, puts our modesty to the blush.

### MUKTEROLOGY.

Messrs. Editors,—Since the publication of our proceedings in your last number, our body, pleased with the due appreciation which you accorded to their science, determined to give you their patronage, and have accordingly elected you "printers to the Big Nose Club." A resolution was passed unanimously regretting that you were not quite sufficiently good-looking to become members of the Club, but they regard you as the best looking men out of it. The Editors of the "Journal of Science" solicited the honor which we have conferred upon you, but their overtures were unfavorably received, as one of them was suspected of playing off a practical joke upon the Club for his own amusement, by conveying a quantity of sulphureted hydrogen gas into the room

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\* The members of the "Big Nose Club" passed a resolution conferring on themselves the title of D. S. N., which is an abbreviation for "*Dexter Scientia Nasorum*."

where we were in session, which (owing to the size of our noses) was so peculiarly affecting that we dispersed *instantly*. Since then we have regarded chemistry not only as useless, but highly detrimental.

During the last month a portion of our time has been employed in examining into the comparative importance of the other sciences. The conclusion to which we came was that they are all unworthy of attention except, perhaps, Astronomy, which Mr. Bluenose, a newly admitted member, urged might in the course of time become subsidiary to our own science. By more perfect and powerful instruments we might discover the *noses* of the inhabitants on some of the planets, which, he thought, might be measured if he could get a parallax. With this view it was quite proper to encourage it.

At one of our recent meetings Mr. Skewnose suggested that in the language of Shakespeare "a nose by any other name would smell as sweet," and he would propose, therefore, that the infant science be christened "*Mukterology*," from the Greek *μυκτηρ* and *λόγος*. That language, he remarked, was more comprehensive and compact, and has been entirely adopted as the basis of the nomenclature of the other sciences; besides it was classic. His proposition was acceded to unanimously.

This suggestion reminded Mr. Dryadust, the antiquarian of the Club, that the word *πιω*, in Greek, was equivalent also to our word *nose*, and was derived, according to Donnegan, from *πιω* for *πιω*, meaning *to flow*. This was evidently the *running nose*, and clearly indicative of the national character of the Greeks at some period—precisely when, he had not ascertained. The subject was open for debate. He hoped from this discovery to throw some important light upon their history.

The Club are at present absorbed with the investigation of a subject of considerable *magnitude*, viz: that nose described (I regret to say rather indefinitely) in Solomon's Song: "*thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus*." Chap. vii, 4. We are all however in raptures with it, and consider it a perfect beautiful. It has given rise to many important theories and ingenious speculations—food enough for philosophers to digest during the remainder of this century.

At our last meeting in the Temple of Beauty the subject was taken up formally and examined at great length, notice having been given a week previous that it would then be introduced. Meeting, as usual, opened with prayer. The President then entertained the Club with a pertinent speech embracing the highest terms of encomium upon the wisdom and refined taste of Solomon, to whose ladie-love it seems, according to a literal interpretation of the text, the proboscis under consideration appertained. Mr. Cute, our mathematician, after the manner of Leverrier, has computed the "disturbing force" which it exerted upon Solomon's heart. He acknowledges his indebtedness to the new edition of logarithmic tables just issued, and will give the result of his calculations at our next meeting. Mr. Lovelace, the poet of the Club, read a beautiful poem beginning—

"That paragon, the nose of noses,  
Hath passed away, like summer roses,"

which production is carefully preserved in the archives.

Mr. Dryadust inferred from the description above mentioned, that noses were much larger formerly than at present. Mr. Hooknose thought so too, and the proper question, therefore, before the Club was how to account for their degeneracy in modern times. Mr. Simple thereupon suggested electricity as the cause, remarking that as the noses of the people were quite large and good conductors, they were in imminent danger of being knocked off in some thunder-storm. Mr. Hooknose regarded this theory as visionary, since Mr. Simple's reasoning in support of it proved too much. By the cause assigned, the *individual* along with his nose would be destroyed *in toto*. We must therefore seek some other cause.

Mr. Ganderleg remarked that a *thought* had struck him, and very ingeniously suggested that they must have *frozen off* during some extremely cold winter. He was irresistibly led to this conclusion by observations during the present winter upon his own nose, about the safety of which, at times, he had been very dubious. All the members comparing notes with him on this subject arrived, by this method of *induction*, at the general conclusion, viz: that the noses of the ancients were frozen off, and after this unfortunate diminution small noses became hereditary.

This cause, said Mr. G., was just sufficient, according to the Newtonian method of philosophizing, to account for the phenomenon; it was uniform in its operation, and

didn't account for anything else. Besides it was an exceedingly *simple* truth, and all great truths were known to be very simple. The Club coincided with his views.

The last deduced theory gave rise to another one, viz: that the winters of antiquity were colder than those of modern times. But how cold were they? Did the weather gradually grow warmer, and would it continue gradually growing warmer until the world was consumed by fire? If so, here is data sufficient to determine how long the world will be in existence! These are interesting and weighty questions, and will be decided in due time.

Mr. Pomp said he would propose an experiment whereby a knowledge of the maximum degree of cold during the winter aforesaid, might be arrived at, and by which also precautionary measures might be taken lest any similar accident might happen in the future. It was this, that *freezing mixtures*, in connection with a thermometer, be applied to some individual's nose, by which means it would be easy to ascertain the exact degree below zero at which his protuberance would freeze off. This is the datum required. Who then will voluntarily offer himself for the sacrifice? Here is a chance for any one to show his devotion to the science, and by becoming a martyr to it, to live embalmed in the hearts of posterity. Mr. P. said he would be the foremost to do so, but he thought that Mrs. P. would object to spoiling his beauty so much. The modesty of the other members preventing them from claiming so great an honor, at this stage of the proceedings, the subject was laid upon the table.

This business having been disposed of for the present, Mr. Soberaside rose and said he flattered himself he had a communication of some interest to make to the Club. In little domestic quarrels which occurred between himself and Mrs. S., the latter was in the daily habit of pulling his nose, and by a regular series of periodical observations he had ascertained the fact that his nose was half an inch longer at present, than when he was first married! Arguing *a priori*, then, he thought these little difficulties between man and wife ought to be promoted. Mr. Swear-at-em urged that his case ought to be an exception, as his wife used the poker and broomstick. Several members were similarly situated.

Mr. Bustle remarked that he was a bachelor, and did not feel inclined to embark on the tempestuous ocean of matrimony; but he would propose something which would answer the same end, without involving any of its evils. Let nose-pulling, said Mr. B., be established as a *Code of Honor* by the Club; so that whoever is insulted shall be privileged to pull the offender's nose, and the offender shall submit to have his nose pulled. If there was any virtue in it, Mr. B. thought the protuberances of the members would soon begin to assume a larger aspect.

The next subject for investigation before the Club, is "Electricity of the Animal Economy as affected by the Different Kinds of Noses;" *e. g.* the sharp and snub species. It is well known that *points* dissipate electricity, while *knobs* retain it.

The rumor that the ladies intend establishing a "*Big Foot Club*," in opposition to ours, is, I have ascertained, entirely unfounded.

JEDEDIAH SCATTERBRAIN, D. S. N.

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#### EDITORS' TABLE.

"PUNCTUALITY is a cardinal virtue," dear reader, against which we have shockingly sinned this month, in making our appearance before you so late; and patience is one which you have observed so religiously, that our admiration for your amiability is unbounded. In view of the subject, therefore, as theologians say, we entertain the hope that the bright anticipations of spring, which have warmed and gladdened your nature, will have so thoroughly thawed out your minds, hearts, and pockets, that you will be prepared to read understandingly, criticise mercifully, forgive our procrastination, and pay your subscriptions immediately. We did not intend to make any philosophical remarks on finance, or to insinuate that you were not punctual in making specie payments; you must therefore attribute that slip of the pen to the force of habit, and certain private personal documents with which we have been favored re-

cently. Knowing, however, your propensity to "do the polite" on all occasions, and conceiving that you would make the neatest apology possible, if you were face to face with us, for your modesty in not forking over the "brads" in due season, we will adopt for you the one which we offered to you above, in making our bow; only inverting the order of the persons.

If we felt "i' the vein," we might here give you a disquisition on matters and things in general and nothing in particular; but we have neither the time, inclination, or a sufficient capital in ideas essential to such an undertaking; we will therefore content ourselves with a few remarks about "them fellers, the Editors," as we heard a reader, (possibly a subscriber,) style our fraternity the other day. "I wonder," said he, "what them fellers, the Editors, do, when they've got *nothing* to do?" We're never idle, sir. It's not a characteristic of our disposition—less of our profession. Business has increased upon our hands recently, owing to the absence of one of our number, not on a tour through Europe, but as a missionary, to scatter the light of knowledge throughout a limited portion of the rising generation in Massachusetts; whether said portion is composed of male or female members of the body politic, or both, is a question which, with our present degree of information, we are not prepared to elucidate. Thus it may be said that the Editor, as well as the Schoolmaster, is abroad, to enlighten the age. As our readers may be anxious to hear from him, we lay the following *morceau* of "Editorial Correspondence," written to one of our body, before them.

"MOONSHINE, Jan. 3d, 1847.

"*Friend Stubbs* :—I have just time to say I *can't*—I would do it with all my heart if I could; but I have to discharge here the duties of most of the *professorships* in Yale College, besides giving instruction in the sublime sciences of *Geography, English Grammar, Arithmetic, &c.* Anything literary is out of the question. I would rather undertake to furnish an article once a week in College, than once in six months here. I suppose I shall be obliged to stay here through the year. With the utmost regret that I cannot furnish more substantial aid than good wishes,

I remain, Yours,

JONATHAN DOOLITTLE."

Shortly after the receipt of this epistle, we found at the Post-office a diminutive specimen of the Moonshine inhabitants, directed to the "Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine," with a label on it, entitled "Natural History of the Moonshine Population, No. I." Cloud-compelling Jupiter! if he sends us such articles, one of them *annually* will do.

*Ἐσπέρα μὲν γὰρ ἦν*—the evening of the 15th of February. The day had been spent in making offerings to the patron saint of love, St. Valentine, as the thronging multitude at the Post-office indicated; and now that they were all hushed in sleep, and busied with dreams of the heart, our fraternity had gathered to the sanctum sanctorum, to perform their accustomed duties.

The bright blaze of the hickory fire threw out an unwonted cheerfulness into the room, in the center of which stood a large round-table. Upon it was an astral lamp, together with some lemons, sugar, *et id omne genus*, (for the editors occasionally indulge in *lemonade*,) and also a goodly pile of billet-doux, in elegant envelopes, and two pair of "hoofs," belonging respectively to two members of the fraternity, who leaned back in easy-chairs, puffing the fragrant weed, while the others were lounging lazily on the sofa.

Those mysterious little documents were not communications—they were directed to the Editors individually, bearing the superscriptions of "Ephraim Smooth," "Theophrastus Augustus Stubbs," "Jonathan Doolittle," "Habbakuk Quick," &c. We were not a little anxious to know what they contained, but preferred, for a time, to sacrifice curiosity, in order to gratify speculation.

The meeting was organized by drinking the health of the Chairman, and then of each member in succession.

"Well, it's not every day that we meet with such incontestible evidences of our beauty, as yonder array of love messengers, (for so I may call them,) which our united attraction has concentrated into a focus, must certainly demonstrate," said Stubbs, looking round with a self-satisfied air, as though he was the principal magnet.

"No sincerity in them," remarked Mr. Doolittle, who was then on a brief visit to the Club from Massachusetts, "they are merely cunning appeals to our gallantry, by the fair sex, to extort double the usual amount of flattery they receive. It was not of us they thought in penning them, but of themselves, and the harvest they would reap in return for what they sowed."

"Besides, what are they but extracts from the love passages of various poets, scribbled by their authors in their weaker moments?—trash which we have all read in print, and which will not bear a second perusal, especially in unintelligible manuscript," observed Ephraim, who is something of a Stoic.

"No matter," persisted Stubbs, "so interesting and absorbing a subject is love; the very life of poetry I may say; and so many are the poets who have successfully delineated the most subtil emotions of the heart that formulæ may be found among them, expressing every feeling incident to the tender passion; and more beautifully, perhaps, than one unskilled in the music of language could do it. Why, then, should we censure them for making use of these formulæ? In adopting the sentiments of others, which corresponded to their own, the fair sex breathed them into their own hearts, and stamped them with a newer and fresher passion. They became virtually a more valuable"—

"Order! Mr. Stubbs," interrupted the chairman, "you are engrossing all the conversation!" Mr. Stubbs acquiesced, but remarked, before sitting down, that he would 'go' any one oysters that more of those documents were directed to him than any one else.

"Done!" exclaimed Quick, who thought within himself that there were more than one good-looking man in the crowd, on which fact he presumed a good deal depended.

"Gentlemen," said Ephraim, "I think we had better 'lemonade all,' before proceeding farther in this matter;" which was agreed to, and the glasses being filled, Stubbs proposed that the health of all the fair writers be drank at once, and then each separately, as their productions were read.

After counting them out, and making a division of property, Stubbs was heard to exclaim triumphantly, "I knew it! Quick, you're in for the oysters, ha! ha! ha!"—and so the latter individual was, for three fourths of the whole number belonged to the former.

"Here, gentlemen," continued Mr. Stubbs, is the most beautiful specimen of penmanship in the lot; the characters within it must have been traced by the fairest hand—her health!" The glasses being again emptied, he proceeded to break the seal, after which event, his countenance assumed an aspect of indignation, and he came near going off at a tangent. When he recovered himself he muttered, "a ha one, by—jingo! I wish I could get within a forty-foot pole of the *thing* who had the impudence

to send that to me?" It was a wood-cut caricature, with some lines printed underneath and pointedly underlined.

"Alas, for the vanity of human expectations!" observed Doolittle, who had not yet opened the solitary one which he had received; "I have but one 'bright particular star,' and here is a pledge of her fidelity." He broke the seal, when to his utter amazement it was a note from his *tailor*, requesting the settlement of *that* little bill! Doolittle fainted.

"Alas, for the vanity of human expectations!" retorted Stubbs, who supposed he had disposed of the only spurious one in his number, and forthwith opened another. He said nothing, but the same indignation was visible, as the paper went into the fire *instantly*. The perspiration started from his face, and he took off his coat. At a third, he drew off his cravat and unbuttoned his shirt collar, that he might breathe more freely, and he contracted his brows still more.

Meanwhile Ephraim had sat motionless gazing at the paper which he held in his hand, his eyeballs almost starting from their sockets; and he seemed as if he was absorbed in some matter pregnant with great good or ill. Presently, a faint ejaculation of "I cave in!" made him "the observed of all observers."

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Quick.

"The paper! the paper!" gasped he, as he pointed to the note which had fallen on the floor. Doolittle picked it up, and upon examination we perceived it threatened a suit for *breach of promise of marriage*. A matter which was rather too much for Ephraim's nerves to bear. After reproaching him in the most pathetic language, she breaks out thus abruptly upon him:

"Maidens, in silence, from mean lovers' arts,  
Have faded their cheeks and broken their hearts;—  
Grief sha'n't gnaw my cheek 'like a worm i' the bud,'  
For that is protruding the thing i' the mud.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Know, then, courtship is no idle sport—  
I'll bring you yet, dear sir, 'to law';  
If you'll not sue me in Hymen's Court,  
I'll sue you in a court of law!"

After Ephraim had revived his spirits with a glass of lemonade, he informed us that the plaintiff in this case is a young lady with red hair and a pug nose, whom he used to apostrophize as "thou of the sunny hair!" though he had got tired of her lately. We consoled the poor fellow as well as we could.

Quick silently pocketed his *billet-doux*, and sat in a corner poring over one in an unknown tongue, (which he afterwards discovered to be Spanish,) vainly endeavoring to make it out. It might as well have been written in Sanscrit.

Stubbs had opened all of his and found but one that was genuine among them. We were not favored with a knowledge of its contents, save that it said much about "Stubby dear," (how affectionate!) and was written by a maiden lady of doubtful age, lean, lank, and slightly dried up, with false teeth, a sharp nose, and a shrill voice! After drinking two or three healths

"To love and to the favorite fair,"

the fraternity felt quite *fatigued*, and an oblivion of their cares crept unconsciously over them. Thus ended a night at the shrine of St. Valentine.

When the second bell was ringing for prayers, next morning, we found (in stage parlance) the following disposition of characters: Ephraim lay with his head under

the table and his heels on a chair, trying to snore a dead march. Doolittle was curled up in one corner, prepared to "sleep over;" and Stubbs was lying supinely on his back, fast asleep, with a half-smoked stump of a cigar in his mouth. We, the Editor on the present occasion, stood in the middle of the room looking at them!

**THE LATE PROFESSOR TOWNSEND.**—The funeral discourse delivered by the Rev. E. W. S. Dutton at the burial of this distinguished gentleman, has been recently published. It contains a succinct account of his life, and an eulogium upon his character, which was merited in the highest degree, as all who knew him can attest. Professor TOWNSEND was born in 1803; he entered Yale College in 1818, and graduated in 1822, with the second honor of his Class. He then commenced the study of Law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1825. In 1843, he became connected with the Yale College Law School as an instructor, and in August, 1846, he was made Professor of Law by the corporation. He was distinguished for high classical attainments; for profound knowledge in his profession, and for a spotless character as a man. He ranked, too, among the patrons of learning. In 1843 he endowed Yale College with a fund of \$1000, the annual interest of which is to be equally divided among the authors of the five best English compositions, written by members of the Senior Class. On the 11th day of January, 1847,

"He gave his honors to the world again,  
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace."

Death has again been in our midst. DE WITT CLINTON LANGDON, of Mobile, Ala., a member of the Yale Law School, expired on the 24th ult., in the 21st year of his age. His excellent qualities and fine abilities had inspired in his friends high hopes for his future career.

We were prevented by excess of matter from noticing in the last number a little pamphlet compiled by the Librarian of the Brothers in Unity, entitled "Subjects for Debate, with References to Authorities." The very title is enough to ensure it a hearty reception in this little world of ours; and the slightest examination of it must convince every one of its great utility. They who have spent hours in *guessing* what books contained the desired information, without finding the right ones, and have been tempted to believe that College Libraries had nothing but their number of volumes to recommend them, will know how to appreciate the labors of the industrious compiler of this pamphlet. We congratulate him on the prospect of immediate relief from the many and annoying inquiries for "something on the 'Hartford Convention,' 'Capital Punishment,' 'the Tariff,' 'Thomas Jefferson,'" &c. &c. We congratulate the Society too, on the possession of a chart which not only reveals to them the resources of their Library, but enables each member to make a profitable use of them. The avidity with which copies have been bought up, shows the interest taken in the matter, and we would advise those who have not yet furnished themselves with a copy, to secure one before the edition is exhausted.

A catalogue of the "Troy Female Seminary," for the current year, has fallen into our hands, for which we are indebted to *somebody*. This institution is in a very flourishing condition, and about as popular as "Old Yale," if we might form an opinion from the number of young ladies there at present—380. What a congregation of beauty must be there! The very idea of it recalls to our mind the College law, "No student shall contract matrimony," &c.

OFFICE BY CORRESPONDENCE

"The Horse's Head" is respectfully declined.

"We need more" *Lines on one of the Builders of the Yale Library*" as here (Baker, XV) also "Mamma" (correspondence) between "Mamma" and "Mamma," have been transmitted to the proper office.

"Article VI of Chapter X of the College Laws, sent last night by a man that has just sent his 'Ferry Hill,' is decidedly rejected.

"According to my, 'No. 9,' will appear in the next number of the *Magazine*.

"Continuation of an Imaginative War" will appear in our next.



PROSPECTUS  
OF THE  
TWELFTH VOLUME  
OF THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

As is constructed by the Students of Yale College.

In presenting the prospectus of a new volume of this publication, we take occasion to express our sincere gratitude for the generous support which has hitherto been extended to us, and also for the interest which we have already received of a continuance of the same kindly sympathy. We may also be permitted to say in this connection, that our efforts always have been and always shall be confined strictly to our own proper sphere; and that therefore whilst taking no part in College politics in any form or shape, we may fairly claim the benison of our, and every one.

With such a course then, in view, we offer to the public a Twelfth Volume of the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE. We offer it not as a rival to the periodicals of the day, nor as an instructor in any of the departments of Science and Learning, nor yet as the oracle of our Alma Mater, but as a quiet companion for leisure moments, a reliver or reflector of the humor of the hour. — Our aim shall be to make it agreeable to all. We shall offer themes for the thoughtful, whiles for the careless, good for the fun-loving. — Whoever has a truth to offer, a song to sing, or an interesting tale to tell, shall receive from us a hearty welcome and a just consideration.

A font of new type has just been obtained, which will greatly increase the beauty of the work, and with a faithful and punctual discharge of our duties, we hope to make it both interesting and attractive.

Three numbers of the Magazine will be issued every term.

TERMS—\$2.00 per annum, payable on the delivery of the first number. Single numbers, 75 cents.

No subscriptions will be received for a less term than one year.

Communications must be addressed from post through the Post Office, "To the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine."

*Capron*

VOL. XII.

No. V.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



*A NEW ENGRAVING FROM THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.*

MARCH, 1847.

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

MARCH, 1847.

No. 5.

THE FUNDAMENTAL IDEAS OF GEOMETRY.

It would seem strange that a periodical, supported by those engaged in the pursuit of the higher branches of knowledge, should be entirely without contributions upon scientific subjects. Its contributors cannot, indeed, attempt the style of Euclid or La Place, but there are scientific themes to which they can aspire. Those long versed in the nicest subtleties of the mathematics, find it extremely difficult clearly to unfold the principles of their science to those entirely destitute of their own nice ideas of quantity and ready perception of its relations. And it has been remarked, that modern mathematicians, in particular, exhibit a carelessness in laying down the steps by which they have arrived at their conclusions, strangely discordant with the strictness of the Alexandrian school. It is the humble part of the student to notice the difficulties which he may, in consequence, have encountered.

These considerations have induced us to state the process by which we have endeavored to explain to our own mind certain geometrical principles that have engaged our attention.

Geometry, as its name imports, treats of the dimensions of matter. Founding its reasonings on the perception of the senses, it proceeds, from a few simple and manifest truths, to the most profound conclusions. It is accordingly a very natural error to consider the quantities of which it treats as necessarily material. Philosophy teaches us that matter is impenetrable, and that force can bring matter into space not occupied by other matter. Bodies are said to meet each other in any part, when there is no space between them in that part. Therefore all matter has extension in every direction; for if any body of matter had not extension in any particular direction, two other bodies of matter, on opposite sides of it, could meet in that direction, and there could be no matter between them. Accordingly points, and also lines and surfaces, which are not considered as having extension in the direction perpendicular to them, have only an ideal existence. The same reasoning may be varied so as to show that they are not impenetrable—an indispensable idea in conceiving of the coincidence of their seg-

ments. This, Simpson seems not to have kept in view, in the demonstration quoted in the second note to Playfair's Euclid.

Not only are points, lines, and surfaces ideal, but they are primitive ideas. Our conceptions of squares, isosceles triangles, &c., are derived and limited from other and simpler ideas; they can be explained to any one who has those primitive ideas, and such an explanation is called a definition. But these primitive ideas cannot be thus referred to others. You might as well talk to the blind man of color, as endeavor to inculcate these ideas by any other method than illustration. Accordingly no definition can be given of them but such as reducing each to its abstract element. Thus a point is well defined as indicating position. But, while it admirably illustrates our introductory remarks, nothing can be more objectionable, as a fundamental definition, than that of Playfair's: "If two lines are such that they cannot coincide in any two points, without coinciding altogether, each of them is called a straight line." Now this is true enough; and so is it true that "the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another;" but the latter he thinks worthy of a labored demonstration. Many a poor wight would have thanked him if, on account of their truth and their clearness to his mind, he had thrown every proposition in his book into the form of a definition. The definition under consideration requires at least a mental demonstration, that some similar curves or broken lines (e. g. the circumference of two equal circles) may not answer its conditions. Not only so, but the preconceived idea of a straight line, the very thing to be defined, is necessary to its demonstration. Again, Playfair's objection to Euclid's definition, that "a straight line is one which lies evenly between its extreme points," is, that the word "evenly" is as much in need of a definition as the thing it would define. It seems to us that there are quite a number of words in the substituted definition which have not been defined, and with regard to which Playfair trusts to the preconceived ideas of men. For instance, it would seem that the word "coincide" is full as vague, to those not familiar with mathematical ideas, as the term "straight." Thus we see the wisdom of the Greek philosopher, in resolving this idea into its abstract element. It would be more in accordance with our modes of thinking and speaking, to say that a straight line is one which nowhere changes its direction.

Again, it is necessary to keep it in mind that these are distinct ideas. They are so blended together that we are apt to forget how totally distinct they are. They all relate to extension; they may all be derived from the same solid; but our ideas of inertia, velocity, &c., are derived from the same. Solids are indeed bounded by surfaces; surfaces by lines; and lines by their extreme points; and so is the momentum of a body determined by its mass and its velocity; yet these ideas are none the less distinct, and, so to speak, incommensurable. We may say that a ratio exists between two lines, and that the same ratio obtains between two surfaces; but no ratio can be established between a line and a surface. Here Geometry, in its too zealous care for its distinctive ideal element, has allowed a seeming advantage to

Arithmetic, which, representing a line by some number, and its square by another, can institute a ratio between them. This advantage consists simply in the fact the  $a \times 1 \times 1 = a$ ; and  $a^2 \times 1 = a^2$ . That is, Arithmetic can consider lines, &c., not as being *extension* in any particular direction, but as having all the dimensions which it does not specify, uniform, and equal to a certain dimension, which it calls unity, and makes the measure of all other dimensions. Geometry would find it to her advantage to adopt this principle, in its *comparison* of magnitudes, considering its lines and surfaces, not as ideal *extensions* in certain directions, but actual solids—rectangular prisms—whose dimensions not given are, throughout the same operation, uniform in the directions of length, breadth, and thickness; i. e. three dimensions at right angles to each other, to which all other dimensions can be reduced, in most figures. This principle gives great harmony to the mathematical sciences, and shows that Arithmetic, Algebra, and Geometry are, to the fullest extent, but different forms of expressing the same principles. On this principle alone can the product of two lines be properly called a surface. By it Geometry shares with Arithmetic and Algebra the advantages derived from the power of expressing the product of more than three factors. By this it could demonstrate many of the more intricate problems of Algebra, with much clearness and brevity, especially if solids could be created and designated as easily as surfaces. By its aid the quadrature of the parabola, and some other curves, may be effected with great neatness and simplicity; and again, from the relations of these curves, the ratios of the solids described by the revolution of the triangle, parabola, circle, &c., to their circumscribed cylinder.

The fundamental idea which remains to be noticed, is that of ratio, and it is the most intricate. Playfair praises highly Euclid's most vexatious definition of proportion; for the last quality a mathematician would think of, its indefiniteness. But let us see what follows from it. E. g.

$$(15.5) \ 6 : 6 :: 2 : 2,$$

$$(D.5. \text{ and } A. 5.) \ 6 - 6 : 6 : : 2 - 2 : 2,$$

$$(14.5) : 6 = 2.*$$

Now there are several other methods of deriving seeming absurdities

\* There is another method of deriving a seeming absurdity from an expression equivalent to nothing, on a little different principle, which it may not be uninteresting to notice. E. g.

$$\begin{array}{r} 2-2)10(2+5+5, \text{ \&c.} \\ \underline{4-4} \\ 10 \\ \underline{10-10} \\ 10 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 2-2)10(50+5+5, \text{ \&c.} \\ \underline{100-100} \\ 10 \\ \underline{10-10} \\ 10 \end{array}$$

$5+5, \text{ \&c.} = 5+5 \text{ \&c.} :: 2=50$ . This is wrong, because the *sum* of  $5+5, \text{ \&c.}$ , is infinite, and not affected by the addition or subtraction of finite quantities. This objection does not apply to the summation of series, for in that case, though the *series* is infinite, its *sum* is finite and determinable.

from expressions equivalent to nothing, founded on the same principle. This might induce us to expel it from a participation in mathematical investigations, as what can neither be measured, multiplied or divided. But if it be more carefully and mathematically considered, it will not be found incorrigible. Thus, it is universally true, that if  $a=b=r$ ,  $3a-3b=3r$ , therefore if  $1-1=0$ ,  $3-3=3 \times 0$ . By adhering to this principle, all such absurdities as we have noticed are avoided, *except* that derived from Euclid's definition. We find these nothings possessed of a peculiar property, namely, that, considered as terms, (i. e., in their relations to other terms, or to each other by *addition* or *subtraction*,)  $2 \times 0 = 6 \times 0$ , and  $3-2+0=3+2+0=3$ . But when resolved into their elements, (i. e., united with other terms or each other by *division*,)  $\frac{2}{3} \div \frac{2}{3} = 1$  and  $\frac{2}{3} \div \frac{2}{3}$  is contained in  $\frac{2}{3} \div \frac{2}{3}$  just three times. Now so far is nothing from being excluded from the limits of mathematical inquiry for this peculiar property, that it is much, though very vaguely, used in the higher branches of Algebra. Here then we have a case to which Euclid's definition (which Playfair has retained in opposition to most modern Geometers) does not apply, and it is therefore defective.

But, waiving this objection, in accordance with our main design, we must earnestly protest against the bewildering and complex methods which have been adopted to explain the equality of two quotients. It seems intelligible to say that "Geometrical ratio is that relation between quantities which is expressed by the quotient of one dividend by the other;" (Day's Algebra, Art. 341,) "and that proportion is an equality of ratios," (Art. 364.) It does not even seem hard to conceive of this ratio as being composed, in a part, of a fraction, and it is as simple and as natural to say that  $6 : 15 :: 8 : 20$ , because each antecedent is contained in its consequent two and a half times, as "Because multiplying the first and second by 5 and 2 respectively, so as to make  $6 \times 5 = 15 \times 2$  we have  $8 \times 5 = 20 \times 2$ ." We can moreover conceive of such a ratio existing, even where it cannot be accurately determined, (e. g.  $1 : \sqrt{2}$ .) By calling this ratio X, Algebra does, and Geometry may simply and *directly* demonstrate all the principles of proportion, even with regard to incommensurable quantities, whatever Playfair may say in his pertinacious adherence to the perplexing and incorrect system of the fifth book. By adopting the principle of the unit, Geometry has an advantage over Arithmetic in representing the ratio of two quantities. When they are incommensurable, Arithmetic can only laboriously approximate to it by its figures. But by a simple geometrical construction, (12,6,) a fourth proportional can be found to  $a$ ,  $b$ , and 1, which will exactly represent the ratio  $a$  to  $b$ .

In conclusion, we would flatter ourselves that if we may not induce any one to take care of number one, all will at least concede that we have accomplished our purpose of saying something about nothing.

E.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF AN IMAGINATIVE MAN;

OR,

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF ZEKE LIVELY.

KIND Reader! if you have never yet felt the joyous thrill with which each new impulse or emotion—each new conception or new conceit, no matter how vague and dimly shadowed forth it may be, enters an imaginative mind; if you have never felt the tender pulse of fancy touched, and pleased by thoughts that others would condemn as vain and frivolous; if you have never felt your mind fluttering back toward childhood, and dwelling with fondness upon those youthful days of unfettered feeling and passion; if, we say, all this has escaped, or failed to impress you, leave then this page unturned, for you will meet with nothing in which you can sympathize. But if, on the other hand, such has been your experience; if such thoughts have held their revels within your brain, and you recognize an old and familiar acquaintance in the word *imagination*, then tarry thou yet a little while, and shrive me as I confess.

## CHAPTER FIRST.

“Blithely, then, to Fancy seeming,  
The wily web of fate was weaving;  
The warp was gold of dazzling sheen,  
But dark the web she wove between.”—MOORE.

When—how—or where, Fancy first took me under her especial guidance, I am utterly at a loss to say. It was, however, a common report, and one frequently thrown up to me by all the marvelous-loving crones of the village, whenever I displayed the particular bent of my genius—that I was born the same night that “Auld Grizzle,” or “Hell-in-harness,” as he was piously nicknamed, died. Now this “Auld Grizzle,” be it known unto all, was the most notorious, veritable scapegrace within fifty miles of the flourishing town of Ganderville, and many even contended that he had a few drops of the Devil in him; but what connection there could be between my appearance and his departure, I could never fully understand. I only mention the fact, not that I myself can see its bearing, but because many would consider my life as garbled if it were omitted. Neither do I pretend to say whether it was Fancy or Imagination that first beguiled me from the sober path of life, and afterwards rendered me full often ridiculous; for being no philosopher, in either theory or practice, I am perfectly content to woo my mistress without inquiring her name.

The first vague remembrance which I myself have of the “divine influence,” was ere I could well waddle, and whilst I was still in the “leading strings.” My nurse, however, remarked it from the first moment, that I gave full vent to my stentorian lungs, and although she



was not sufficiently educated to give it the proper name, yet, coining one of her own, she called it "ugliness." Now I do not believe that I am naturally ugly, either in face or person, or that I am blessed with an ugly temper, and hence I must regard this as another instance of that want of penetration which is ever the share of the lower classes. The truth was that I had a decided *fancy* for crying, and that I could bawl by the hour, or by the day, just as fancy dictated. But no sooner did I get "well a-foot"—that is, able to outrun the decrepit servant who was placed as my body-guard, than my genius manifested, in more ways than one, a decided improvement. Indeed, my "freaks of fancy" became as numerous as were my actions, and by their originality soon brought me under the notice of the entire household. My old bachelor uncle could never look at me without bursting into a hearty laugh, which was usually accompanied by a stale joke, or a story in its dotage, perpetrated at my expense. My father would chide and frown most solemnly; while my mother—peace be with her soul!—no matter what I did, would break out with her favorite apostrophe, "Merciful Heavens!—the child." With others it was all uniformity of sentiment, and whether I displayed my talents as simple or involved, as feeble or brilliant, still the slightest token of their existence invariably brought down upon me a very equivocal kind of a compliment. If I proved guilty of the slightest stretch of imagination, as when indulging in a fib, none would credit my good intention, while all volunteered their abuse. Poor ignorant creatures! How I look back upon them with pity! Alas, they knew not the "fine phrensy" at work within me! A *lie* would they call it? Yes, a lie; and yet heaven knows that I never entertained the remotest conception of such an iniquity—that of lying in all its varieties I had a holy horror, and that nothing but the express command of scripture, "do unto others as you would have others do unto you," would ever have induced me to amuse them with *pleasing inventions*. In fact, all seemed to conspire together in order to crush my maiden fancy. Did I incline to sleep—"it was merely an excuse to raise a rumpus in the nursery." Did I remain awake—"I was crazy." Did I stand still—"I was plotting deviltry." Did I run about—all shook their heads significantly, and kept a sharp lookout. If by accident I got hold of the gardener's saw, and in a spirit of philanthropy endeavored to sharpen it upon the grindstone—my pious intentions were immediately frustrated by an oath, that suggested at once the propriety of leaving. And if, perchance, I happened upon the nurse's pipe, and *fancying* in my virgin simplicity that it resembled a gun, attempted to load it, an explosion, which threatened to lay open her dental cavity, was sure to be followed by blows as well as hard names. To sum up the trials of my youth, my father, who had long watched me with a careful eye, finally concluded to adopt "Bob Sawyer's" plan, to wit, of trouncing me whenever he could catch me, being assured, as he affirmed, "that I was either just going into mischief, or just coming out of it."

Thus did a cloud gradually overspread my younger days, rendering

a temperament naturally open and joyous, at length suspicious, and to a certain degree melancholy. The worst motives were invariably attributed to my actions, although I sincerely believe that an evil design never once entered my thoughts. It was all fancy, and nothing but fancy; but whether you choose to term it a fancy for the sublime or the ridiculous, matters not. My heart was overflowing with the milk of human kindness—teeming with pure benevolence; and although at times shown forth in a queer and somewhat comical manner, yet the spirit, I am convinced, was the same with that which animated those heroes of old romance, “Gil Blas” and “Don Quixotte.”

This, however, was only the spirit as seen in action, and such childish freaks would be scarce worthy of notice, were it not for the presage which they afforded of my after life. But my feelings also were of the same caste, and plainly evinced what the future would be. The ideal was there in all its vividness, and many a golden dream have I woven merely to have the pleasure of seeing it dissipated. Many a delicious revel have I held within myself, over whose orgies Fancy presided—blending all things in mingled yet mellowing sadness and mirth. And many an airy and romantic vision have I shadowed forth, whilst wooing with love’s passion, “sweet melancholy,” and gazing upon the jeweled realm—

“At midnight’s holy hour—when silence then  
Was brooding like a gentle spirit o’er  
The still and pulseless world.”

Often have I wandered off from home, of a calm, clear, summer’s eve, when all were looking upon me with distrust, and strolling on to some grassy knoll, or woodland haunt, where the broad oaks were spreading their branches above me, and the little birds were twittering joyfully around, and there dreamed away hour after hour in soft tranquillity. Or again when the returning spring was calling forth the fresh flowers from their velvet couches, often have I launched my boat upon the stream that wound round my home, and as the zephyrs played fitfully by, and the trout sported themselves in the crisping wave, gave myself up to the silent current, and floated on—on—on—musing upon the future, and giving free scope to the frolics of fancy. But still it was ever the same. Night would draw near, and as I wandered homeward through the garden walks—no matter how pensive I might seem—no matter how thoughtful a cast might settle on my youthful brow—yet was I sure at some turn or other to hear the crusty voice of the old gardener exclaiming, “After some of your divilment now, young massa! I knows you.”

It was however when I was about fourteen, if I remember rightly, that a crisis came for which I was wholly unprepared. In my many imaginings I had amongst other things fancied that I detected a very marked analogy between the wheels of a wagon and those of our old family clock. This clock was a precious relic of the olden times, and one which, as I have since learned, was supposed to have been brought over by our veritable ancestor of illustrious memory—“Ehrenfried

Tiek Von Tochienhausen Lively," from the "fader land." The analogy I said was marked—sure they both were round;—both certainly had spokes!—both worked upon pivots! and as both revolved, what could be more striking? I had moreover heard it casually remarked that the clock ran excessively slow, and being desirous of taking them all by surprise, as was my usual custom when wishing to make a display of my quick perception, I accordingly made in secret my preparation. Another reason for this my *retiring* disposition may have been, that throughout my whole life, I was never yet once certain whether any single act would beget me a compliment or a thrashing. The next morning I was up betimes and hastened to the spot where stood the clock in its lonely meditation. I had mounted a chair—had opened the facing—had taken off what I *fancied* was the *dashboard* of the venerable time-piece, and had just finished smearing a goodly quantity of tar upon the wheels, when looking round to see if I was observed—to my horror, I beheld my Sire standing directly behind me. Both of us were silent and motionless for near a minute, but the feelings I experienced during even that short space, fully convinced me that Purgatory might be supportable after all—if a person only had the constitution to stand it. In fact, I was hastily running over in my mind the different kinds of deaths, trying to fix upon some one as the most agreeable; for his look plainly manifested that my humble efforts to *pass away time* were by no means properly appreciated. To my utter astonishment, however, instead of demolishing me upon the spot, he turned sharply round, and gritting his teeth with a noise like a millstone, walked abruptly out of the room. That day I dared not appear before him. At night, a grand family council was called, and I was summoned to attend.

The appearance of the room, as cold and trembling with fear I entered, will remain with me till the day of my death. There sat my grand-dame in the old arm-chair, rocking to and fro, and looking brim full of wrath. My father sat opposite, his teeth still beating a tattoo. My mother placed between them was glancing with an unhappy expression, first to one, then to the other; whilst my uncle, who had been called in to assist at the deliberation, seemed uncertain whether to laugh outright, or to put on a becoming frown. The children, huddled together in one corner, were whispering together in a low seditious voice. The nurse was rocking in her arms the youngest, and humming the old song—

"Oh thou! whatever title suit thee,  
Anld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie," &c.,

under the pretence of putting it to sleep, although it had been in the delectable state for the last half hour. The cook and the old gardener too, as a matter of course, took occasion to come in just at that moment, to see if they were wanted, or rather if they were *not* wanted. In the mean while I had taken the chair which was pointed out to me upon my entrance; when the ceremony began by my father asking me very pointedly, "What I did it for?" My answer was as glib and

ready as thought, for it was invariably the same upon all occasions—"Oh it was only a fancy I had." Now if there was any one word which could have been used at that time, more particularly unfortunate than another, that word was *fancy*. Indeed, ever since I could speak, it had been, throughout the household, a spell to raise the devil with. My father was in a storm of rage; my mother, had she dared, would have entreated pity for me; while my uncle—jolly old bachelor that he was—unable longer to contain himself, burst into a long, loud laugh. It was enough said—Fancy had settled the matter, and I was ordered off to bed. The next morning I was told to make ready at once to start for a boarding-school.

If Fancy had hitherto been my bane in life, and had even in this instance involved me in trouble, yet it carried its own balm along with it. The idea of leaving friends and home, which to most at my age would have been insupportable, was to me any thing but disagreeable. Home had lost all its charms—the flowers of hope, that once clustered around it, had faded—the espionage over my actions had become intolerable, and I now looked forward with real pleasure to the new sphere in which my precious, though wayward fancy might wander at will. Is it any wonder then that I received sundry maledictions from kith and kin, for not bursting into tears as the stage-coach rattled up to the door; or that the stern countenance of my Sire did not relax as he saw my self-satisfied air, as I bid him a hasty "good bye" and hurried off, amid the unanimous cheers and shouts of my rejoicing and heaven-thanking neighbors?

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CHAPTER SECOND.

"Yet oft before my infant eye would run  
Such forms as glisten in the Muse's ray,  
With orient hues."—GRAY.

A cold and sleety rain was slowly pattering down, and a mournful wind was breathing its last sigh, as I alighted from the coach before the portal of a large but ill-proportioned mansion, which seemed to lord it proudly over two humble and unassuming looking cottages which flanked it on either side. The new arrival created, as was evident, quite a stir within, and numberless were the little eyes seen peeping out from the windows, and straining through the chinks—happily left open for ventillation. There, too, were arms and legs and heads contending bravely for the famous old-fashioned loop-holes, which were still preserved, and which by their continuance betrayed at once the antiquity of the domicile, the prying disposition of the master, and his holy horror of all modern reform. Boldly I marched up to the door, meditating in my heart a very independent kind of a rap; but as I saw the family coat of arms facetiously blazoned thereon, in the shape of a well-chalked, yet very equivocal looking bunch of *birch rods*, my summons degenerated into a most modest, unassuming tap. The call was

quickly answered—the door opened—and I entered the Boarding-School.

It was with great formality, and a right curious show of ceremony—that I was conducted to the “inner sanctum,” where sat the knight—of the switch *couchant* quartered on a body *gules*—surrounded by most miscellaneous throng of “youthful ideas.” Then and there with all due solemnity and a right proper meekness, did I present my credentials.

“Hem! hem! Mr. Lively, is it?—Lively! Lively! good family—young man!—good family; yet I don’t like the cast of your eye. They always send me the worst colts to break; but I do *break* them—sir. It is neck or nothing, and thanks to the Lord that he gave me such a sweet temper, or I might do more. But I see you are—here Smith,” (he broke out fiercely,) “come out here, sir! You were laughing—out with your digitals, sir-rah! Not a word from you—hold out—I say;” and (whack,) (whack,) (whack,) three heavy blows sent poor Smith weeping to his seat. “That’s the way I break them—ha! ha! ha! So take your seat upon the last bench. First come first served—you know, but fair play is a jewel, and I usually manage to flog all round three times a day. So never fear but I’ll do thee justice.”

Such was the tender greeting I met with from the crusty and capacious old pedagogue, who was known for miles round as the most esteemed and right worthy Mr. Birch’em, the successful instructor of youth. Alas! poor Fancy, he sadly marred all thy golden schemes.

Nor did his kind assurances keep me long in expectation. That evening, as I passed out of the school-room, I gazed down upon my swollen and bruised hands—each dark stripe upon which told of a freak of fancy, and its natural logarithm. In fact, I believe that Mr. Birch’em conceived a liking for me at the outset, for my precious fancy afforded him so many fair opportunities of venting his wrath, that he was never forced to rack his invention for a plausible excuse. On the other hand, I myself felt a conscious pride in thus becoming his favorite, even though it were at the expense of my feelings—so that I quickly assumed the lofty bearing of a “martyr to science.”

What my studies were at this time, and how I managed to prevent them from affecting my health, the curious will doubtless be anxious to know; but studies, (I shame to say,) are the only things of which I have no distinct remembrance. Indeed, I believe that if there is any one place peculiarly adapted for giving one a mortal distaste for study, and which seems to have been formed for the express purpose of expatriating common sense, that place is a *boarding-school*. The inoffensive and harmless creature who presides over the village youth, and who with kindness and good nature incites the little prattlers to attention, is truly a blessing to every one—a comfort as much to gossiping widows, as to the hopeful promise of the neighborhood. But, on the other hand, the “*boarding-school pedagogue*,”—the real genuine pedagogue—like the “real genuine Yankee,” is perfectly nonplussed if deprived of his *whittling material*. He must daily “whet the edge of his hungry appetite,” or else he will become ravenous, and woe

then to the stripling who acts as accoucher to his wrath. But be this as it may, the fact was eminently established in my own case, and study I never did—I might almost add, never will. Mr. Birch'em, a spirit of kind forbearance, was perfectly content to flog me daily for my ignorance, without inquiring how my time was spent; while I, on the other hand, received the flogging with exquisite grace, provided no farther inquiries were made. My days were usually passed in reading, and that too of a kind the most desultory that can be imagined. In an old and uncouth chamber of the attic was a large though ill-assorted library, which had been at once the pride and property of the last three generations of Birch'ems. To this spot it was my delight to steal off, and whiling away there hour after hour, to thumb over the torn and soiled pages of right famous old romances, or strive to find out a contradiction in the marvelous tales of "Baron Munchausen." At one moment I would kindle kindly over the black letter folios of "Froissart," at another chuckle with infinite glee at the wit of "Hudibras." Saturday I would spend in reading the "Pilgrim's Progress." Sunday I would meditate upon the pious histories of "Lilliput" or "Brobdingnag." In short, I read as most young persons do read, simply for amusement, and the effect upon my mind was such as all must have, in some measure, experienced. I lived in a dreamy and visionary land, in which Imagination was the only finger-board. The future and the past were to me as every thing—the present as nothing. In the one, I saw the bright form and the glittering, silvery garb of an Ideal that I worshiped—in the other, I heard the onward tramp and the martial music of long lost "Heroisms." I mused and thought, and whilst musing

"Bright from the hill tops of the Beautiful  
Burst the attained goal."

In good sooth a strange being is man, and a still stranger one is woman; but of all human kind, I verily believe that I myself have been the strangest specimen extant. All good devils have ever seemed to take a most notable pleasure in possessing me. At times the dæmon of poetry would betwixter my fancy, and then stanza after stanza of the veriest doggerel would I coin forth, until roused from my reverie by a slash from Mr. Birch'em for having handed him a *love song* instead of the copy he had assigned me. Again, I would feel the fiend of music at work within, and would commence tuning up my pipes, and singing a ballad in the midst of recitation. If ordered up to receive a flogging when dancing happened to be in my thoughts, I came shuffling forward to the tune of "green sleeves," and cut the "pigeon wing" just in front of the astonished pedagogue. The truth was, I made a hobby-horse of every thing, and usually managed it with such famous skill that I was invariably *on* at the very moment I should have been *off*, and *off* when there was least danger of my being *on*.

But these were amongst the least of my trials. My disposition of mind, which had previously been of a rather fanciful turn, and which

possessed no claim to what would be strictly called imagination, now assumed a graver cast, and I could feel a deep enthusiasm silently taking the place of that frolicsome glee which characterized my early youth. In addition to this, there was also engendered an extreme sensitiveness, which at times rendered my feelings painfully acute. Particularly was this the case in reference to the ludicrous, and although I could detect instantly the ridiculous in others, and join heartily in the loud laugh and merry sarcasm, I yet writhed inwardly whenever the shaft was pointed at myself. But as it was, I soon began, literally, to teem with imagination, and both my thoughts and actions (which I honestly confess had never been like those of any other mortal) became of a still more strained and excited kind. This, of course, rendered me the laughing-stock of my companions, and their gibes and jeers, while they destroyed the little spark of sympathy Mr. Birch'em had failed to extinguish, entailed at the same time a deeper and darker shade of melancholy.

Thus was it that all things conspired to strengthen the sway which an indulged imagination had acquired. I was the victim of a misplaced confidence, and knew not whither to turn. Even memory at length deserted me. Promiscuous reading had overburdened it, and Fancy shaped facts and truths to suit itself; so that finally it became utterly impossible for me to affirm with any degree of certainty whether a recollection was real or visionary. I doubted—I grew sceptical—I became a dreamer of dreams, and at last, in pure self-defence, swore an irrevocable allegiance to Fiction, in both word and deed.

Ovid's *Metamorphoses* had made upon me an early and lasting impression, and in this state of mind it was often my custom to imagine myself transformed, and thence spurring my jaded Pegasus to scheme forth actions and plot thoughts suited to the adopted characters. Woe betide the day I ever ventured upon so dangerous an experiment, for the habit, at first pleasing and attractive, was at last, as all bad habits are, necessary to a moment's tranquillity; so that I soon became the *fac simile* of Dryden's pasquinade upon the royal duke—

“A man so various that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;  
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,  
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long.”

It was whilst indulging in one of these day-dreams of a quaintly curious texture, and after I had vainly scratched my head and puzzled my wit for a full hour, in attempting to fathom the mysteries of “Tare and Tret,” that I began to ruminate upon the mutability of human nature. By degrees I found myself relapsing into my old habit of transformation, and soon began to con over the heroic exploits I would perform, should I chance to be suddenly converted into a *chicken cock*. This train of thought had taken full possession of my mind. I gazed down with conscious pride upon what seemed my glossy plumage—

straightened up my blood-red comb—mused upon the enjoyment of roaming over the green sward at will—put on a very wise and knowing look whenever fancy espied a grain of corn—felt the proper degree of contempt for the common barn-door fowls, and determined to strive lustily for that high post of honor—the cock of the walk. At this moment, and just as I had concentrated in myself all the loves and enmities, the pleasures and the prejudices of a feathered king, Mr. Birch'em, in a voice somewhat husky, and even more vehement than usual, called aloud—

“Mr. Lively, bring up those equations, sir!”

Not a word escaped me in reply, for at that instant I was closely watching what I fancied was a rival cock encroaching upon my own walk, but which was indeed none other than little “Willie Twinkle,” who was looking upon me with eyes of wonder.

“Do you hear, sir!—those equations, Mr. Lively?”

“Cock—a—doodle—doo,” crowed I, in the spirit of a true chanticleer, and still gazing steadily upon my fancied rival.

“What, sir! dur tevil—what you mean by that?” cried he, thunder-struck by what he conceived to be unparalleled—unheard of insolence.

“Cuc—coo—ku—oo—oo,” replied I.

“Thousand furies!—do you dare”—and with a horrible smile he began to brandish his birch rod in a most unmistakeable manner.

“Cock—a—doodle—doo—oo,” was my only answer.

“You, sir-rah! You scoundrel! Come up here this instant, or I’ll flog you within an inch of your life!” and as he spoke he fairly trembled with rage from head to foot.

“Cuc—cuc—cuc—cuc,” chattered I, springing upon the seat, overturning the table, upsetting the inkstand, and flapping in brave defiance my imaginary wings.

Now there were some things Mr. Birch'em doubtless could stand, for he prided himself mightily upon his sweet disposition; but this was not one of them. Unable longer to contain himself, he furiously made at me—rod in hand—evidently with malice aforethought and intent to kill. I saw him approaching, and knew that no time was to be lost. All the ckicken within me rose in arms. Thoughts of fricassees—of boiling water—of being cooped up for winter’s eating—of being roasted on a turnspit, haunted me sadly. Death was preferable to captivity, and accordingly I shyed a slate full at his head, and *flying* through the open window near by, gave a last triumphant “Cock-a-doodle-doo.”

.G.



## SABBATH.

## I.

Like holy music from an angel clime,  
 Down falling, clear as starlight, through the air,  
 Comes the sweet stillness of the Sabbath time,  
 With voice of melody and sacred prayer.  
 Calm are the pulses of its balmy breath,  
 As the soft throbbing of a maiden's breast;  
 And solemnly and still, like sleep of death,  
 Fall the calm slumbers of its blessed rest.  
 Bright Earth, robed in the radiance of her morn,  
 Breathes from her harp a symphony sublime,  
 Like some rich harmony, in heaven-born,  
 Of love and faith. Blest be the Sabbath time!

How sweetly glides into the heart its swell  
 Of seraph music, breathing love and life,  
 Awaking gladness in each bosom cell,  
 And stilling every throb of passion-strife!  
 Like sunlight on a sea-tost mariner,  
 Over whose shattered bark wild billows roll,  
 The Sabbath shines—a blessed minister  
 Of bliss and hope—to each Life-wearied soul.  
 Pure are its hallowed teachings—pure and bright  
 The faith it bringeth of a holier clime,  
 Where Life's upleaping waves are lost in light—  
 The light of God. Blest be the Sabbath time!

## II.

Hearken! music tones are falling  
 Through the consecrated air;  
 Holy Sabbath bells are calling—  
 Calling to the shrine of prayer.

Sabbath bells! how pure and holy  
 Seem the voices of your song,  
 Summoning the high and lowly  
 Heavenward, as they float along;

Summoning the fair and fervent  
 To the shrine of spirit-prayer,  
 Breathes Almighty's saint-like servant  
 Reverential worship there.

There the flowing tones of singing  
 Blessedness and peace impart;  
 And sweet words of Life are winging  
 Swift their flight from heart to heart.

Fleetly glides the wavy measure  
Of thy spirit-stirring swell ;  
Full of sorrow, full of pleasure  
Are thy echoes, gentle bell !

Through these wearied Life-hours ringing  
Bridal peal and burial knell,  
Ever mourning, ever singing ;  
Bless thee, holy Sabbath bell !

## III.

There is a holier Sabbath of the soul—  
That throbbing emblem of our Father, God,  
Clad in this raiment of mystical Life.  
Its passion-waves are slumbering, and still  
As the bright bosom of a summer sea.  
The winds of Life may move upon its breast,  
And dally with its surface, yet the calm  
And placid depth within remains unstirred.  
The rays of Truth gleam on its dimpled waves,  
Like radiance of starlight dropping down  
From the uncounted burning hosts of heaven.  
From the unblemished altar of the heart  
Ariseth, like soft fragrance from sweet flowers,  
The incense-offering of earnest love ;  
And holy hymnings, gentle as a song  
Of angels wafted on the air of heaven,  
Are echoing in the temple of the soul,  
And softly dying 'mid the arches, dim  
And shaded, of its gorgeous, winding aisles.  
The Sabbath, like a blessed charm of life,  
Hath settled calmly on the throbbing heart,  
And stilled the passion of its earthly toil,  
And consecrated every thought to God !

So may thy Sabbaths on the earth be bright  
And beautiful. Amid the pain of Life,  
And all the storms that brood around thee here,  
Be calm and tranquil as a summer eve.  
The pang of sickened hope—the chilling fear—  
The unrequited toil—the scorn of men,  
And all the woes that make the heart grow cold  
And faint—all these, my brother, may be thine !  
Yet falter not ; but struggle bravely on,  
Keeping thine own heart beautiful and blest.  
A brighter bliss awaits thee—brighter far  
Than diadem of earth. When heart shall faint,  
And spirit falter, and thine eye grow dim,  
Thou shalt throw off this Life, and go to pass  
Eternal Sabbath in the Spirit-Land !

## THE POOR POETS OF SCOTLAND.

But he was of the "noble countrie,"

A nation famed for song.—MINSTREL.

WE will introduce a few remarks upon the subject we have placed at the head of this article, with a brief notice of one whose name, although yet comparatively unknown to the world, deserves a high place on the roll of Poetic genius. We refer to William Thom, of Inverury, of whom nine tenths of the readers of this Magazine have doubtless never heard. The charming town in which he resides, with its gently-ascending braes, its wild solitary glens, and its bonnie streams, is situated in the eastern part of Scotland, fourteen miles northwest of Aberdeen ;—

"Just whaur creeping Ury greets

Its mountain cousin Don."

The former a noiseless little brook, the latter dashing along with "rude repulsive scowl," till it is hushed by the roar of Old Ocean. With the exception of a few detached "Recollections," prefixed to his poems, no record of his life or the circumstances of his youth has yet been given to the public; but it would be no very difficult task to form a pretty correct estimate of his character and way of living from his poetry, not that he possesses any unusual share of egotism, but because his heart is in all cases thrown into his verse, and what the one feels the other expresses.

At the early age of ten, he was put into a factory, that he might aid in supporting a widowed mother, and after serving here an apprenticeship of four years, he entered another, where he remained seventeen years, and from the time he left this till the early part of 1841, he was forced to struggle, not for independence and comfort, but for mere existence for himself and family.

Compelled at one time to wander through the country with his wife and four children, he was reduced to the necessity of acting the beggar, and singing his own songs, like the bard of Greece, in order to gain the notice of the pampered great. Feelingly has he described the emotions of his soul, when on this tour of wretchedness, "gloom-in" would arrive, shrouding in its shadowy folds the distant mountain-peaks, and casting a haze over surrounding objects, but bringing with it no kindly place of shelter for Jean, the partner of his life, and the "wee bairns"—when leaving them huddled together by the roadside, he would betake himself to the neighboring farm-houses to implore admittance for the night, too often to be coldly repulsed.

At one time while lodging in a shed which was worse than a good barn, he was awakened at midnight by the shrieks of his wife to learn the fact that his youngest child, his little pet, was dead. Worn out with fasting and the exposure necessary in their way of life, the little one had departed almost without a sigh or a moan. In describing his emotions on that occasion he makes the following beautiful remark :

"I spake not—what could be said—words? Oh, no! the worst is over when words can serve us." But why number one by one his sufferings and woes? He endured what is ever the inevitable lot of genius, when placed in circumstances like these. His agony when he heard the cries of his children for bread, which he had not to give—his despair when all his efforts seemed unavailing, leading him to dark thoughts of self-destruction—his forced indifference when "packing up" for the House of Refuge, whose "unseen sadness" he preferred to the thousand and one heartless queries of the beadle—all these and other circumstances of his career of equally melancholy interest we will not stop to detail, but will pass to the period when his better star arose, and fortune began to change her frowns for smiles.

On the twentieth of January, 1841, there appeared in the *Aberdeen Journal*, a little poem which he had sent a few days before, entitled 'The Blind Boy's Pranks,' in other words the doings, or if you please, misdoings of Cupid. To it was prefixed a commendatory notice by the editor, and in a short time it was copied into almost every paper in the kingdom, and universally admired. This, to use a common expression, was the making of him. His name began to be pronounced beyond the limits of his own town, and his verses attracted the attention and called forth the praise of individuals, distinguished not only for talent and genius, but for birth and influence. In a few weeks the poor weaver was "dashing through the streets of London in a handsome carriage—the companion of Chantrey and Allan Cunningham," 'honest Allan,' as the minstrel called him, the artist, the poet, the man. For the short period of four months, the weave-shop was exchanged for the halls of nobility, and "all went merry as a marriage bell;" but he could not, amid all the attractions of happy England, forget his native land, and we soon find him on his own heather and at his loom, where he has remained till the present time.

The volume of poems he has given to the world, bears the simple unpretending title, "Rhymes and Recollections of a Hand-Loom Weaver," and most of its contents were written within the last six years. We do not claim a place for him by the side of Burns; and yet some of his pieces might not suffer in comparison with many composed by the inspired ploughman. The greater part of them were called forth by incidents which have a local interest and were applicable to particular occasions—many are on general topics—but all breathe the true spirit of a son of song.

"The Blind Boy's Pranks," "The Lass O' Kintore," and "Ye dinna ken yon bower," show us that the "Blind Boy" has had much to do with his heart, and that he is far from being insensible to the charms of a pretty face and beauteous form. "Whisperings for the Unwashed," 'The Maniac Mother's Dream,' "The Overgate Orphan," and the 'Mitherless Bairn,' bespeak the overflowing sympathy of a soul easily touched by the woes and sorrows of the poor and the outcast—while others betray that melancholy turn of mind, which commonly belongs to a depressed and struggling genius. We are at heart sick of the "Elephant Extracts," the "Beauties" and "Gems" of writers both prose and

poetical, with which the shelves of our bookstores and libraries are piled, particularly when the works of these writers are accessible to all; were it not so, we might present a few specimens of Thom's ability; indeed, since his book will probably never come into the hands of many of our readers, we are very strongly tempted to do this, but we cannot overcome our repugnance to such a course, and we therefore recommend all to the perusal of the volume itself, assuring them that they will find much pleasure therein, if they are lovers of good poetry.

But we have already dwelt far too long on this individual case, and now pass to our general subject. Poets have been in all ages proverbially poverty-stricken; not those only of the second or third rank, but the greatest and most distinguished who have lived. In proof of this assertion it is unnecessary to drag from their resting-places the skeleton forms of bards who perished in far antiquity, or to summon from their wanderings on the shores of the Styx their lean shades, which, for the want of a farthing to pay their passage across, have till this day been compelled to roam about wretched and tormented.

Examples are not wanting in modern times, both in this and in other lands, of half, yea, wholly, starved votaries of the "Hallowed Nine." Seventh-story garrets, and low cellars, in the dirty lanes of our cities, hovels and barns in the country, have been their abodes—three-legged tables, backless chairs, fireless grates, and shelves without books, their furniture—crownless or rimless hats, thread-bare, buttonless coats, and soleless shoes, their articles of dress. As for food, since they could not live on air, they ate what they could get, and were not over nice in the selection. Not always were they as well off even as this, being compelled occasionally "to lie in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or to wear paper cravats because their linen was in pawn." This is no overdrawn picture, got up for effect, as all will testify who are at all familiar with the history of the ragged sons of genius.

Such has been the fate of many of those who have sprung up in Scotland during the last two centuries, and who will live through their works in all coming time. Among the throng of poets who have had their origin in the heather land, from James I. to him whose history we have just sketched, few have had the good fortune to escape the common lot. Thompson was arrested for debt—Campbell and Scott were certainly not always free from pecuniary embarrassments—Pollok could not be called rich—and Burns tottered to his grave, the mere shadow of his former self, haunted continually by his fears of incarceration for a five pound debt, and tormented by gloomy forebodings in regard to the future prospects of his loved family. These names are familiar to the world, and all men do and ever will delight to honor their possessors. But many of those who sung as sweetly, and gave promise of accomplishing as much, sunk under the weight of their misfortunes—passed to their long homes amid the neglect of the world, and were denied, to some extent, even the posthumous fame for which some of them struggled, and which is justly their due.

Michael Bruce, born about the middle of the last century, in hum-

circumstances, is an illustration of what we have said. Called to  
with penury and disease, he passed away at the early age of  
; and his name is hardly ever mentioned three miles from the  
hamlet that claims the honor of giving him birth. Consumption  
marked him for her own, and some of his best pieces were  
while he was passing through the dark "valley of the shadow  
h." When we consider his youth—the dreams of hope that  
then have passed through his mind—and the sad end that await-  
ed, we little wonder to hear him sing in the following melancholy

"Now spring returns, but not to me returns  
The vernal joy my better years have known;  
Din in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

"Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate,  
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true:  
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,  
And bid the realms of light and life adieu!"

tear starts to our eye as we think of poor Fergusson. Truly  
was a tragedy! We see him struggling manfully against the  
big tide, buffeting the surges of adversity, till his strength was  
worn, and then sinking despairingly, almost unpitied and unwept.  
We can hear that woeful shriek that rung through the cheerless  
of the Lunatic Asylum, when the bewildered maniac was carried  
off by his friends, his mother being unable to attend him at home.  
He was committed to the grave in the churchyard at Edinburgh,  
he lay forgotten, until Burns, actuated by a "fellow feeling,"  
"makes us wondrous kind,"—perchance, too, catching a  
glimpse of his own fate through the mists of coming years, erected to  
memory a humble tablet, on which was inscribed the following  
lines:

"Here lies ROBERT FERGUSSON, Poet,  
Born Sept. 5th, 1751—Died 16th Oct., 1774.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,  
'No storied urn, nor animated bust,'  
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,  
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust."

Meanwhile, the "weaver chiel," who came into existence in 1774,  
voluntarily hurried himself out of it in his thirty-sixth year, was  
superior in song-writing to Burns himself, who is generally con-  
sidered the standard of perfection. This unfortunate bard, admired  
and neglected, courted by the great yet left to struggle alone with his  
fortune, depressed yet aspiring, sunk into a confirmed melan-  
choly which terminated in the sad manner we have intimated.  
These, I am aware, are humble names. The eye of the reader  
may find them for the first time, but this is the very reason we have

mentioned them. The sweetest singer is not always the loudest. Had these been born in the higher, or even middle walks of life, their praises would have sounded on every tongue, and their works been found in every house. Their merits would have been heralded in newspapers, magazines, reviews, and encyclopædias, their society courted by the wealthy—patronage extended to them by the powerful. But, alas! these and other luckless children of poverty and song were *poor*—they were not born with titles in their hands or money in their pockets, and sad experience taught them that the rugged path that leads to Parnassus is neither paved with gold nor always resplendent with glory.

Here we may be indulged in a remark on the often-discussed question, “Which is more favorable to the advancement of literature, a Republican or a Monarchical form of government?” It is our humble opinion, that although in a monarchy every branch of literature may be carried to a far higher degree of perfection than in a republic, yet in the latter, literary men, the authors themselves, are much better off than in the former. A royal poet-laureate, it is true, may reap a golden harvest, but all cannot be poet-laureates. The system of patronage still employed to some extent toward literary merit in the kingdoms of Europe, though productive of some good results, is on the whole to be deprecated, for where it elevates one true genius, it depresses in a corresponding degree at least two others. It is in very many cases misapplied, and too often assurance instead of solid worth bears off the prize.

Such poets as those we have mentioned, would have strode rapidly in this country to honor, and to say the least, independence. Had they been born here, their countrymen would have been proud to place them beyond the reach of the distress arising from the fear of starvation, and what is fully as important, would have had the ability. The proof of these assertions rests on the fact, that some who are infinitely inferior to them, are now enjoying at ease the gains arising from the sale of their doggerel rhymes.

Another thing, which we regret to say has been in all ages a distinguishing mark of genius, belonged to too many of the humble poets of Scotland, in an eminent degree; namely, the want of a strictly moral character, or, since this is merely negative, the possession of what we must call an immoral character. By this we do not mean to imply that they were wicked in the worst sense of that term; for while on the one hand we would carefully avoid that idolatrous regard for such men, which renders us blind to all their faults, we would on the other defend them to the extent of our ability, from the malicious attacks of those pseudo-critics, who, with an ill-concealed air of self-conceit, search out and hold up to the world as unpardonable sins, what in common individuals no one would dream of calling by a harsher name than frailties. Out upon such Harpies! who, plumed with their own ideal purity, would defile, if they were able, by their polluting touch, the delicacies set before us by the intellect and fancy of those who perchance walk not always on the line they have been

tased to lay down. The true child of nature, possessed of acute sensibilities and impetuous passions, needs all the guards that can be furnished by the most favorable circumstances of life, to enable him to combat successfully with the temptations that hourly assail him. When deprived of these so necessary defenses, little wonder is it, that he is often overcome in the unequal strife, and forced as it were against his will to wrong action. The secret of the dissipation of these poets with whom we have to do at present, is to be found in their endeavors to drown by their excesses the memory of past griefs, and to rid themselves of the maddening thoughts of the gloomy future by continually filled their souls in their sober reflecting moments.

Moreover the natural joviality of their disposition, and that fondness for the society of kindred spirits which characterized them all, soon led them to the beer-shop, and the snug little back room of the inn, there to engage in scenes of mirth and revelry. Deeply do we regret that they were thus led astray! Sad it is to reflect that some of them, (and here, alas! we must include *the* bard,) by their irregularities—we have not the heart to say crimes—shattered their bodies, and quenched their noble intellects, quenched the heaven-lit flame that burned in their breasts, and shortened their pathway to the tomb. But let us say, “let him who is without sin cast the first stone.”

The influence exerted by these poets upon the national mind cannot be calculated. Born and bred amid the wild mountains and glens—familiar with all the scenes of joy and grief that occur in humble life, they speak directly to the hearts of their countrymen. In their works we meet no mysticism, no reasonings of cold speculative philosophy, no unintelligible intricacies of metaphysics, but the warm gushings of simple feeling and glowing affection. As priests of nature they sought from her alone their adornment. No key of labored criticism required to lay open their beauties to the unlettered mass; but he who runs may read and understand. They sent not their works out into the world, produced in the silence of a splendid library, whose walls were adorned with the paintings of the great masters, and whose shelves were stocked with the lore and the wisdom of all past ages. No! Ramsay composed while making wigs, (not a particularly fantastic employment,) Burns while following the plough, Tannahill and Thom while plying the shuttle, and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, from Kit North can never cease eulogizing, while tending the “wooly people” on the hill-side. Neither will they be read only by a professional man in the retirement of his study, or the belle in her private parlor—the lassie, busied with her household cares, the laddie in the stable, the reaper in the field, the weaver at his loom, in short, all the children of toil, will beguile their several tasks with the melody of songs, composed by those whose lot in life was the same as their own, and who are on that account the dearer to their hearts. Their verses have alike charmed the high and the low; have been equally welcome in the castle halls of the lord, and the mountain shieling of the peasant. And, oh! who but those who have felt them in their own experience, can imagine the feelings of Scotchmen, when in their



wide dispersion in other climes, (for their ubiquity is only equalled by that of the Yankees,) they read and sing the sweet strains of their country's bards! How is their patriotism aroused, when beyond the hills and plains, and billowy waste that intervenes, they behold, in imagination,

"Scotia's glens and mountains blue,  
Where Gallia's lilies never grew,  
Where Roman eagles never flew,  
Ner Danish lions rallied!"

How drops the bitter tear when they think of their voluntary exile from their native land:

"Firm seat of religion, of valor, of truth,  
Of genius unshackled and free!"

We had intended to enter more fully into the reasons of the poverty of these poets—to inquire how far they themselves were at fault, and how far their country; but we must bring our remarks thus abruptly to a close, for want of time and space.

W. A.

### THE KING AND THE CAPTIVE.

"On the morning of the day whereon the battle of Thermopylae was fought, an aged seothayer and priest of the Malian Apollo, who had been dragged from the foot of the altar, where he was offering sacrifices for the successful adventure of the Grecian league, filled with portentous visions, demanded to be led before King Xerxes; and his request being granted, (whether through compassion or awe, I know not,) foretold the final overthrow of the Persian arms. The King, enraged at the Grecian's insolence, ordered him to be put to death, and fiercely turning to Mardonius, gave command to begin the battle."—BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

"THE Persian monarch, Xerxes,  
Is gone forth from the East  
With host of gilded warriors,  
Bedecked as for a feast;  
And like a cloud-clad tempest  
Shall Xerxes meet the foe,  
And like a smitten houndling,  
Shall Xerxes homeward go.

"The God of Greek and Persian  
Shall drive thee back in shame,  
And every bold barbarian lose  
His dearly-purchased fame;  
Dark shall the star of Persia  
Gleam from the Eastern sky,  
Where frown the Orient Mountains  
O'er Horti Regii.

"Turn back! turn back! thou tyrant,  
For ruin is before;  
Turn back! turn back! O monarch,  
From this our Malian shore:  
Back! by thy crown and kingdom,  
Who sit'st on Persia's throne,  
Lest from thy far distant realm,  
When fortune's flood doth overwhelm,  
Arise a dismal moan.

"A moan of frenzied mothers,  
Of maids for lovers slain,  
And gray-haired sires for their sons,  
Who come not back again.  
And from Carmanian hill-tops,  
And from the Persic shore,  
Will sound so sad and deep a moan  
As ne'er was heard before.

"I warn thee, haughty Persian,  
I warn thee of thy fate ;  
I tell thee thou shalt lose this crown  
And all this royal state ;  
I tell thee, o'er the Hellespont,  
Where late thou cam'st in pride,  
Backward, a fugitive bereft  
Of friends, with scarce thy honor left,  
Thy humble bark shall glide.

"But, since the fates so will it,  
On ! to thy ruin on !  
But leave thou here thy brothers,  
And leave thy only son :  
And, if thou rashly darest  
To battle with the foe,  
Let not thy son be with thee,  
Let not thy brothers go !"

Thus spake an ancient augur,  
Whose fiery eye and proud  
Glanced like a caged eagle's  
On all that servile crowd.  
Like a caged eagle's glanced he  
One sharp, revengeful look,  
Then proudly listened to the words  
The angered monarch spoke.

"Slave, dar'st thou thus to beard me,  
Here on my royal throne,  
With all my vassals round me,  
And thou, thyself alone ?

What mean'st thou by these threatnings?  
Dare yonder puny band  
Oppose my countless millions  
Enrolled from every land ?

"Hence with him to the torture,  
Hence with him to the death,  
And let my minions scourge him,  
Panting at every breath ;  
And sound the warlike clarion,  
And bid the Medes advance,  
And let the pennons flutter  
On every Cissian lance."

Ah ! well I wot did Xerxes  
Rue that eventful day,  
And wot I wot did Xerxes wish  
His mandate to unsay.  
For his brothers they are fallen,  
His head has lost its crown,  
His mighty power is broken,  
The Persian star gone down.

And Xerxes, all deserted,  
A lone, yet royal freight,  
A fisher's boat has ferried  
Across the narrow strait.  
For like a cloud-clad tempest  
Did Xerxes meet the foe,  
But like a smitten houndling  
Did Xerxes homeward go.

## AMERICAN SCENERY.

### NO. II.

On the morning of the eighteenth, we prepared for the ascent of Mt. Washington. Fortunately the air was very clear, and not a single cloud raised its misty form above the horizon. The sun rose with more than wonted brilliancy from behind the lofty hills in the east, sending a long flood of golden light across the undulating surface of the country, and gilding with his glittering hues the gray peaks in every direction. The birds were pouring forth their early matins, and all nature was beaming with life and activity.

Amid a scene of such beauty, our party, to the number of twelve, mounted the shaggy horses furnished by our host, which, from their

build and practice, were peculiarly adapted for scrambling up the steep sides of the mountain. The name of our guide was Colonel Ethan Allen, not Ethan Allen of Revolutionary fame, though no less a believer in "Jehovah and the Continental Congress." He was a shrewd old man, possessing a perfect acquaintance with every part of the country, and with his mind well stored with stories and anecdotes. Being the lightest of the company, I was appointed commissary-general, and invested with the badge of my office, consisting of an old pair of saddle-bags, which, to use a familiar expression, were none the better for wear. Either from want of confidence in my honesty, or alarmed by my threats, the rest of the party pretended to take good care that I should not fall in the rear, lest they might lose the provisions which were stored in the aforesaid saddle-bags.

The path, which is nine miles in extent, passes over the summits of three mountains before it reaches Mt. Washington, and is always difficult of ascent, but was particularly so at this time, owing to recent rains, which had in many places rendered it almost impassable. After leaving the hotel, it winds up the side of the first mountain for a distance of three miles, shaded by overhanging trees, principally pine and spruce, which completely excluded the rays of the sun. As we wound along among the trees in single file, while nought disturbed the silence, save the tramp of our horses and our own voices, interspersed occasionally with a merry laugh or song, we presented a very singular appearance. Higher up the trees disappear, and their place is supplied by stunted shrubs, chiefly spruce and fir of a few inches in height, which have not probably been growing ever since the deluge, as Dr. Cutler asserts, but growing for a few years dry up and are then succeeded by others; indeed, we saw this very process going on, the tallest in every stage of decay, others of less height and size, green and vigorous; others still, just making their appearance above the surface of the ground. These bushes and shrubs in their turn give place at a still higher elevation to running vines and a species of coarse grass. Wild flowers of various kinds were scattered about at different heights, specimens of which we gathered as we passed along.

The latter part of the road cannot be much inferior to some of the mountain passes of the Andes. At one time it passes almost perpendicularly up the face of the mountain, at another winds along its side, within a few feet of a precipice several thousand feet above the valley beneath, down which, a few false steps of the faithful animal you ride would inevitably plunge you. I reined up my horse at the brink of one of these precipices, and gazed for a while on the scene spread below me. Nothing was distinctly discernible in the valley beneath, the roads and streams appearing like mere lines, and I soon began to exclaim, in the words of the poet,—

"How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!

I'll look no more,

Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong."

Turning from the precipice, I hurried on after my companions, who had nearly reached the base of the summit of Mt. Washington. At this point every vestige of vegetation disappears, unless we except a little dry moss and a few spires of coarse grass, which seem to grow from the solid rock, and are to be seen in a few places on the very summit. The absence of vegetation I suppose to be owing principally to the absence of soil in which to take root, for from the base of the summit to its top is one mass of gray and brown rocks piled in the form of a cone, with here and there a calcareous rock seemingly trespassing upon this granite column. Up this mass of rocks our horses clambered with difficulty but securely, and landed us safely on the extreme summit of the mountain.

And there at once burst upon the view a scene of surpassing grandeur. To give an adequate description of it would be impossible. One must behold the grand panorama here displayed, to be sensible of the awe it inspires. The eye cannot embrace nor the mind grasp the vast and multiplied features of the landscape. In nearly every direction tower in solemn grandeur the Alps of New England, some of them covered with perpetual verdure, while the summits of others are composed of rugged and moss-covered rocks of every abrupt form, down whose sides the temporary torrents have left perpetual marks of their progress, in naked and irregular channels, extending from summit to base. Mountain rose above mountain in almost endless succession, each seemingly resting upon its successor and towering up toward the deep blue sky. It was one complete ocean of mountains of different heights and shapes. Directly beneath us lay the peaks of Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. In the southeast were seen, like a mere line, the waters of the Atlantic, while in the northwest rose above the intervening cliffs the Green Mountains of Vermont; in the north, the mountains of Canada, and in the southwest the blue hills of the Bay State. In the southeast lay several small bodies of water, among which was pointed out to us Lovell's pond, distinguished for the bloody strife near its banks. In the southwest was seen through the mountains a part of Winnipisiogee, with its largest island distinctly visible, and seeming to float upon its bosom. A belt of white fleecy clouds now completely encircled the horizon, mantling the peaks that were almost lost in the distance, and forming a connecting link between them and the sky. Over all, the meridian sun poured his golden rays, illuminating the otherwise dusky forests, and producing a thousand varied hues on the rugged and barren crags.

There lacked much of the Alpine scenery, it is true. No lofty peaks, hoary with the frosts and snows of centuries, towered far above the clouds, and lost themselves in the sky. No glacier with its varied colors dazzled the eye, nor rolling avalanche hurried on in its devastating career. Yet there was a grandeur in the deep blue hills, ever and anon relieved by some gray and rugged summit, which could not but strike the beholder with awe.

Question after question suggested themselves to the mind. Whence sprang these everlasting rocks? Were they created at the fiat of an

Almighty Being, or were they merely the sport of chance? Do they stand where first they received their existence, or has some mighty convulsion of Nature, some tremendous burst of volcanic action elevated them, as well as the rest of the country, above the surface of the great deep? Did the Creator speak and they sprang into being, or were they produced by the gradual condensation of a substance more evanescent than the morning mist, more transient than the morning breeze? The geologist and the philosopher in their respective studies may speculate upon the creation of matter, and construct their opposing theories; and the infidel, in the pride of a false and mistaken reason, may disclaim the necessity of a Creator. But the reverent observer of Nature is satisfied with the simple, but expressive words of Scripture, and sees in every object the hand of an overruling power.

After scanning every feature of the scene spread around and below us, and leaving the customary tribute to the "spirit of the mountain," as security against mishap while within its premises, we commenced the descent, and without meeting anything worthy of record, reached our hotel at an early hour in the afternoon.

Partaking of a bountiful meal, which our host had prepared against our return, and to which we did ample justice, we bade adieu to the party whose company had added much to the pleasure we derived from the ascent of the mountain, and started on our way to the Franconia Pass. We soon reached the Ammonoosuc, which is here three or four rods in width, its waters pure and sparkling, with a rapid and sprightly current coursing over a stony bed. From the bridge there is a fine view of Mt. Washington and its neighboring competitors, towering above the valley and the intervening hills, and at that moment mantled with light fairy-like clouds.

Arriving at a point where the road diverged in two directions, we unwittingly took the one which led us away from our place of destination, though we had eventually no reason to regret our mistake. For the sunset, as seen by us on this evening, was of a most gorgeous character, and elicited from my companion, who had spent many a month beneath the Italian sky, frequent expressions of surprise and admiration. Language would fail in depicting this glorious exhibition produced by the agency of the laws of Nature. All the colors of the spectrum, with their innumerable shades and combinations, lay before us in dazzling splendor. Clouds of every size and density, tossed into a thousand wild and fantastic shapes, were floating in and about the western sky. And as the golden orb sank behind them, they were immediately lighted up and tinged with every possible hue. Castles and palaces of gold and silver, with turrets and minarets of wonderful workmanship and thick-set with precious gems and pearls, seemed to spring into being in a moment, and then as quickly vanish away. Mountains and hills seemingly shot up in a blaze, apparently decked with verdure and vegetation. The fancied descriptions of Oriental writers were here more than fully realized. Imagination cannot picture nor memory record the constantly changing wonders of the scene, or the infinite variety and richness of the colors, scattered as they were

in such wonderful profusion. Enraptured with the gorgeous beauty spread before us, I almost fancied that I saw beings of an order superior to that of man, with countenances radiant with joy and happiness, clad in garments of dazzling brilliancy, and fitting from place to place, guardian spirits of mortals.

It might seem that the eye would become tired, if not satiated, with the surpassing splendor of the scene. But the gradual declension of the sun constantly changed its character and effect, presenting at every moment some new combination of objects and colors, until it reached the horizon, when, as if to throw a dazzling veil over its departure, its golden rays created a scene of increased beauty and brilliancy. The clouds before and immediately above the departing luminary seemed to form one single blaze of light, extending upwards from the sun as a focus in every direction. Color succeeded color, with every possible variety of shade, in irregular succession, from the most brilliant red to the delicate tint of the violet, till all were lost in the deep-blue of the sky near the zenith. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet, with their ten thousand varied shades and hues, were displayed in one gorgeous picture, defying the skill of the most favored son of Art to copy or imitate, worthy even of the pencil of an archangel. It might give one some faint, glimmering idea of the glory which radiates from the throne of the Almighty.

The hills and plains below were bathed in the light from these effulgent rays, which gave their green covering a still deeper tint, that formed a striking contrast with the dazzling colors in the sky. As the sun sank below the horizon, the brilliancy of the scene gradually diminished, but the colors were still vivid as we entered a magnificent forest of pines. At first the sudden change from a scene of unusual splendor to one comparatively dark and gloomy, where the light was in a great measure excluded by the height and density of the trees, formed a contrast quite unfavorable to the latter. It was a rapid transition from light to dark, from a scene where all was full of life and motion and activity, to one where silence and gloom held an uninterrupted sway.

But as the glowing images lately impressed on the retina of the eye were gradually effaced, I was enabled to form something like a true estimate of the grand temple of Nature we had entered. The huge pines, which towered above us to the height of eighty or a hundred feet, were apparently the original as well as the present occupants of the soil. Their trunks were almost straight, and for the height of forty or fifty feet from their base, of nearly uniform size, unobstructed by branches and covered with a coarse, scaly bark, of a reddish color; the leaves were in pairs and collected in bunches at the extremity of the branches. How many years these giants of the forests had existed, no external indications enabled us to learn; yet it was evident that they had outlived many generations of the destroyer of their species, and they bid fair to outlive many more, if subjected to no other violence than that of the elements. An agreeable fragrance, the produce of the resinous qualities of the trees, was dif-

fused through the air. A few rays from the western sky, which was still luminous with the light of the departed sun, straggled through the trees before us, partially lighting our path, and then seeming to lose themselves among the trees behind us. We soon emerged into the open country, and after a few miles travel reached the village of W———. As the evening twilight had already thrown her dim mantle over the earth, the outline of the lofty mountains were scarcely discernible and seemed to consist only of a darker shade of the sky that spread above them.

At the village of Bethlehem, where we stopped for awhile the following morning, on our way to Franconia, the White Mountains and the lofty summits in the southwest are seen to advantage. Their form, height, position, and relation to one another and the surrounding country, present a rare combination of beauty and grandeur. Reaching Franconia at an early hour, we availed ourselves of the opportunity to visit the iron mines situated about three miles from the hotel. The road ran along on the side of a range of hills and commanded a fine view of the neighboring country, dotted with dwellings and teaming with the products of agriculture. The mines consist of several excavations of different directions and extent. Some are merely deep trenches of a pretty uniform depth, the vein of the ore running very near and parallel to the surface. Others extend nearly perpendicular to a depth of sixty or eighty feet, where the ore failed or the water prevented further progress. Others still are tunneled into the rock generally about six feet in height, though varying with the depth of the vein. The ore is found in the crystal (dodecahedral) state imbedded in epidote and quartz, and is quite rich. We also gathered a few specimens of hornblende which lay scattered on the surface. The clouds which had been scudding overhead through the day began to collect and threatened to inflict a shower upon us, "nolens volens," but after several unsuccessful attempts, dispersed and left us unmolested.

Upon our return to the hotel we immediately left for the Notch-House, about six miles distant. The road soon began to ascend, winding along among the trees, which overhung and in many places completely shaded it, while the Ammonoosuc on our right ran leaping and foaming down the hill. The rays of the sun, yet some distance above the horizon, were playing and dancing around us, the air was cool and refreshing, and with the bright sky overhead and the green foliage around waving in the breeze, our spirits could not but rejoice in unison with Nature. We found the situation of the house to be far more wild and romantic than that of Crawford's, at Mt. Washington. Directly in the rear of it rises Mt. Lafayette, to the height of about two thousand feet, covered with thick forests of hemlock and spruce, which gradually degenerate into stunted trees of the same species, until the eye reaches the summit of the mountain, which is composed of bare and rugged rocks. In front, another mountain of about half the height rears its huge form, shrouded in a mantle of green. On both sides you are enclosed by the winding of the two mountain ranges. The peaks around still glittering with the golden sunbeams, the feathered songsters pour

ing forth their grateful notes of praise to the Creator, and the other-wise unbroken silence, rendered the scene doubly interesting.

We went the same evening to pay our respects to the 'Old Man of the Mountain.' This is one of those freaks in which Nature sometimes indulges, and is an object both curious and wonderful. It is situated upon the brow of a mountain which rises almost perpendicularly from the surface of a small lake to the height of six or eight hundred feet. The face of this precipice is destitute of vegetation, presenting when viewed in front, only bare and rugged rocks; but from the spot where the Old Man is seen to the best advantage, it appears covered with foliage from which is protruded the profile of a human face of surprising exactness. It is, I should judge, fifty or eighty feet in height from the bottom of the chin to the top of the forehead, which together with the other features of the human profile, are clearly discernible. Indeed, the superstitious traveler might readily believe that one of the Titans of mythological memory had been perched up here and transformed into stone as a punishment for his impious crimes. However this may be, there he is, and there he has been, for aught man knows to the contrary, for centuries, keeping a sleepless watch over his rugged territories, once an object of adoration to the simple and superstitious race that formerly roamed over these hills, now shorn of all his divinity and doomed to be a gazing-stock for a more refined people.

On the following morning we went in quest of the other curiosities for which this place is noted—the Basin, the Flume and the Pool, all lying within the compass of a few miles of the Notch-House. The Basin is situated by the side of the road, and is a circular and irregularly formed cavity, about thirty feet in circumference and ten feet in depth at the upper side. The little stream, which eventually forms, together with other tributaries, the Pemigewasset, falls into and flows through it. The basin was undoubtedly formed by the combined action of the stream and the pebbles lodged in it. The water in falling naturally wore a hole in the rock below, and receiving a circular motion, set in action the pebbles collected in the cavity. Retained at first in the eddy by the power of centripetal force, they constantly and steadily increased the depth and size of the cavity until they were, aside from that force, unable to escape from their incessant motion. The Basin has continued to enlarge, and the water is still eddying within it, though from the increased size of the cavity, its velocity is considerably diminished.

The Flume at the Franconia Pass far surpasses the one in the Pass of the White Mountains in size and grandeur, if not in beauty, and is well worthy of a visit from the intelligent traveler. Its sides are about fifty feet in height and ten feet apart, very perpendicular and smooth. We followed the stream up about a quarter of a mile, when any farther advance was prevented by the decrease in the width of the Flume, and the entire occupation of that by the water. And here we stood in the solitude of the forest, undisturbed save by the gentle rippling of the stream at our feet, with bare and gloomy walls rising far above us, and extending laterally in either direction, till we lost all



view of an exit from our situation by the winding of the Flume. Here we stood almost emboweled in the dripping rocks, where at some former period had occurred one of those convulsions which often completely change the face of Nature, marring and disfiguring its fair surface. And how insignificant we seemed amid the scene! It is well for man to find himself occasionally amid some such solitude, and there meditate upon his weakness, his nothingness, to commune with and within himself, and while he satiates his love of beauty, his admiration of grandeur, to draw lessons of wisdom from the display of the Creator's power. I am convinced from what I saw, that the rocks were separated by some subterranean violence, and not by the agency of the stream; though the latter has doubtless since, in flowing through the passage thus violently opened, been constantly increasing the depth of it. For the stream is too inconsiderable to have produced such an immense result, nor could its size have ever been much larger; and from the superficial view which I was enabled to take of the sides of the Flume, they appeared to correspond with each other. The Flume, when viewed from above, though not so gloomy and solemn as when seen from below, is still striking and impressive. Your eye follows the rocks, damp and mossy, and at every moment growing darker and more obscure until they reach their base, where it faintly discerns the stream coursing through its rocky channel. The Pool, which is situated a little lower down the same stream, presents no very striking features, though well enough worthy of a visit for curiosity's sake. It probably owes its origin to the same convulsion that formed the Flume, and is about forty feet in depth and as many in diameter.

We have endeavored, kind reader, to present you with a description, though imperfect, of that portion of American scenery which lies among and near the White Mountains of New Hampshire. If you have any taste for the grand and beautiful, we advise you to visit these scenes, and can assure you, that you will find ample materials for its gratification.

E. H. W.

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#### THE SPIRIT VOICE.

It was the hour of evening; night now blest  
The toil-worn earth with grateful, welcome rest.  
Clouds, sympathizing, shrouded earth and sky,  
And dreary, cold March winds swept wailing by.  
Within a room there lay, upon a bed,  
A maiden form, whose soul that day had fled.  
How strange the soul would take itself away,  
While Beauty, with the maiden, loved to stay!  
Her Brother, Sisters, in the room below,  
Were with their Father, whelmed in deepest woe:  
They mourned a Sister, gentle, lovely, mild;  
He wept, for he had lost his first-born child.

But hark ! a voice, as from above, is heard,  
Which sweetly spoke to each a soothing word.  
They knew the voice, 'twas from their lost one, dear,  
And gently fell these words upon the ear :

“ Sister, weep no more alone,  
Hush that sigh, O still that moan ;  
Let not sorrow shroud thy heart ;  
Bid no sob in anguish start ;  
With thine eye of faith behold  
Thy fond Sister, Christ enfold ;  
Loved ones, cast away thy fear,  
I am with my Mother here.

“ Brother, to thy watchful care,  
See, I leave two Sisters fair :  
Be to them a faithful guide,  
Better far than she who died.  
Cheer them, love them, soothe, the while ;  
Keep far from them sin and guile ;  
Say, that time to them is given,  
To prepare their souls for Heaven.

“ Father, Father, lend thine ear,  
For thine eldest shed no tear ;  
List to what she now will tell,  
Then, in faith, cry ‘ It is well.’  
At the moment when I died,  
Mother stood close by my side :  
With a look of love, so mild,  
Called me, ‘ Come, my first-born child.’

“ ‘ Come, my child, dispel thy fears,  
I have waited for thee years :  
Come, on earth no longer stay,  
Let me kiss thy breath away.’  
Leaning gently o’er my bed,  
Kissed my lips—my spirit fled.  
Father, death to me was bliss,  
Dying in that Mother’s kiss.

“ Brother, spend thy days aright,  
Let not sin thy prospects blight :  
Sisters, often kneel in prayer,  
Then I love to linger there ;  
Father, if you hold me dear,  
Live, that you may meet me here ;  
Let no griefs your bosoms swell,  
I am happy, Fare-ye-well.”

W. P.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest, and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,  
 Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hobe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek;  
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides.—*L'ALLEGRO.*

HORACE has somewhere spoken of Venus, as the Goddess who delighted in mirth. Venus, according to ancient notions, was the embodiment of all beauty and loveliness. Who can gainsay that exquisite faculty which they exhibited in their portraitures of character and the passions? Hence mirth is ever a co-partner of grace and amiability. To no passion can we less culpably be much addicted, than to this. Like solid nutriment to the body, it is full of health and invigoration to the soul. Virtuous merriment, if we may so speak, we refer to; for that which springs from obscurity and vice is a canker and a corruption—a noxious miasma, that spreads over the soul a mantle more poisonous than the Centaur's tunic. There exists a great vacancy in some individual minds, that fain would be filled with joy, but they have not the heart. Others may hanker after this, but they appear to shun it, as it were a pollution.

There is Gravitatus. One would suppose that his countenance had not been ruffled by a laugh for a twelvemonth, it is so long—and smooth—and calm. No doubt but he has for a long while been an inhabitant of 'Trophonius' Cave. His is the air of one who, from childhood, has been nurtured on icicles, until he is as pliantless and frigid, as those super-radicated vegetables. It is of no avail that the sun beams upon him—year in and year out, he is that icy pillar still. Sees he a smile, he sighs over the degeneracy of man, and blesses himself that he, at least, is beyond reproach. Hears he a merry laugh, he starts, and shudders, and groans. The air is filled with horrible forms and sounds. He gathers a terror from every look. Even the melodies of birds are grating to his ear; and Nature is too much of a coquette for him—she wears too many wreaths of smiling beauty. But he loves to look upon the mountain in its sullen majesty, and the battlings of tempests. Call you this affection or hypocrisy?

We will reverse the picture. Here is Cachinnicus, who is ever on the laugh, prince of dullards, like as prince of fools. His countenance always wears a grin; and, I doubt not, he was born under the same circumstances. If you look upon him even in his sleep, there it is in flickering outline. He cannot conceive of a distinction between license and propriety. The mere fall of a leaf awakens laughter—the thundering heavens, and the parson's call. Methinks he would

nade with his merriment the solemnity of death, for even the sanctuary of God he defiles.

These are the most adverse characters that can be drawn, and a danger lurks in either. "*Hâc lupus urget, hâc canis.*" Beware! Gravity is the attendant of wisdom, and mirthfulness of generosity and kindness. But excessive gravity degenerates into moroseness, and excessive gayety into foolishness and buffoonery. Let thy character, young man, be formed by those two prime virtues. So will it be beautiful with dignity, and replete with excellence. Thou wilt thus be most useful and happy; and be best enabled to enliven the social circle, and to lend thy countenance to the solemnities of religion. A cheerful and humorous companion is a happy and wholesome benefit. But it is often a high pleasure to sit and enjoy a social laugh at one's self. Such a course, however, when a neighbor is at hand, is only to those wittlings, and witsnappers, and witworms, whose jests, though highly appreciable to themselves, will not pass current among the throng. But a person cannot reason himself into the merry state, more than he can perform a benevolent act by meditating on reason. Pictures are to be created and scanned. Every jest, every quip, every stroke of wit, is a picture, either ludicrous in itself, or presented in a ludicrous light. And no less a picture is it for being cast in words, while it lacks the lead and oil, for the imagination can paint more gorgeous scenes than the paint of a Raphael could express. The genuine wit then becomes an artist, and of no mean order, and far more beneficial than the mere master of the palette. Who could compare the respective merits and benefits of Shakspeare and Angelo? The sublime creations of the former are in all hands, and before all eyes; while those of the latter but grace the Vatican or the cathedral; and if we must needs see them, thither must we go. Time will lay his iron hand on these offspring of the one, but never on those of the other.

Let us now take an intimate view of the nature of Wit itself. "True wit," says Addison, "consists in the resemblance of ideas." "Wit," says Pope, "is that which has been often thought, but was never before so well expressed." "Wit," says Johnson, "is a kind of discordia concors, a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of remote resemblances in things apparently unlike." Of which theories, the last is by far the most plausible and philosophical. From what has been already advanced, I would hazard this speculation, which, it will be perceived, coincides in its principal feature with that of Johnson, that wit consists of the union of heterogeneous characters and images into pictures, which are presented, through the medium of words, to the imagination, which, indeed, performs full half the work; and hence it is that persons of a dull and languid imagination are incapable of appreciating, to its full force, a stroke of merriment. Whereas, on the other hand, one of a very lively and vivid imagination will often see more than perhaps even the author himself conceived. In such diversity is the human mind constituted!

The true wit, as well as the true poet, is thus constituted by nature; though the punster, the anagrammatist, the chronogrammatist, and whosoever else would deal in such like concrements, that may perchance exhale an humorous odor, can be fashioned by art, just as the vampiring poetaster. Who does not sigh over human folly, when he thinks of Tryphiodorus, toiling over his Lipogrammatic Odyssey, that he might be father to a Poem, from which every *σγμα* should be excluded? We are very often deceived in regard to such characters: one may, in appearance, be a very Ben Jonson, a mine of solid wit; whereas, in reality, he is no more than a flippant Boswell.

Wit is "cerberean." Within, at least, the range of our English literature, it can be classified under three distinct heads, whereof the first is that of noble stature. It is bold and rugged as the Alpine hills, yet not gross; and calls forth, as it were, stately mirth. It is, in fact, a Chimæra, as wonderful as Lycia's. Now it exhibits the strength and lordliness of the forest monarch—now it is mild, and innocent, and sportive—now armed with the serpent's fang. Very few have been able to reach this order, among whom Shakspeare must be master. This is a name that is written among the stars. Who does not regard it with almost superstitious reverence? Great Bard! thou well-nigh like a God! Poet of Nature, he has filled the world with strains, so touching, so lifelike, so majestic, that Nature's self regards herself anew. His comedy is drawn from men—not from the imagination. And hence it will be enduring. He heaped no sands upon the shores of literature for the very next surge to sweep away; but he planted in the midst of the sea an adamantine tower, which ten thousand tornadoes will career harmlessly by. This head then we would denominate the *Shakspearean*.

Over the second Addison is supreme. This should, with much greater propriety, be termed humor. It is too refined for fun, and too gentle for robust wit. It flows on, like a quiet stream, amid flowering fields, under the moonlight calm and clear, where everywhere dwells loveliness. It never excites the boisterous laugh; but there is ever the flickering smile, lingering like the flame of the dying ember. It possesses a simplicity that fascinates—a vigor that commends—a grace that captivates. Recline under a thick shade, on a sultry noon, when the Dog Star rages; the beatitude you feel is like that which creeps over the soul from the pages of Addison. This second head then we would denominate the *Addisonean*.

The third species of wit is by far the most common, and, with the vulgar particularly, most popular. Of those former, it sinks much below the sublime dignity of the one, and the winning gracefulness of the other. It springs, for the most part, from the uncleansed wells of those minds, quite as numerous at present as formerly, whose principal motive to authorship is money. They must then struggle to gratify the larger portion of the mass—the nether stratum, corrupt and vitiated. They must cater for all their passions, and win their applause; for popular acclamations, gather showers of gold. This popular palate is

not very dainty, and proportionally refined are all these literary decoctions.

The theatre witnesses their principal, though by no means their entire, exhibition. The stage, as anciently, should be made a school of virtue, not of vice. Some of the noblest minds that ever emanated from the Creator's hands, have been prostituted to the ignoble service of feeding, with similar viands, the depraved appetite of the rude and ruttish mob of the play-house. Dryden, who has engraved his name, where few aspire with any prospect of success, though not by reason of what he contributed to the enchantments of the stage, wrote, it is well known, almost exclusively with a pecuniary end. Whence it is, that so large a portion of his works are of a nature so licentious and gross. Of his plays, whose reception did not equal all his expectations, he himself once remarked, that when he wrote them he thought them bad enough to please; and herein we see at what he aimed. These however contained numerous faults, aside from their moral character. But, under the scourge of age and experience, Dryden was at last compelled to know himself; and his maturer years fully compensated for the follies and errors of his prime. The productions of this period of his life exceed all praise. We can only gaze and admire. And the flood of time, which will sweep to oblivion the sand-built monuments of nearly all others, will roll innocently by Dryden's steadfast rock.

But we must nominate Butler for the highest seat in this third style of humorous composition. Here we see a specimen of genius in *rage*—a diamond before the lapidary had wrought on it. What Cicero remarks of philosophy can with equal propriety be applied to wit and humor: "that time obliterates the fictions of opinions, but confirms the decisions of Nature." Many write merely for their own generation. They catch up the floating opinions, and wring from them all the absurdity and folly possible. They launch their satire against those in power, or those who, in their view, have wandered from the paths of perfect rectitude. Such productions are but ephemeral; or they may, perhaps, linger on in a protracted dissolution. Each succeeding generation understands and cares less about them, than the preceding. Interest falters, and, unless they contain something inherent and adapted to the intelligence and concern of all times, they cannot long survive. Others worship Nature. Nature is the same now, that she was ages ago, and will be ages hence. There is nothing on which universal pleasure can be grounded, except Nature, and they know it. Such write not only for their cotemporaries, but for posterity; and posterity will appreciate and rejoice in their works equally with those who witnessed their production.

Of the former class was Butler. He was emphatically a generation poet. The characteristic tenets, and fantastical oddity of the Puritans, furnished a splendid mark for his wit and ridicule. He must win the smiles of his sovereign—and he shoots. We can now see his Presbyterian justice, on his knight-errantry through the land, correcting morals and dosing out instruction; but we cannot laugh

half so heartily over him as Charles, and his courtiers, and the Royalists could. Nor does this arise in consequence of our natural predilection for the Puritan character; but we always view passing events with much higher interest than those which transpired deep in the past.

That "*Hudibras*" is deficient in qualities of genius, it would be idle to assert. Of its kind it wears the crown, and always will. It must claim exceeding praise for originality of style and general contour, though the conception, beyond all question, Cervantes furnished. Such a store of wit, of every kind and complexion, was probably never before, nor ever will be again, garnered by a single individual. This was not the offspring of the moment, but lay gathering for years. Hence those who have thought to sit down, and by contortions and writhings to ape this great Inimitable, have rendered themselves *bonâ fide* monkeys. Such industry in gathering materials—such intimate knowledge of human nature—talents of so high an order—such splendid acquisitions in literature, could but engender a prodigy. And "*Hudibras*" is a prodigy. Some of its fanciful expressions have become common as household words, and couplets like the following,

"Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
Beat with fist instead of a stick ;"

OR

"Commentators on old Ari-  
stotle oft are found to vary ;"

have perhaps been as often quoted as some of the finest passages in Gray's *Elegy*, or Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*.

But if we look at its particular features, it is quite faulty; though we presume it is fully as good as the author intended. Its doggerel measure goes crawling and sneaking along, while the rhyme frequently commences about half way up the line. Nevertheless, the double lines possess a twang peculiarly melodious to many ears. The thoughts are often vulgar. The words are very often vulgar. The allusions are often vulgar. It is like one of those fragment monuments that we meet with in God's Acre, incrustured with dead moss; while yet the pure bright marble sparkles through.

In dwelling thus minutely on one author, we have criticised the whole class, and endeavored to expose their principal characteristics. This last head delineated, we would then denominate the *Hudibrastic*.

To conclude, they who possess this estimable talent of wit should aim at that first order. If that be too lofty for their attainment, they should clip their ambition, and seek the second, but ought to indulge as little as possible in this last; though even *there* is field for interweaving gems. But above all, let them worship Nature. Walk ye, and converse with her. Pry into her mysterious arcana. Study and imitate; otherwise the true wit will be sunk in the buffoon.

F. R. A.

## MUSINGS.

"The star that rules my destiny."—MANFRED.

'Tis evening. Now her pensive eye  
Is wandering o'er yon starry sky—  
Is bathing in the liquid light  
Of thousand twinkling orbs of night—  
Is watching for the ray, from far  
That comes, from one peculiar star,  
Where nightly, as itself reveals  
Unto her eager gaze, she feels  
The presence loved of him away,  
Who, with her, watches that same ray.

'Tis there we meet each night, to see  
Each other's spirit, and to be  
In sweet communion, where no eye  
But ours, that melt in sympathy,  
Could ever find the trysting place—  
Could ever know, or ever trace  
The bond that draws us nightly there,  
At lovely twilight's languid hour.

'Tis there we meet, and there we write  
Upon that silver disk, each night,  
Our mutual thoughts; and there appear  
Our hopes and wishes; there no fear  
Restrains our fond desires; but there,  
Through that far space, ascends the prayer  
Of friendship; and our distant hearts  
Oft there unite. There, too, we part  
Again each eve; and as that star  
Nightly appears and sheds so far  
Its tearful beam, so, faithfully  
Are we, and ever may we be  
At this lone hour, together found  
In sweet communion, 'way beyond  
The tainted gaze of earth; and there  
May still ascend fond friendship's prayer!

Fond friendship, unalloyed by aught,  
Unsullied as the purest thought  
Of those bright seraphs, who around  
That star are hov'ring, and look down  
In tender care and charge upon  
These distant thoughts and wishes fond!

O, there upon thy disk, fair orb,  
Receive and give these thoughts of love  
To her who watches nightly there,  
To her for whom is breathed this prayer!



## GUNEOLGY.

"A Woman! pardon my mistaking pen."

It is really surprising that while almost every thing in Nature has been subjected to the strictest analysis and the most thorough investigation—while classification and generalization have originated Sciences, including nearly all mental, moral, and physical facts—no Science has yet been discovered which reduces to order and harmony the infinite diversities and peculiarities of Woman. The truth is, female character is so complex, is seen in so many different lights and under so many different circumstances, that it affords the most anomalous and perplexing medley ever submitted to the Philosopher's consideration. Every one is apt to form his opinion of the sex by the specimens with which he is himself most conversant, and there are accordingly almost as many ideals intended to represent the whole sex, as there are individuals in the sex. The love-sick youth swears all women are angels of beauty, grace, and tenderness, sent to strew man's path with flowers; while some one else insists that she is sent to tempt him from the path of rectitude and happiness. The latter triumphantly points to woman's great\* original, and draws a comparison between our first mother and the artful, bewitching, coaxing creature of the present time. Still another, with disposition soured by disappointment, looks upon her as a mere personification of "vanity and lies."

Our own opinion is, (and on such a subject we would speak with becoming modesty,) that the genus possesses very few general characteristics; but we do think there may be a more distinct division into species than has heretofore been attained. We wish it distinctly understood that we do not arrogate to ourself any superior knowledge of the subject, or any surpassing ability to manage it, but with a sincere desire to extend the bounds of human knowledge, we bring this humble offering to the cause of Science. Acting as a pioneer in exploring this new field, of course little more can be expected of us than imperfectly to mark out the bounds of what we trust will, by the efforts of abler adventurers, become a beautiful and complete system of GUNEOLGY.

The human race may be divided into two grand portions, viz. the genus "Vir" and the genus "Mulier." It is the province of our new science to treat of the latter and most interesting genus. Let us first contemplate "Mulier" in her origin. And here we are forced to observe that Woman is naturally more *aristocratic* than Man, being at the first of better birth; for while he received an humble formation "from the dust of the ground," she more proudly boasts herself to have sprung like a lovely flower from his very body. Form, graceful; feet, small; hands, soft and delicate; hair, long; features, classic and pleasing;

\* Very fat women will please not take this as intending to assume that Eve was particularly corpulent; indeed, if the pictures of her in "Harpers' Pictorial Bible" are any authority, we should rather draw the opposite inference.

manners, gentle and winning; voice, sweet and silvery; eyes, that cannot be described; beard, none at all;—these are some of the peculiarities which nature seems to have designed should distinguish “Mulier” from “Vir.” As in the case of every rule, exceptions will in course of time arise, so has this not escaped; in fact we begin to fear the exceptions have almost reversed the rule itself. We may add, furthermore, “Muliers” seems to have been endowed with a curiosity unbounded, a disposition both yielding and seductive, with pride and ambition mingled in pretty full proportions. But we can gather little information respecting “Mulier” by any consideration of her generic properties; let us, therefore examine a few of her most common and interesting *species*.

I. *VIRGO DIU INNUPTA MANENS*. This species is very numerous and peculiar. The individuals who compose it, profess to have cast their lot voluntarily among the “sisterhood;” though sundry occasional movements have given color to the suspicion that many of them would be glad of any thing wearing coat and pantaloons. An exception, however, must be made in favor of an anomalous sort of female, who really has a mortal hatred of anything looking like a man. We introduce them under this head as a sub-species, with the name *INFENSÆ MARIBUS*, and will give a single illustration. One of these singular beings, while traveling, happened, on retiring to her chamber in a hotel, to notice an engraved portrait of Washington suspended on the wall. With instinctive modesty, not a movement would she make towards undressing, until she had first clambered into a chair and turned the picture with its face ingloriously to the wall. Somewhat relieved by the change, she proceeded, but scarcely had she removed the first shoe, when the horror of sleeping in the same room with the likeness of a man quite overcame her courage, and so the chambermaid was called to remove the unfortunate Patriot entirely.

“*Virgo diu innupta manens*” is seen in her greatest glory in a country village. She manages the affairs both of Church and State, together with the domestic concerns of every family, besides holding the office of village school-mistress. At one time you may find her closeted with the Parson, urging him to greater watchfulness over his flock, informing him of sundry church-members whose unchristian conduct demands discipline, and taking his reverence himself to task for some fancied misdemeanor. The minister’s wife too, having perchance taken the liberty to supply herself with some new article of furniture or apparel, must needs receive timely warning that her example is leading others into vanity and extravagance. Next she pays her respects to the Doctor, and having learned who is sick—what their disease—and what the course of treatment,—off she posts to make her round among the invalids. Now she is in her element, and with ominous shake of head, solemnly predicts speedy death, unless the medicines are changed. Forthwith, catnip and red pepper are substituted for calomel and elixir, which find their way out of the window, and if the patient survives, it will be simply because he was not ready to die. This is not all; she can tell you just the number of sheets, pillow-cases, feather-beds, and bed-

quilts belonging to each family—just the number of milk-pans and sets of crockery, with a complete inventory of every kitchen's utensil. Not a turkey-gobbler or fat goose is sacrificed in the course of the year, but she contrives to find it out, and drops in on the happy family, accidentally of course, just at dinner-time, with a "Lor me! how strange I should have happened on such good luck!" Not a courtship is begun, but she interposes to break it up, unless she has been previously consulted and conciliated by the amorous parties. By virtue of her position as school-mistress, she obtains unlimited control over her youthful charge; and for their conduct on the Sabbath, during play-hours; in fact, at all times they are obliged to render an account at her dread tribunal. You cannot find an urchin in the street, who does not carry the prints of her finger-nails in the lobes of his ears. Besides these numerous employments, she keeps accurate record of all births, deaths, and marriages,—and we recollect a certain parish election, at which a notable old spinster received almost votes enough to make her parish-clerk. There are, however, a few to whom the name of old-maid is applied, who deserve kindlier notice than that contained in the above description. We sometimes meet with one, who, possessed of an ardent and confiding nature, and living only in the warm sun-shine of affection, in early life yielded her whole heart to him who won her love. Happy in her choice, for a time she fairly revels in the delights of a well-placed love, little dreaming of the realities her future must disclose. One short moment of joy, and then her soul is plunged in darkness, as the grave closes over the source of her earthly happiness. Crushed to the earth by the heaviness of her grief, she seems insensible to all around her; but at length rising calm though sad, for the remainder of her days she seeks a remedy for her own affliction in that best alleviator of woe—ministering to the happiness of others. Reader, should you ever meet such an one, be careful how you trifle with her feelings—they are sacred as God's own Temple.

II. *VIDUAE GENERATIM.* As thou would'st flee from the hungry wolf, as thou would'st shun the viper in thy path,—as thou would'st shrink from the edge of an awful precipice, so be wary of a widow. Coy and tender,—gay and smiling,—clap your hand over your heart when you meet one. You needn't say you want a woman's first love; a shrewd widow will make you forget all such notions. We imagine that married life is the very best school to study human nature in, and that a capable woman will soon learn the little arts so acceptable to men, and soon find out how to attack the weak points of his nature. Nor is this all: they have at the same time discovered the most accomplished methods of depriving a man of all comfort; just as likely as not the "poor, dear, first husband" died by the lingering process of having his life *teazed* out of him, and the more husbands a woman obtains and buries, the more reasonable the suspicion. Recollect then, the old story of Ulysses and his men,—the precautions they took against the fatal witcheries of the Sirens, and remember furthermore the uncomfortable experience of Uncle Toby Weller.

III. *VIDUAE STUDIOSORUM*. The etymology of the name applied to his species may require a little explanation to make it perfectly understood by all. There dwell within this goodly city, sundry — of uncertain age, but by courtesy called young, who have flirted with members of different college classes, year after year, and have been handed down from one set of students to another, nobody knows how long, as regular college property. To these has been applied the expressive appellation of *students' widows*, and it is not uncommon for them to be left in the forlorn state of widowhood, some dozen times or more. Nothing comes about more naturally; a young man in college, having mingled but little in society, finds his way into some circle, and selects one of the number, no matter which, provided she can make a good appearance in public, with whom to amuse himself for an idle hour, and perhaps to learn how to make himself agreeable in the company of the sex.

Now we presume it will be considered high-treason to insinuate anything like this, yet we will make bold to assert that a certain class of people look upon a match with a student as nothing objectionable,—in fact, rather desirable than otherwise. This being the case with the young lady in question, she begins to feel elated at the attentions she receives, and soon comes to putting a rather more serious construction upon them than they were intended to convey. Thus matters continue till the gallant graduates, which event is to the young lady aforesaid extremely analogous to the death of the common widows' husband. Having now become a *vidua studiosi*, she assumes for her weeds the gayest habiliments to be found in the market, and without waiting any time to pay proper respect to the memory of her late companion, she enters the lists once more, again to meet with like success;—and so the round is run, until age has stolen all her charms. In some instances, indeed, there may be an actual engagement; but this usually amounts to nothing, being broken off as soon as the young lover has seen a little more of the world. One thing is quite noticeable; in the period of her full glory, the *vidua studiosi* has considerable to do with Seniors and professional students, but in her wane, her conquests are confined to unsophisticated —.\* Her final fate is usually to remain a "*virgo diu innupta manens*," or marry some humble theological student.

IV. *MULIERES EDENDI DOMOS HABENTES*. As a general rule these are either old-maids or widows. We have ourselves boarded at an establishment kept by four of the former, at another kept by three and a widow, and others conducted by various combinations of the two. It is surprising how much these worthy females know of college history—they are perfect depositories of this kind of knowledge. With their own presence have they graced every Junior Exhibition, Com-

\* We are informed that our neighbors at — College are in great distress. The fashionable society of — has not for some years embraced more than one lady, and now she is in the "sere and yellow leaf." The tenacity, however, with which all the students cling to her is really affecting.

mencement, and public meeting of any sort connected with College, for the last sixteen or twenty years. They know the names of all the valedictorians\* within that period, and can describe amusing colloquies without number. In college politics they are perfect *statesmen*, and can give you the relative condition of the societies for many a year. So far they are very entertaining and agreeable, but some of their peculiarities are not quite so pleasing. They never seem exactly aware of their position in society, and hence their familiarity and obtrusiveness is almost insupportable to the student. As illustrating this, we will narrate a little incident which happens to fall within our own knowledge.

Our classmate, I., in passing down Chapel-street, one day, chanced to meet the landlady of his Freshman year. A friendly, talkative, good-natured sort of a body, was Mrs. W., and one withal who was very fond of cultivating an intimacy with her student-boarders. I. suspected she would claim the acquaintance, and made up his mind not to see her; so as they met he looked the other way, while she addressed him by name. Nothing daunted, she deliberately caught hold of his cloak as he attempted to pass her, and brought him completely to a stand. Nor was this all; sticking out her scrawny hand, she exclaimed, loud enough to be heard half a block,—“Why, how do you do, Mr. I.? I haven’t seen anything of you in a long time. Really you have quite forgotten us.” Poor I. saw the friendly hand extended, and glancing hastily up and down the street to see if any of his more fashionable friends were near, hastily gave the unwilling grip, and hurried on his way, muttering curses on the impudence of “*Mulieres edendi domos habentes*.”

These, or some of them, at least, have a practice of selecting that one of their inmates who stands highest in their estimation, and bestowing on him the office of “Major domo.” It is his duty to preside at the table, and he is always looked to for advice or assistance when there is any occasion; in return for which kindness he is admitted more fully to all the privileges of the family. As we have ourself once been the object of this kind of distinction, we trust we shall not be accused of any want of modesty if we record our own experience in this matter. We had just taken up our abode with the four virgins above alluded to, when we found ourself the especial favorite of the venerable and worthy ladies. “You seem just like one of our sort of folks,” said one; “We can’t help treating you exactly like one of our own family,” said a second; and as these compliments were accompanied by extra donations of fruit and pastry, we were content to let it be so. This “Quartette Club” had for table-waiter a little girl some ten or dozen years of age, the most ugly, impudent, hateful

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\* Some malicious persons have said that valedictorians are seldom heard of after they graduate; but we think the fact we have mentioned will afford sufficient refutation of the slander; nor need it detract at all from the comfort of those much-abused individuals, that their friends at the other end of the appointment list are remembered with equal or greater interest.

little vixen, that ever saw daylight. By virtue of our authority as prime-minister, and at the instigation of her mistress, we had often tried to reprove her for her misdemeanors, but she as often laughed us in the face. Right glad were we, therefore, when one morning one of the sisters informed us that she had been endeavoring to chastise the little imp, but found her too strong for her, and accordingly requested our assistance. Jupiter Ammon! didn't our treasured spite add ten-fold force to our corrections? Never was punishment inflicted with more hearty willingness, and never submission of vanquished maiden more complete. But our well-earned glory was not destined long to last; for, being unwilling to expose ourself to the public gaze in the company of the ancient sisters, we were forthwith superseded. The circumstances were these:—the summer-heat had become debilitating, the duties of the boarding-house oppressive, and to recruit their exhausted frames, the amiable "four" had resolved to pass a day at the "Fort," by way of a sort of select pic-nic. A lumbering market-wagon, and the meanest looking scrub of a horse, were accordingly engaged, and ourself kindly invited to conduct the party. Only imagine the idea of accompanying four such dried and shriveled mummies, with such a conveyance, through the center of the city, in broad day, and you will have a faint shadow of the objections which presented themselves to our own mind against lending our personal aid to this enterprise.

This leads us to remark, that the custom of calling on young men to do "escort duty," constitutes one of the most unpleasant characteristics of this class of females. The method of procedure to obtain an invitation to a Concert, is somewhat as follows—the person who happens to be last at the breakfast-table being chosen as the subject of attack:—

*Mistress.* Beautiful day!—I understand there's to be a concert this evening.

*Student.* Ye-es, I believe there is!

*Mistress.* I never heard these singers, but I want to *so* much.

*Student.* Do you not intend to go?

*Mistress.* I hain't any body to go with me, and ladies of respectability never go to such places alone. I suppose you have plenty of young ladies to wait upon? (Student remains silent.) Won't you have some hot cakes?

Now an experienced hand will manage these interviews very much to his own amusement; but a timid, good-natured person, rarely survives the "hot cakes."

But we have occupied the space allotted us with much fewer illustrations of our science than we intended. If any should be of opinion that we have ventured upon too dangerous a subject, we again ask their pardon, in the language of the motto prefixed to this article.

E. J.

## AN HISTORIC DOUBT.

We must lay aside this lazy, fallacious method of believing by the lump, and bring every thing come to the test of true or false — BURNET.

Whoever is desirous of tracing back his genealogy, must obviously consult the records of his ancestors, and resort to such manuscripts and published memoirs as may come within his reach. In this way he may succeed in attaining his object, with a tolerable degree of precision and accuracy, for a limited period of years; but it will be long before he will find himself beyond his depth; and being destitute of credible accounts, will be compelled to form opinions and adopt conclusions on mere uncertainties and bare suppositions. Antiquarians will testify to the extreme indefiniteness that attends their efforts, after they have reached a certain limit of time. The same is true to a certain extent, with regard to many important and prominent events in history, although by far the greater number and most important have been, luckily for posterity, well recorded and attested, and these records carefully preserved. Yet the "lapse of ages and the flight of time" have done their work with many of those which centuries after their occurrence, we find ourselves extremely ignorant both as to the particular details and the leading characters that figured in them. To take a homely illustration of the analogy I wish to establish: I well know that I once had a great-grandfather; but from want of records I do not know who he was, what his name, or where his residence; and thus (to come directly to the question I am about to contemplate) I am well aware that this Continent must have been discovered about the close of the fifteenth century, but by whom, from want of sufficient evidence, I am "not prepared" to say. I must say, in fact, after a careful consideration, I do not know.

Let us then examine for a moment the validity of the claims of Columbus to the high honor of having been the discoverer of America, and inquire first what are the proofs of his having existed. We are at once referred of course to a work entitled his "Life and Voyages, by Washington Irving." What's that? Washington Irving, the romance writer? one of the most distinguished and popular novelists of the age? And such a man the only biographer of your boasted hero, the discoverer of this Continent? Why, you must surely be in jest. But no, such proves to be the fact, that search where you will, the only plausibly authentic and credible biography is this "Life" by Irving. If you wish for proof positive, I can only add, that the Society Library has no other. I am quite certain now that you could not do the cause I am advocating a greater service, than to introduce this kind of evidence. A few more facts of this sort would make your argument decidedly cumulative, so much so indeed that I would not wonder if it should very soon fall in pieces by its own weight. I am reminded by such argumentation of the remark of a rather quaint old gentleman on a particular occasion, when the only light in the room was burning very dimly, that two or three more such lights would leave them in total darkness. The application will be obvious. But if you so easily credit this story on the authority of Washington Irving, I shall next expect to hear of your proving the existence of Wouter Van Twiller, or of your pointing out here in our midst bonâ fide descendants of the famous Rip Van Winkle.

The statements purporting to be proofs, do not however end with this. Were they of the same suicidal nature, I should not by any means have meddled with an idea that so manifestly bears along with it its own refutation. We are next told that Columbus is alluded to by nearly all historians—that there are in addition sundry traditions abroad at the present day, in reference to his early life, and that numerous lives and biographical sketches were published about his time, although now unfortunately out of print, and all this together ought to convince any man. Why, my good sir, have you yet to learn that it is by no means a thing impossible, nor indeed a very unusual occurrence, for an author, having planned the main body of his work, to discover by some (to the uninitiated) unaccountable process, old traditions and reminiscences in any quantity, which have been made to travel very accommodat<sup>g</sup>ly down from that day to this through all the changes of fortune, unharmed? Notice now what a fine collection we have in this Life, skillfully interspersed throughout the work, so as to relieve the tedium of dry narration. For instance, what a pleasing picture is presented to us in the often-quoted account of the poor houseless wanderer begging bread at the

door of a Spanish Convent, who, not many years after, by some strange revolution of the wheel of the "Fickle Goddess," turns out to be the discoverer of the Western Continent. Who has not found his admiration of the man greatly increased; who has not almost caught himself in the very act of "hero-worship," after the perusal of that thrilling anecdote, and depicted before his "mind's eye" a full view of the touching scene which occurred on that eventful occasion, when he unfolded to the eager gaze of a wondering world, the hitherto undiscovered process of making an egg stand on its little end. I warrant me now the ingenious historian hugged himself a dozen times, in very glee, at the exceeding cleverness he had evinced in having so skillfully collected these simple incidents, and woven them into so plausible a tale. As the circumstance that other historians have so frequently alluded to this, as though it was an undoubted point, I think it is plain enough to see why those who were not themselves deceived into its belief, should from motives of self-interest, give their authority and lend their influence to the complete establishment of the fable.

But there is still another proof urged by the friends of the Columbus theory, which is thought to be a complete knock-down. "How," we are asked, "will you account for, or set aside, this general, nay, this universal belief on the subject?" We are well aware that this is an argument of considerable weight, and entitled to more and more careful consideration than—we can give it; yet it is one which *can* be satisfactorily met.

It surely ought not to settle the truth of a tradition beyond the possibility of a doubt, that it has gained common credence, the more especially when this tradition is of so little practical importance, and, in consequence, so little likely to attract attention from a people all engrossed, as we have thus far been, in matters of business. The American people have never had an opportunity to canvass this question. Early in their existence as a nation, they became so giddy by their first embrace of the Goddess of Liberty, as to believe unhesitatingly every thing that was told them, "asking no questions for conscience' sake;" and from that time to this, in the hurry and bustle of active life, no time has been left them to consider matters of mere speculation. Do you need proofs of the readiness with which the world yield their assent to even the most ridiculous of theories? I need only point you to that sect of religious fanatics, under "Father Miller," which increased in so short a time to a really alarming extent. Proof as I considered myself against humbug, this was too much for me. I really thought at one time that the "Millennium" had come. "Ex uno disce omnes."

But leaving this consideration of the proofs of his existence, let us briefly mention one or two things which seem to militate against the truth of this right-famous Columbus theory. We remark then, in the first place, that the exceedingly diversified, and in some instances contradictory accounts of his character, of his life prior to his departure, and of his truly (there is meaning in that word, reader) wonderful passage across the Atlantic in three frail barks, (to say nothing of the absurdity of one man's sailing in *three* boats at once,) force us to doubt extremely the verity of the whole relation. The story that was trumped up of his bones having been seen in Havana, and paraded through the streets, while it evinces the fertility of the historian's imagination, and is a farther illustration of the credulity of the people above alluded to, is, nevertheless, so decidedly bungling as to deserve nothing more than a passing notice.

Again, like the fabled heroes of old, Columbus has some half dozen different birth-places. The citizens of Piedmont, Genoa,\* Placentia, and Savona, all pertinaciously claim him as a townsman, according to historians. We are desirous of judging impartially in this matter, and to avoid being distracted by these various assertions, quietly split the difference, and come to the conclusion that he could not have been born at all; in short, that he never lived. For though it is no very uncommon thing for several men to have been born in any one place, it is, I think, generally esteemed as not a very common thing for a man to have been born in several different places. So curious a phenomenon would give evidence of a degree of ubiquity not ordinarily allotted to mortals. His parentage too is equally obscure. His biographer puts into the mouth of his son somewhere, a remark to this effect, which he doubtless supposed would remove this source of difficulty: "I care not to trace back my pedigree even to nobility. It is enough for me to have been the son of such a father." These several facts force us, however unwilling, to view the whole account as little more than a fantasy of the brain, and they aid materially in bringing us to the result at which

\* Adopted by Irving.



I am aiming, viz., the resolving this far-famed Hero, this renowned discoverer, into mere creature of the imagination. Can I do better than to introduce to your notice before concluding, what I deem to have been the origin of this beautiful story? The cleus around which there have been constant though gradual accretions, until length under skillful cultivation it has swelled into a goodly sized Romance? The suggestion then I conceive to have been given by the perusal (the only thing in theory in regard to which I doubt) of the Scriptural account of the Deluge, the issuing out of the dove by Noah, to look for land.

Noah had been in the ark with his family some forty days; without doubt they become wearied with their long confinement, and at the same time perhaps the means of sustenance was beginning to fail them. I think we may fairly suppose that they were desirous of a new abode. Now I take it the originator of this Columbus theory, seeing the old world overstocked with inhabitants, its soil worn out, and consequent danger of scarcity of provisions, and learning that some one had been sent out on the wild waste of waters, to find for the overplus population (or a part of them) a new dwelling-place, caught at the analogy of their situation, to that of Noah in the ark; that in his occasional moments of reverie, when transported on the wings of his imagination, he had gradually moulded and refined this idea, till it had become well-proportioned and comely when he gave it utterance, and it found a speedy lodgment in the minds of his greedy readers, and "thereby hangs the tale."

I am still further confirmed in my belief of this view of the subject by the name which is given to this unknown adventurer, for there is something in a name. You will recollect that it was a *dove* that was sent out from the ark. Now this word done into Latin, (excuse me, learned reader, if I appeal for a moment to your knowledge of the classics,) gives us *Columba*, from which, after the necessary adjustment of genders, the historian has, in a language but little known, and where there is consequently but little chance of detection, a surname for his hero. Then availing himself of the well-known pleasing effects of alliteration, by adding the significant (the peculiar signification of which, however, I stop not now to analyze) soubriquet of Christopher, he is nicely provided with the euphonious appellation of Christopher Columbus. But we are not done yet. For our historian, making shrewd use of the name of *Noah*, the one who sent out the dove from the ark, and summoning to his aid another dead language, (as appears from the fact that *Γῆ* as a prefix, signifies "land of,") thus as it were seeming determined to avoid all possible chance of exposure, very ingeniously and judiciously selects as the birth-place of his "fancy's child," *Genoa*.

Can the candid man ask for anything more? Is there any longer any room for doubt? And can you any longer withhold your assent to what I now broadly assert, viz. that Christopher Columbus NEVER LIVED? Shall then this people be permitted to remain longer in this dreadful delusion? "*Dii meliora*," &c. I thus wash my hands of the matter. If, however, in reading the "*Life and Voyages of Columbus*," one wishes only a pleasing pastime for an idle hour, there can be no conceivable objection. It hath indeed much to recommend it to such a use. Its enchanting style, the simple, but vivid descriptions in which it abounds, reveal to us on every page that favorite with all his readers, Washington Irving in full dress—the good-humored Knickerbocker, the inimitable sketcher with the "crayon." But ever and anon (if thou hast carefully attended to the doctrines herein inculcated) your fancy will picture him almost ready to die with laughter when he sees how mightily the world has been taken in with his unpretending tale of Christopher Columbus. Reader, thou art alone. A. E.

#### EDITORS' TABLE.

WE have just received another paper of "Transactions of the Big Nose Club," accompanied with a request to publish them for the gratification of the enthusiastic votaries of the science of Mukterology; but after a calm and mature deliberation, we have concluded to refuse it a place in this Magazine. As this step will doubtless surprise many, and may perhaps give occasion for some remarks, we propose to state the reasons that have led us to this determination; and in doing so we must recur to the policy we have pursued from the beginning of our connection with the above men-

ted Association. Having chanced to hear sometime ago of the formation of the b., and feeling our curiosity somewhat excited, and moreover feeling ourselves called on to give whatever promised to be an addition to science in general, a fair chance to the public, we requested from one of the members a copy of the proceedings publication. The Society flattered, doubtless, with our request, not only complied with it very readily, but even unsolicited, unanimously elected us "printers to the g Nose Club." As we had already, in a measure, committed ourselves, we could not well refuse the honor, especially as it promised something more substantial than title, although the notice was accompanied by a cool resolution that we "were not good-looking enough to become members of the club."

Immediately upon our election, therefore, we informed the President, that *professionally*, of course, the "smallest favors would be thankfully received." In return, another paper was given us, which we cheerfully published. We had winked at the little streak of superciliousness that had betrayed itself from the first, attributing it to the effects of the exhilaration incident to such new and wonderful discoveries.

What was our astonishment, then, on presenting our bill the other day, to learn that the members of the club actually thought that the *honor* of printing the reports of their deliberations, was a sufficient recompense of reward. This was a little too much even for our modesty. But we restrained our impetuosity by the philosophic fiction, that we had never known a big-nosed man of science who had common sense—but silently resolved, as we walked away, not to be everybody's printer hereafter. But the arrogance of these upstart men of science has of late become still more insufferable. We blush to record the gratuitous and unprovoked insult recently heaped to one of our fraternity—but in justice to ourselves we feel compelled to speak of it. It seems by a reference to the minutes of the last meeting, which have been very coolly handed us for publication, that sometime during the evening Mr. Simple, who had often been seen of late in company with our co-editor, Mr. Habbakuk Quick, arose and stated, that at his urgent solicitation this gentleman had consented to present himself as a candidate for admission to the club. Upon this the President arose and questioned him respecting his literary and scientific attainments, and it being proved that he had actually written thirteen pages in the last No. of the Yale Literary Magazine, and moreover had prepared one scientific report for the press, though it was whispered that in its preparation his imagination had been more severely tasked than by other faculty, the Secretary was ordered to perform the last initiatory ceremony, to measure Mr. Quick's nose. But no sooner had that functionary produced his yardstick, than Mr. Ganderleg sprang to his feet, and protested against the whole proceeding. After apologizing for his delay in not expressing his sentiments sooner, he boldly asserted that he could prove Habbakuk to be utterly devoid of principle, and that too in every point which characterized themselves. He declared that he cared not how long Mr. Quick's nose was. It might be long enough to reach into the middle of next week, or even longer. But that was of no consequence, so long as his nose was not original one, and he had the documents, and could call witnesses to prove that Mr. Habbakuk Quick's nose had been *skinned, actually skinned*, for the occasion. This was too much for the high-minded Habbakuk, so he fainted away, and was carried to the bosom of his family in a state of insensibility. So heavy was the shock, that he has but just begun to walk about, and we fear that he will carry with him to his grave the marks on his countenance of that gratuitous insult. Under this accusation of aggravating circumstances, we consider it due to our own honor and dig-

nity, to separate ourselves from all connection with this new fraternity. And if they do not soon learn that even printers are gentlemen, we predict for them a speedy death. Kicks will not pass for coppers here; and if they have not the latter, we advise them to be chary of the former.

The admirers of the distinguished author of "Ambulins," will, doubtless, be gratified to hear those dulcet strains from him with which it was his wont to beguile our leisure moments while he was with us. It would seem that not even the terrible carnage of Palo Alto has proved sufficient to divert his genius from its touching devotion to his Alma-Mater-in-law. From that very spot he has indited a Valentine to Yale, which far surpasses all former flights of his Muse. We trust that as our readers shall feel the inspiring thrill vibrating through every nerve, they will readily yield themselves to the impulse, and "Arise." But we are detaining them from the——inspired message:

"Go on old Yale, and still go on,  
Though greatest wonder of the age;  
We view thy walks by the pearly moon,  
We know you've made both son and sage.  
Thy deeds are rushing on to Heaven;  
Roll on old Yale, forever roll,  
Thy golden wheels by maidens driven,  
Rush on then, girls, and dazzle round,  
For you have kept old Yale embound;  
Ye rule like spirits in the skies,  
Then students of old Yale: arise!"

S. W. R.

PALO ALTO, Feb. 14, 1847.

A NEW COLLEGE PERIODICAL.—The New York University Magazine, Vol. I, No. 1, has just made its appearance. We welcome it heartily, and wish it long life and success. College Magazines generally have not enjoyed the former blessing. The students of Dartmouth, Cambridge, Amherst, and Williams, have, in turn, started periodicals, but after living for a year or two they have languished and ceased to be.

The Nassau Monthly has reached its sixth year, and gives promise of a vigorous manhood. The "Yale Literary" is getting into its thirteenth year, and being of good parentage, promises to reach a still greater age. Our sister Magazine has the good fortune to start in a University containing over seven hundred students. Its only enemy is the Babel city about it. But with the talent enlisted, we see no reason to fear a failure. We cannot refrain from reprinting a few lines from the No. before us, that were suggested by seeing "a picture of a single Indian pursuing deer amid his native forests."

"Like bubble on the fountain,  
Like spray upon the river,  
Like shadow on the mountain,  
He has passed away forever.

"The forests of his childhood  
Have fallen in their pride,  
With the beauty of the wild-wood,  
That fringed the flowing tide.

"The lake of smiling glances,  
In infancy he knew,  
No more in beauty dances  
Around his light canoe.

"His race is swiftly hasting  
To the spirit-land away,  
Their images are wasting  
'Neath the finger of decay.

"His hunting grounds have perished,  
His villages are burned;  
By those whom he once cherished,  
The Indian is spurned.

"Like the bubble on the fountain,  
Like spray upon the river,  
Like shadow on the mountain,  
He has passed away forever."

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Harold True*" was reserved too late for insertion in the present No., but will appear in shortly.

We regret the necessity of postponing the publication of the article on "Greek Inscriptions," and shall be happy to give it a prominent place in our next. When we again offer articles we order consideration.

A word by good-bye. We are continually assailed by ready-made attempts at revolution, and we know of no better way to reform ourselves of the postulated things, but, gradually, a couple of *homo-philis* have been "most respectfully submitted" to us, and we are satisfied for all you may think of writing, and we wish it understood that such also we cannot demand.

### THE WOODS IN A COVER'S EYES.

- "In the eye at the heart will you find  
 Taken of love which in men were blind;  
 And those few lines I've written for  
 Yours at my youthful love for thee.
- "To love's advances friends are wiser,  
 The eyes I slight you—My brother never.  
 While the heart that love shall not vary,  
 Which men glow bright for me, dear Mary."

Thereafter then we wish all readers to compare their handings together with those of ours, and if the lines rhyme or are set—contain, relatively, the same number of feet—same regular number of syllables in each foot, and having the same idea regard to quantity, not to mention manner——burn them.

We think the author of these verses must be sorry for his consideration in making the poems with them, and we would take this opportunity of hinting to all future contributors the propriety, and even necessity, of doing likewise—unless they are anxious to contribute to the clerk of the Dead Letter Office at Washington.

All contributions for the No. 1 No. must be received on or before the end of April, as it is our intention to send it on an early date.

The engraved Portrait of President Washington will soon be ready for use; but we are anxious to announce that copies will be ready for delivery on or before the birth of April.

PROSPECTUS  
OF THE  
TWELFTH VOLUME  
OF THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

To be published by the Students of Yale College.

In presenting the prospectus of a new volume of this periodical, we take occasion to express our sincere gratitude for the generous support which has hitherto been extended to us, and also for the earnest aid we have already received of a continuous of the same body of aid. We may also be permitted to say in this connection, that our efforts always have been and always shall be directed strictly to its own proper sphere; and that therefore while taking no part in College politics in any form or shape, we may fairly claim the sanction of all and every one.

With such a course then, in view, we offer to the public a Twelfth Volume of the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE. We offer it not as a rival to the periodicals of the day, nor as an instructor in any of the departments of Science and Learning, nor yet as the oracle of our able Master, but as a quiet companion for leisure moments, a mirror to reveal the humor of the hour. Our aim shall be to make it agreeable to all. We shall offer themes for the thoughtful, whims for the curious, and for the free-loving. Whoever has a wish to utter, a song to sing, or a story to tell, shall receive from us a hearty welcome and a careful consideration.

A font of new type has just been obtained, which will greatly increase the beauty of the work, and with a faithful and provincial discharge of our duties, we hope to make it both interesting and attractive. Three numbers of the Magazine will be issued every term.

TERMS.—\$2.00 per annum, payable on the delivery of the first number. Single numbers, 25 cents.

No subscriptions will be received for a less term than one year.

Communications must be addressed (post paid) through the Post Office, "To the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine."

VOL. XII.

No. VI.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, VOL. XII. NO. VI. APRIL, 1847."  
UNIVERSITY OF YALE, YALE COLLEGE.

APRIL, 1847.

NEW HAVEN:

PUBLISHED BY DOUGLAS DAY.

PRINTED BY THOMAS AND SONS.

ROBESON

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President Theodore Dwight Woolsey,  
 College Critics,  
 Poetry and Popular Fable,  
 Earl Progenies,  
 Hazel Bell,  
 Greek Imaginism,  
 Liberia,  
 Music in a Wood,  
 A Remarkable Age,  
 My Open Window (A La Mer —),  
 "The Revichlor,"  
 "Occasional Piece Questions," etc.  
 Editors' Table,  
 College Fashions,  
 Editors' Paravall.







H. J. Brown

L. C. Hays

REV. THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, LL.D.

PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

*Theodore D. Woolsey.*

# THE

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XII.

APRIL, 1847.

No. 6.

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PRESIDENT THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY.

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY was born in New York, October 31, 1801. His ancestors on the father's side came from Yarmouth, in England, and settled on Long Island about the year 1640. His father was a merchant in New York of standing and influence; and his mother was a sister of Dr. DWIGHT, formerly President of Yale College. He obtained the elements of classical learning chiefly at schools in Hartford and New Haven, and entered Yale College in September, 1816. After his graduation in 1820, he read law awhile in Philadelphia, without, however, having the profession of law in view, and in the autumn of 1821 joined the theological seminary at Princeton, where he continued almost two years. Before the expiration of the second year in the seminary, he became connected, as a tutor, with Yale College, and spent two years in that office. In the autumn of 1825 he was licensed to preach in the Congregational church. After this he spent a year and a half at home in New York, deeply occupied in studying the original languages of the Scriptures, and the Scriptures themselves, with the help of the best commentaries within his reach. In the spring of 1827 he visited Europe and remained abroad rather more than three years. The greater part of this time was spent in study at Paris and several cities of Germany: five months were passed in England and seven in Italy. In Germany he occupied himself with the study of the Greek language, which he also pursued after his return to the United States in August, 1830. In the autumn of 1831 he was appointed professor of Greek in Yale College. In 1833 he married Elizabeth Martha, only daughter of the late J. Salisbury, Esq. of Boston. At the close of the year 1843 he sustained the very severe affliction of losing three children within a fortnight by the scarlet fever, and was thus deprived of his oldest children and of his two sons. In the autumn of 1845 he went abroad principally for his wife's health; and not long after his return the following summer was chosen President of Yale College, into which office he was inducted in October, 1846. He has published editions, accompanied by notes, of the *Prometheus* of Aeschylus, the *Antigone* and *Electra* of Sophocles, the *Alcestis* of Euripides and of Plato's *Gorgias*, besides a number of contributions to several periodicals.

## COLLEGE CRITICS.

A YOUNG person enjoying the advantages of a collegiate course, is naturally supposed to be desirous of building up for himself a strong character, which will give him weight in whatever community he may chance to reside. At least he is expected to leave the classic hall, if not with its highest honors, yet with that share of knowledge, and with that degree of mental cultivation, which will befit him for the active scenes of life, and render him a useful member of society. With such an object in view, it well becomes every one, before the first step has been taken, to ask himself the question, how may this end be best obtained?

The great interests which are at stake make this a duty binding upon all. Fame, prosperity, advancement, respectability, are involved in the result, and combine in rendering the theme rife with consequence. As there are many ways, too, which at once suggest themselves to the mind, so he who is prudent will examine each thoroughly, and not hastily abandon himself to the first that offers. It certainly cannot be expected that with an unripe and immature judgment a young man will select the best; but yet he will have cause for gratulation if he does not, as too often happens, hit upon the worst. Of the hundreds who annually congregate in the colleges and universities throughout our land, perhaps not one ever bends himself, at the offset, rightly and properly to the task of self-education. It is man's nature never to adopt the true course until all the absurd ones imaginable have been exhausted. Hence the greater need of circumspection. We will also suppose that he is endowed with the usual share of ambition, and that he is eager to rise rapidly into notice, and to acquire a reputation at once flattering to himself, and galling to envious rivals. In such circumstances, if possessed of a moderate degree of common sense, the chances are greatly in his favor, that he will leave off bell-ringing and window-breaking, and betake himself to Literature. But here lies the great danger. Its very diversities, at first so enticing, in the end perplex and embarrass. Many avenues at once open out before him, whilst of those which appear most alluring to the inexperienced eye, and which seem clustered round with the richest fruits, none is more apt to ensnare, or more fatal in its consequences, than the very one which, in all likelihood, he will adopt. We refer to the career of a *College Critic*.

That every one who has inhaled an academic atmosphere should wish for some acquaintance with general literature, is very natural, and, at the same time, very proper. That they should endeavor also to form just and comprehensive ideas of *books*, is a part of their duty, and we can see nothing wrong even in giving publicity to their opinions whenever occasion calls for them. In this free land of ours it is always the part of an honorable ambition to strive for any degree of preferment that may be offered, and as the field of letters is open to all, there is no

impropriety in entering boldly and breaking a lance. On the other hand, it is incumbent upon good citizens, under every form of government, but especially in a Republic, to hold themselves prepared for every change that may occur, and to learn to wield the pen, the sword, the ploughshare, with equal vigor and facility. But all this does not involve any necessity that should force beardless youths to become critics. Indeed, we can conceive of nothing more absurd than for one whose mind is still in embryo, and whose experience reaches no farther back than a few short years passed in the secluded walks of an academy, to take upon himself the high character of a priest of learning, and to arraign before the bar of criticism those whose single thoughts weigh more than his every word. He who does this in earnest, is either devoid of all common sense, or else endowed with a larger share of vanity and self-conceit than would sit easily upon a Chinese mandarin, who boasts himself a blood relation of the Sun.

The question, however, may be fairly asked, whether one may not assume such a character for the time being, out of pure sport, intending eventually to abandon it, and return to his proper duty? We say, certainly not, unless he can first show that he has all to gain and nothing to lose; unless he can prove that he has neither character nor interest at stake, and that the contempt which such boyish freaks must beget can in no wise harm him. Yet how few enjoy this enviable position in society! How few are reduced so low that degradation can not depress them! Every one, through whose veins bounds the quick blood of youth, has and must have an aim in life—be it high or low—over which he doats with fondness. Even he who has lost both character and self-respect still clings to the hope of some day redeeming himself. The transported convict has an ambition of his own, and looks *down* upon the galley-slave. And so it is all the world over. Let, then, every one who has an eventful future before him—a future in which success is to be the reward of industry, and honor the end of a noble strife—take heed that he ventures not rashly his all in a lottery where the chances are a thousand to one that he draws a blank.

Very little experience is necessary to discover that the World at large esteems most, not those persons who are continually offering unasked-for advice, but those possessed of *silent* wisdom—those whose opinions in an emergency are of real service. This is as it should be. There is but slender merit, and still less advantage, in a spirit of hypercriticism, which can in no way affect the actual concerns of life. This fact should be well considered by all who design building a reputation upon the quicksands of criticism. In its consequences it is most important, and threatens to overthrow everything for which they strive. If they desire the applause and esteem of the world, let them at least adopt a surer method of gaining it, and not cultivate a habit of mind which that world in its sober senses must ever condemn. It would be well also to remember another fact, but too often overlooked, to wit, that fools as well as wise men judge everything by preconceived views, and give more credit to their own opinions than to the maxims of Solomon, whenever they chance to clash. Even the uneducated like to exercise

the right of private judgment, as much as they do that of free-will—and invariably do so, whenever opportunity offers. From this some idea may be had, and by no means a favorable one, of the estimation in which youthful critics are likely to be held; and this in itself ought to be a sufficient reason to deter young persons of undoubted talent from a course so prolific in evil, and so barren in good. Still, if any one insists upon making the trial, our advice to him is, let his first step be, to teach men *not* to think—his second, to teach them *what* to think; and afterward, let him attempt to think for himself; otherwise his labor will be expended in vain.

But a large number of the evils resulting from such a premature engagement in criticism, are indirect in their origin and do not appear at first view. Amongst these the most blighting by far, is the false and ill-directed ambition which is at one time fostered, and at another crushed. This teaches its victim to fix his gaze, and concentrate his whole soul, upon those transient and ephemeral honors which are the pride of school-boy days, and to shut out from view the true, the generous object of life—usefulness to his fellow-man. It also wraps him in a “mystery-garb” of literature, and thus inspires a contempt for those humbler occupations which it should be at once his pride and glory to support and cherish. Few of those who look forward to a dashing and brilliant College reputation, ever detect beneath its showy exterior the germ of premature decay. Regardless of ultimate consequences, the majority prefer becoming “the passing wonder of an hour,” to investing themselves with those more solid qualities of mind which will always entitle them to esteem and honors. Of such a character, at least, are those whom we have designated at the head of our present article, and it is of such only that we speak. They retain still a small spice of their childish humor, and prefer baubles and trinkets to useful gifts. Nor is it to be greatly wondered at. There is certainly something very flattering in the thought of being able to dissect the productions of great men—of possessing the power to lay bare their hidden faults, and to point out how they might have bettered this, or have improved that; it is, indeed, very suggestive of ideas of self-importance, and whilst it proves that we would never have been guilty of like errors, it usually ends in placing us, in our own estimation at least, a little above the object of our criticism. This is by no means an overdrawn picture; every college critic will recognize it as true to the life.

In this connection it may also be remarked that College Criticism deals mostly with faults, and seldom with beauties. This is natural. A young ambition seeks ever to raise itself at the expense of others, and in doing so, falls into the common error of striving to depress its betters. Maturity, and a lengthy experience, are necessary to correct this vice, and both of these are lacking; it runs, therefore, headlong into the opposite extreme, slashing right and left, with a zeal that would do credit to a termagant, and abusing indiscriminately friend and foe. Indeed, even when a panegyric is pronounced, we may safely predict that it is merely the prelude to some glaring monstrosity which the writer wishes to hold up. This kind of criticism may be

well called a purely *sylogistic* process—well adapted to show forth errors, but never bringing to light new truths.

Most of those who adopt this profession so early in life, seem not to be aware of the fact that there is no more absolute necessity that a young man, even though he does enjoy collegiate advantages, should assume to himself the task of criticism, than there is that every stripping who can thumb over a newspaper should therefore enact the politician or mimic the statesman. It is neither demanded of them by their friends, nor by the nation at large, and we doubt much whether the country would ever notice it, were they to slip quietly away and abjure so illiberal an occupation. The truth is, that such critics, although *they* never realize it, like the old Egyptian embalmers, receive for their labor more abuse than praise. The reader, if he agrees with them, looks upon it as nothing more than he too could have written; but if he dissents, he unhesitatingly pronounces them to be either fools or madmen. Such is about the amount of the credit they receive; and yet for such a small and grudgingly-yielded pittance, a young man of promise is frequently contented to throw away the best years of his existence, and to devote to flimsy criticism or glaring caricature, that time which should be spent in storing his mind with useful knowledge, and in enriching it with those attainments that will give strength and dignity to his after life. He is willing to compromise his own ambitious hopes of an honorable independence and a successful career, to the idle dream of momentary applause; he is willing that years should be frittered away in what is at the best but idle amusement, unconscious of the treasure he is squandering. And yet, the loss of time is the least of the evils involved. Beside engendering a captious spirit, a soured and unsocial disposition, an overweening vanity, and a lack of all due respect for equals, if not for superiors, there is contracted at the same time, a narrowness of mind which ill befits one for commerce with the world. He who long indulges in such a course will find to his sorrow that his intellect is rather hampered than expanded by "the three unities," and that instead of acquiring profundity of thought, he has gained for himself a superficial character, that will adhere to him through life. He becomes unable to seize upon those strong and marked features in surrounding objects, which an unwarped judgment—a judgment sound, healthy, and whose powers of discrimination have not been overtaxed in verbal controversies—would naturally suggest, and contents himself with pandering to the eye and ear, rather than with probing to the very bottom. Before the mind has attained a medium statue, he forces it into an employment exhausting and deleterious even to full-grown manhood. As a necessary consequence, it remains ever after, diminutive and driveling. Doubts and difficulties, demanding patient study, are to be weighed and sifted; principles are to be applied which require vigorous and long-digested thought; erudite learning and elaborate investigation are to be manifested; and to accomplish all this, the literary neophyte is fitted with that small stock of knowledge and experience usually possessed by the youth of eighteen. To this very



cause must be referred the fact that American Literature, at the present day, is so deluged by empirics, and that instead of the severe and manly taste which, from the influence of our free institutions, would naturally be expected to pervade it, there is, for the most part, a puerile and florid tone, which ill becomes the character of a great and prosperous people, and which accords but poorly with the boldness, the decision, the vigor, so prominent in our politics.

It is customary to judge of men by their opinions concerning others. In holding another up to view, they inadvertently show themselves; the vices against which they most loudly declaim, are usually those to which they themselves are secretly addicted. Happily for our moral nature, too, the rule works both ways; and he who indulges long and steadfastly in any peculiar vein of thought, or style of expression, will eventually become so habituated thereunto, that deviation will be painful. This feature in human nature *may* be made to contribute largely to individual improvement; but apply it to those who are ever indulging in the extremes, either of indiscriminate praise, or unjust and ignorant censure, and what is the result? They become radicals in the broadest sense of the term; they carry with them their ultra spirit into the common avocations of life—into morals—into politics—as well as into the haunts of literature. They become special pleaders, degenerating into either sycophants or cynics, and at length defeat their own object of acquiring a reputation for wisdom, by the very means they take to secure it. Those who escape such a fate, are indeed favored of heaven, but such favors are granted to few. The extreme satisfaction we experience at meeting with an enlarged and liberal-minded critic, is in itself the strongest evidence we can have that such an one is but seldom found. Yet even granting that some such do exist, what consolation can it be to the five hundred who annually spring into being, to know that one of their number may possibly be respected and honored amongst men? The average, however, of those who do succeed, is by no means so large.

Space will not here permit us to dilate upon the fact that scarcely any popular author can be named, upon whom several hundred criticisms have not already been written—that Shakspeare and his tragedies, time-tested as they are, are at length overburdened—that Milton is becoming greatly embarrassed with the number of his admirers, and that the ghost of Byron is crying loudly for quarter. We must hasten to conclude.

Against genuine criticism we have nothing to urge, provided the person who undertakes it is duly qualified for the task—provided he is possessed of a fund of fresh and vigorous thought, and endowed with those commanding qualities of mind which will give tone to what he utters. The critical remarks of such an one are interesting as well as instructive, and are never treated with contempt. But surely, no one within university precincts, and wearing the novice gown, can claim this distinction; it belongs exclusively to the *toga virilis*—to the wisdom-cap of the sage. Let, then, all who are not morally sure of obtaining even a degree, and who look forward with an anx-

ious eye to the "thick-coming shadows of the future," patiently bide their time, and husband their resources. Enough of untilled ground yet remains in American Literature to exhaust the intellect of myriads; and with their advancing years, and a proper development of their own minds, even the unfledged offspring of the present day may reasonably hope to share in the toil and the triumph. The history of the world has yet to be rewritten by American authors—has yet to be dwelt upon with American feelings, and viewed with a candor unknown to monarchists, so that there will be no want of occupation hereafter for either their maturity, or their critical acumen, and all the knowledge which they can possibly store up in their youth, will not lack a proper object upon which to expend itself.

#### POETRY AND POPULAR FABLE.

THE province of the poet is one of a peculiar nature. From every other field for the exercise of the mental powers, it is almost totally distinct; its true and ultimate aim is ever to reveal the lovely and the beautiful, and thus far it walks hand in hand with its sister arts of painting and sculpture; but in the means it employs to attain its end, it widely differs from either. The emotions of pleasure which they suggest, depend for their origin upon the external world; the visible beauty of the heavens and earth, the quiet loveliness that overspreads the face of nature, or the sublime grandeur of her mountain haunts, are fit subjects for their efforts; nor less the creatures of life that animate these scenes—at once the noblest and most perfect efforts of creation—whose various forms it is theirs to imitate, and combining the beauties of many into one harmonious whole, well-nigh infuse the spirit of life into the dumb marble or the painted canvas. Not such is the sphere of poetry; her triumphs are not those of the eye or the ear; she dazzles not by external beauty, but speaking in tones that pierce the inmost soul and find an echo there, she casts o'er the mind the mighty spell of genius, and fixes it in entranced admiration. In making this distinction, we do not assert that Poetry is independent of the extremely beautiful for its influence; far otherwise, for without the latter the former must cease to exist. But it does not reproduce that beauty in outward forms, itself deriving its whole influence from those forms. It portrays them to the mind in a language to be understood by mind alone, so to speak; it arrays them in a garb peculiar to itself, woven of the brightest tissues of imagination. Here, indeed, lies the essence of poetry—in that power which enables the bard to create, as well as to copy the beautiful—to present it under a thousand different forms, not in the similitude of its original, tangible and material, but transformed, idealized.

It is the imagination, then, to which we look as the source of poetic power, and which constitutes the bard's noblest gift; this it is which

reveals to him, in all its perfection, the beautiful in nature and in art ; it is the "open sesame !" at which the invisible partition, separating from vulgar ken the almost sacred mysteries of poesy, yields to his touch, ushering him into a paradise of intellectual loveliness. Nor are the materials upon which he exerts his energies less refined, less elevated. Often, indeed, the garb of poetry may be thrown around the stern truths of Science, or the mysterious precepts of Philosophy ; nor can the influence it there exerts be aught else than beneficial. It removes their asperity, it heightens their beauties, it adorns their native majesty with its own elegance ; it is like the ivy, which winds its curling tendrils in close embrace around the oak of centuries, decking its rough and massive trunk of sombre hue with the rich green luxuriance of its foliage, and clustering round its knotty branches in graceful profusion. But it is not here that poetry appears in its true light ; the sunbeam may indeed at times light up the dreary vault of some old castle, and throw an air of cheerfulness over its gloom—but far away, amid the green fields and the rustling forest, where nature reigns supreme, does it delight to roam, and but there does it fulfill its mission of beauty, and peace, and joy. Thus, too, the realm of poetry is far from the schools of philosophy, and the cloistered retreats of science ; they address the reason alone ; they deal with nought save the practical and the real, whether they contemplate the phenomena of nature, or the arcana of mental science. The bright dreams of the poet are unknown to them, or viewed as nought save the wanderings of an unsettled mind ; and when they sometimes leave, for awhile, their deep researches, and seek her aid, it is but to clothe in borrowed and more attractive forms the truths they have toiled to gain. Her appeals, too, are to the reason, but it is not thus ; she seeks not to urge it on by the resistless power of truth alone, but combining the attractions of the beautiful with the majesty of the true, she unites the gentle persuasion of the one with the power of the other, and leads her willing captives where she will.

This being the office of poetry, and this the method in which she seeks to attain her high and noble ends—the awakening in the soul a love for the beautiful and the good—we would consider some of the means she employs in their pursuits. The beautiful, as has already been implied, is at once the aim and the groundwork of her operations ; she seeks to disclose it to man, while at the same time she employs its manifestations around her, as her material. It is in this light that we discover the intimate connection which subsists between the poetry of a country and its Popular Fable. In almost every land has the latter existed, in some degree developed ; whether as the dim and half-forgotten traditions of our own Indians, the wild and fierce legends of the Scandinavian warrior-hordes, the Arabic tales of genii and demons, or the refined and polished mythology of Greece and Italy. The peculiar cast of each system has been consonant with the character of the nation in which it took its rise ; created, as it must be, by themselves, it shadowed forth in its dim lineaments the tendency of their own minds, and became an index of the current of popular

feeling. It was in every case the first workings of the national imagination, if we may use the term; the ideas suggested to them by a thousand different causes, spreading silently through the whole mass of the community, and gradually assuming a form of belief unconsciously adopted by all. In many cases allegory and history were the principal sources from whence to draw; fancy worked upon the materials they furnished, and moulding them at pleasure, thus established or added to the stock of legendary lore. The forms assumed by the superstitions of every country were as various as the subjects or ideas which gave them birth; they appeared in the fearful imaginings and terrible legends of the north of Europe, as in the exquisitely intellectual and beautiful worship of the south; but though different in character, their essential features were the same. They were the product of a fervid imagination, led on by the unconscious impulses of the soul, striving to penetrate into the mysteries around, above, within itself. They sprung up in that state of society which nearest approached to its so called "natural condition"—when mankind, free from conventional restraints, gave the reins to passion, and excited, intoxicated, by the wild harmony of their own untaught souls with the voice of nature, received, as the breathings of inspiration, the impulses which sprung up within them. Unaided by revelation, except, perhaps, the dim light transmitted from preceding ages, they felt within themselves the idea of divinity; they saw around them beauty in every form, and they unconsciously linked the two together in their own minds. Thus, in every system of popular fable appears more or less distinct this idea of divinity and of supernatural existence, pervading the whole, and forming the basis upon which it is constructed. The particular nature of each system differs, as we have said, with the character of its framers. The offspring of untutored and wayward imagination, beauty was its characteristic feature; and while its general outlines were controlled by circumstances, it must have been, from its origin, indistinct and vague; appropriating the materials which historical tradition afforded, it united with them all the wildness and beauty of unrestrained fancy gathered from the treasures of nature, and thus silently increased and spread, until a nation was brought under its teachings. Its dim and shadowy form accords well with the age in which it arose; it was most fitted to impress the wild imaginative mood of infant nations, communing directly with nature, and receiving from herself their ideas of beauty. Whether it envelops in its mysterious garb the exploits of heroes, or the actions of fabled deities; whether it endows with life the powers of nature, exerting an energy not otherwise to be accounted for—gives birth to a system like that of Greece, peopling with forms of beauty

'The bright green Earth, the summer sky,  
Whose stars are mirrored in a thousand streams,  
Whose winds do move in perfume and in music'—

or rears, amid the horrors of a polar sky, the structure of a warrior-creed, the worship of Odin and Thor, and pictures the fierce joys of

Valhalla; in every case appear traces of an excited fancy, worked upon by the forms of beauty and sublimity around it, and giving to its own wild imaginings 'a local habitation and a name.' Such has ever been the general character of popular superstition, however different the particular forms it assumed in different countries, and however great the subsequent modification of those forms, as generation succeeded generation, each differing from its predecessor in habit and feeling.

The age of poetry, at least in its ordinary acceptation, came after that of fable: the one, indeed, was the poetry of expression—the other, of thought, of idea, of fancy. The elements of the one existed in the other; its origin and aim were the same, differing only in its form; hence the connection between them—hence the mutual aid afforded to each other. The undefined and vague creations of Popular Fancy, though possessing each a distinctness and individuality sufficient to identify them, received at the hand of Poetry the life and spirit, the refinement and finish, necessary to render them most attractive. They resemble a figure, full of beauty and grace, struck out at a few touches by the hand of genius from the polished marble, but deficient in finish and delicacy of execution. This, as from the sculptor, they receive from Poetry, heightening and setting off their beauties by the delicate mantle she throws around them. Poetry, on the other hand, seeking for materials upon which to exert her energies, of which to frame her bright creations, meets in Popular Fable the embodiment of its wants; the beautiful and the imaginative are there combined, and need but the finishing touches it so well can give. In every land, therefore, in which have prevailed these superstitions, we see them holding a prominent place in the national poetry; transferring, indeed, their own peculiar impress to that poetry. If we examine the works of the ancient bards, we find them constantly employing the materials thus furnished as the basis and groundwork of their song; their themes are chosen, more or less, from the mass of traditions and legends current around them, and the tenets of their mythology hold a prominent, indeed a principal, place in their texture. Need we adduce examples? Remove from the deathless strains of "blind Mæonides" the gods of popular belief, and the traditions and legends so skillfully woven in throughout, and how little remains! Where else soars his adventurous Muse so high, as when she points our dazzled eyes to Jove, "Father of Gods and Men," seated in awful majesty above the crest of Olympus, and at whose nod the mountain rocked and trembled to its base? And thus in almost every instance of strength or majesty, beauty or sublimity, it was from the same source that his materials were drawn. The loftiest flights of his Mantuan rival proceeded from a like inspiration. With eager delight we turn from love-sick swains and piping shepherds, and from the peaceful labors of the sturdy hind, to the dark portals of Erebus, where, armed with golden bough of mystic power, and close upon the footsteps of his mysterious guide, the goddess-born Æneas enters the chambers of the dead, and looks upon sights unknown to mortal eyes—hears sounds concealed from

mortal ears. It is the anger of a goddess that scatters his hapless comrades over the foaming sea—the smile of a deity that restores peace and hope to his troubled soul. In later ages, too, no less has been the aid imparted by these wild and beautiful creations—these mines of poetic ore, fashioned and moulded by the bard as he will. Dante, and Tasso, and Spenser, and Chaucer, with a host of others—Milton himself, the noblest of them all—owe them much. Even though not the themes of their song, they are constantly employed, as ornament, as illustration, or to assist the conduct of the poem. To the legends and superstitions of their native land, we owe the wild poetry of the Arab, and the Saracen; the extravagant, yet often sublime measures of the far East; the gloomy sublimity, the touching pathos, of the Celtic bard; the fierce and spirit-stirring songs of the Northern Skalds, vividly depicting the joys of the warrior-dead in the land of spirits!

It were a pleasant occupation, did not our limits forbid, further to pursue a theme so full of beauty. It might afford subjects for interesting inquiry, to examine into the causes of the different natures of various systems; the precise relation which they have borne to the poetic literature of their respective countries; their gradual decay, as the bright beams of civilization, and knowledge, and intellectual cultivation, shone with increasing power and warmth upon them, dissipating them like the morning mists before the sun; and the influence they still exert, though diminished and softened by the lapse of centuries. As years roll on, and in their course alike increase our distance from the ages when they flourished, and the stores of information Science is constantly accumulating, in like proportion must this gradual diminution continue. Even now their sway is less than it has ever been; we are daily becoming more conversant with the practical and the real, even where Poetry exerts her powers. It might be asked, whether Poetry would not suffer from such a change; whether, if deprived of the aid those wild and beautiful creations afford her, she would not languish and droop. The beautiful is her theme; and if these embodiments of beauty are forgotten, to what will she turn? We answer, the beautiful exists not merely in the wild and mysterious, nor in the romantic alone; the humble violet, simple and common though it be, may have tints as delicate, and perfume as sweet, as the rarest flower that blows. The beautiful in Nature, under the plastic hand of Imagination, was shaped in an uncultivated age into the form of fables and superstitions; it needed some such covering to bring it before the eyes of all, and to display its hidden treasures. But the poet of an enlightened period, with a mind whose powers are expanded and his perceptions rendered acute by cultivation, however he be pleased with such materials for his fancy to work upon, however beautiful themselves may seem, no longer needs their adventitious aid. Assisted by no intervening allegory or myth, he can

‘ Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones—*beauty* in everything.’

Such is the ‘ Lake School’ of the present day, of whom Wordsworth

may be selected as an example. The hidden beauties of the meanest subjects are revealed to his eye ; Hazlitt has given as his characteristic, " a power of raising the smallest things in nature into sublimity by the force of sentiment. He attaches the deepest and loftiest feelings to the meanest and most superficial objects." Poetry will rather share, therefore, than be injured by, the advancing spirit of the age. Refined feeling and increased knowledge will wait upon Imagination, and her efforts, if less wild and romantic, will be more finished, more highly beautiful.

H. H.

#### EVIL PROGNOSTICATORS.

THERE is a class of men in the community to whom no title is more appropriate than that of Croakers. Accustomed to dwell exclusively upon the corruptions, the vices, and the follies of the age, their courage sinks within them, hope dies, and gloomy presentiments seize them, which they are by no means slow to proclaim. Amazed at the unsightly cracks and yawning seams which they behold in the framework of society, they seem to be waiting in melancholy resignation till the mighty structure shall tumble down upon their heads, extinguishing the light of their genius forever. Or else, blinded by the glory of the past, they can see nothing in the future but barrenness and gloom ; and thus, wrapt up in their own dark thoughts, shrinking from the ordinary pursuits of men, communing only with the spirits of the mighty dead, they are looking forward with mournful, yet heroic firmness to the time when the pillars of heaven shall fall, the foundations of the earth be broken up, and the universe sink back into ancient chaos. Now, uncivil as it may seem to interfere with reflections " so sweetly sad," yet we beg leave to examine them a little in their nature and their effects.

They originate chiefly in false views of the Past. To some minds there is a peculiar charm in dwelling upon departed glory. Far back in the dim distance they behold the light which lighteth the world. As they recede from that point, this light grows more and more dim, and if their forebodings are to be realized, the time is not far distant when it shall finally fail, leaving the world in sad and utter darkness. The glorious dreams of ancient fiction are fading away ; the splendor of courts and camps is departing ; they witness no longer the far-famed deeds of chivalry—behold no more the majestic march of thronging legions, with plumes waving to the breeze, and armor flashing in the sun-light ; they no longer listen to the wild, thrilling strains of ancient bards, " who sang of love and war," mingling in their highly-wrought pictures the tints of beauty with the stains of blood. All these are departed, and what can be left of greatness or glory !

So in the world of letters, gazing upon the rich and glittering stores of ancient learning, amazed at the grand results of human genius, charmed by the music of ancient song, they faint and falter, fearing

that the treasures of knowledge are exhausted, the inspiration of poetry quenched. Not so thought Newton, when from the lofty eminence of human greatness—with all his rich and varied acquirements—he declared himself but a mere wanderer on the shores of the vast ocean of truth, picking up here and there a pebble or a shell. Not so thought Milton, when, tuning his harp to nobler strains, he sang of God and man.

But as to the present—the real, the actual, the unembalmed present—they doubt, perhaps despair. Turning from those glorious visions, they behold here all vanity and vexation of spirit. Their aerial flight is checked, and from their sublime soarings they are rudely and ungracefully tumbled into the world and among men. Sad fate!

To some, possibly to many, this may seem a caricature. It may be so, perhaps it is, yet upon examination it may be found to come nearer the truth than had been imagined. Perhaps too, an apology is due for thus stripping these “lofty imaginings” of their gorgeous robes; yet it is consoling to reflect that they are not the only objects in the universe that depend for their beauty upon their dress.

I am no railer at the past. We all look much to it. It is pleasant to gaze upon the light it has shed and is still shedding upon the world; but we may regard this light as the dawning of a day yet to shine in its fullness, rather than as the brightness of mid-day, only to be followed by the gathering shades of evening. We may prefer to regard the greatness of the past as the glad token of what shall be, rather than as the departing glory alone of what hath been. It is well to think upon the past, but we may be so wrapt up in it as to be blind to the future. We may look upon its brightness as upon the midnight conflagration, which only serves to deepen the surrounding gloom, rather than as upon the golden beams of the rising sun betokening the richer effulgence of his meridian splendor. We may, we ought to dwell upon the deeds of the past, but it should be as an incentive to higher, nobler action, not as panderers to sickly, flattering discouragement and doubt. There is, it is true, everything that is great and cheering in the past; but what man has done, man can do, *and more*.

But if this spirit is ridiculous and false in its nature, it is sadly serious in its effects. If the acme of human greatness has been passed, the noblest incentives to exertion are taken away. What encouragement to effort is there, if the world is on the downhill side, and all must go down with it—if the framework of society is so rotten that it is falling in hopeless decay? Or what encouragement has the scholar, if the wide fields of knowledge have been scoured and every fruit and every flower gathered; if the fountains of learning are drying up—its treasures exhausted; if the secret paths of science have all been explored, and its wonders and its beauties laid open to the world? And taking away the motives to action, action ceases. This spirit hastens the ruin it predicts. Where there is no hope there will be no effort.

But this is not, and it never can be, true. Though there are some periods in the world's history brighter than others, yet the course of



things ever has been and is still onward. All along principles of truth have been springing into light, each in turn leading to others, and these evolving still new truths. Principle has been constantly advancing, the spiritual coming to assert its superiority over the animal, even when it has seemed crushed, only gathering strength to burst forth anew in beauty and power; nothing else can satisfy the human soul. It may be debased, corrupted by lust, maddened by passion; but it can never forget its nature, and that nature is spiritual, and truth its element. The past history of the world is chiefly a record of the progress and achievements of power; there is reason to believe that the history of the future shall consist rather of the advancement and influence of truth. We see it already in the advance of liberal sentiments and the increasing influence of public opinion. The bayonet can no longer enforce the mandates of power. Men must be able to give a reason for what they do—a good and sufficient reason—one which will satisfy the world; actions are tried at a bar more terrible than that of power, the bar of truth, and its verdict will be felt. Causes, too, are in operation, which must strengthen this tendency. Men are coming to be regarded more as individuals, and less as masses. Human suffering in the aggregate is not what it is in the individual; it loses its power over the mind and heart: in the mass the individual is lost sight of. It is not the broad declaration that a nation is starving, that causes the soul to shudder; it is when we go from house to house, when we look in at one door after another, and behold in each, human beings, like ourselves, pale, emaciated, gasping for food—parents forgetful of children, and children of parents—brothers regardless of sisters, and sisters of brothers—each one wrapt up in his own intolerable sufferings; and then reflect that each one of these wretched beings writhes in keenness of anguish, that in each breast the sweet fountains of affection are dried up, the tenderest ties broken in the sternness of that agony. It is not the broad, general statement of the slain and wounded, nor yet a sweeping glance over the red field of battle, that fills the soul with horror. It is when we reflect that to each one of those mangled men life was sweet and precious as to us—that in the welfare of each one some fond heart was bound up; it is when we turn from these slaughtered masses to the distant homes, scattered here and there, and remember that the light in each one of these is darkened—that no human being dies who does not leave some mourner. And this feeling is gaining strength; men no longer look with indifference upon the sufferings of their fellows; it is no longer a light matter that one or two, or a dozen human beings, perish through misery, or are trampled down beneath the iron heel of power; the question is no longer confined to thousands. All this speaks well for the future—well for humanity; it points to a time when man shall no longer oppress his fellow, when happiness shall banish misery, and the glad light of peace shall brighten every land.

And who shall calculate the results of this simple principle? If the past history of the world is but a record of the achievements of a few, while the masses have been passively awayed hither and thither

at their will, what shall it be when each one in these masses feels himself a man, and puts forth the action of a man, moved not by the blinding wand of royalty, but by principles which call the highest and noblest powers of the soul into action; which waken, in all their irresistible force, energies that have been slumbering for ages—when a reward is offered to exertion—when a hope invites to action? We have an example of the influence of this principle in our own country. Here has been witnessed a rapidity of national advancement unparalleled in the world's history—caused not by our natural resources, neither by climate nor soil, nor yet by the blood which flows in their veins; but because each man has felt himself a man, and has acted the part of a man. It is the result of individual effort, the more mighty in its combination.

And the whole tendency of the age is to develop and strengthen this principle. Nations are no longer separate and unconnected, independent of one another in their characters and actions, each a world in itself. There is extending throughout a chain of union and influence, binding nations as well as individuals together, in one grand scheme of action. The world is becoming one vast theatre of events, not separate and self-complete, but each telling on others; men of distant nations are coming to look one another in the face—to behold one another's actions, and not merely to behold, but to judge of them. Commerce, not only in her white-winged ships, at the mercy of the storm, but with her fiery engines of speed and power, ruling the very elements, is bringing nations heretofore unknown to each other, side by side; while the lightning snatched from heaven flashes human thought from land to land and from pole to pole. All these influences tend to increase the power—the energy of truth; they place men upon a wider, nobler field of action. As when steel meets steel, sparks of fire are elicited, so when mind meets mind, new truths flash forth from the contact.

Such are the influences at work, and nothing can withstand them; they may be checked, but they will burst through and gather fresh strength from fresh opposition. Not that the world is to be regenerated by flowers, and music, and moonshine; not that the mere cry of a “good time coming,” shall bring all this about; nor yet that the earth shall be filled with warm sunshine, and it be “all play and no work”—the elysium of fools. Action—strong, powerful action—is demanded; but will not these influences call forth this action? Then shall the history of the world be the history of mankind, not merely of kings—

But there are dark passions at work, which, in their mad fury, will sweep away these principles—wild excitements, when they will be forgotten—

We learn that far down in the depths of ocean the reefs of coral unseen are forming—gradually rising and strengthening, till their white tops are seen above the waves—though the storms in their fury sweep over them, sometimes hiding them beneath the angry billows, still rising, until finally they become bold towering headlands, against

which the wild surges of the sea roll powerless, which its mad waves can never shake, nor ever wholly overtop. Thus it is with principles of truth. Amid the troubled sea of human passions they are forming, it may be, unseen: its wild surges may dash against them, may sometimes sweep over them, but still they will rise and they shall stay its angry waves, towering up to heaven in beautiful strength, as guides to the bold mariner on life's ocean, as beacon hope to the shipwrecked and lost. Away, then, with weak convictions and sickly doubts. Looking back to the past, let us also look forward to the future, for as that is full of greatness so this is hope. There must be effort and toil; but if there were no struggle there would be no victory. The wide world is before us, with its fields of action. As the light of experience brightens the past, the light of hope rests on the future. As the labor will be great, so will be the results; not a visionary millennium, but human nature, rescued from its misery and shame, exalted, purified; the sweet fountains of life and happiness and joy unstopped; the treasures of science opened; the principles of truth disseminated, and more and higher hopes all, the hopes of heaven proclaimed to a lost world, the soul elevated into communion with its Maker. The glory of the future shall be brighter than the glory of the past.

E. B.

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HAZEL DELL.

From the early bells of morning,  
Till the evening chimes resound,  
In the busy world of labor,  
For my daily bread I'm bound,  
With no hopes of more possessions  
Than six scanty feet of ground!

But my soul hath found an empire,  
Hid between two sister hills,  
Where she dreams or roams at pleasure,  
Finding whatsoever she wills;  
There sweet hope her fairest promise  
With a lavish hand fulfills.

And the path that windeth thither,  
'There's no mortal foot may tread,  
For it leads through charmed valleys,  
With enchanted blossoms spread,  
Under groves of flowering poplars,  
Through the violet's purple bed.

And it winds beside a river,  
Half in sight and hidden half;  
There a group of thoughts, like maidens,  
Dance with joyous song and laugh;  
Or a gray and solemn pilgrim  
Goes, supported by his staff.

Overveiled with vines and water,  
Dropt from many a hidden well,  
Are the rocks which make the gateway;  
And the water's silver bell  
Keeps the warder, Silence, wakeful  
At the gate of Hazel Dell!

Nor may any pass the warder,  
Till the watchword they repeat.  
They must go arrayed like angels,  
In their purity complete;  
And the staff-supported pilgrim  
Lays the sandals from his feet!

And within the purple valley,  
Where perpetual summer teems,  
Whisper silken-tongued brooklets,  
Melting into larger streams—  
Winding round through sun and shadows,  
Like a gentle maiden's dreams.

Then let labor hold me vassal,  
Since my soul can scorn his reign!  
Even fetters for the body  
Were but bands of sand, and vain,  
While the spirit thus can wander,  
Singing through its own domain!

In the long, still hours of darkness,  
Stretched from weary chime to chime,  
Thus beside my own Castalia,  
I can gather flowers of rhyme,  
And with all their fresh dew freighted,  
Fling them on the stream of Time!

## GREEK IMAGINATION.

No one can have carefully analyzed the Greek temperament without discovering that a strong and brilliant imagination is its predominating element. Its deep tinge is visible everywhere—in the history, in their language and religion, in their manners, arts and literature. Like streamlets gushing from the vein of gold on the hill side, and in their course scattering the shining particles over all the plain beneath, so from the imagination of the Greeks went forth influences to enrich and embellish all the works of their genius. This feature in the Greek mind is confined to no particular period; it was ever conspicuous, as well in the early and unpolished, as in the late and more refined ages of the nation's existence. Ever were they delighting in the ideal, and grasping after the spiritual and indefinite. True, it exhibited various phases in different tribes, and under different circumstances; but wherever we see true Grecian character to any extent developed, there is the same love for the imaginative, the same rich color of enthusiasm, the same thirst for romance and excitement. Such a feature in the character of an individual, if properly set off by other tolerable qualities, ever gives him power and distinction; in a national genius, its influence must be of the same kind, and of a power commensurate with its greater weight. So was it with Greece; and herein consists one of the chief sources of her greatness. Had it not been for the warm, lively imagination of her sons, her glory would never have shone with such undimmed lustre through the clouds and mists of twenty centuries—an Iliad would have been uninspired—a Parthenon never have sprung from the quarries of Mount Pentelicus—the rough marble and dull canvas never have given forth life, symmetry, and beauty. The scholar might sail by its shores without even a look of interest, and the world be ages behind its present advancement. He who could detect and unfold all the far-reaching influences of Greek imagination, upon themselves and upon the world, would be astonished at the number and depth of the stream clearly to be traced back to this source.

It is interesting to inquire into the origin of this characteristic of their national genius. Numerous and various were the ingredients that united to form it. At the coming of the Hellenes to Greece, we detect the first sign of its appearance; by them was the tree planted that was to sprout so vigorously, and bear such abundant fruits. The old Pelasgian race, though tradition tells us they made considerable progress in civilization, lacked the vigor, the liveliness, the enterprise, of the Grecian character. These elements were infused into them by the Hellenes. The traditions of the origin and history of the people are vague and various; but all unite in representing them as a race remarkable for their high martial enthusiasm, and their energy and vivacity of genius. The Pelasgian race could not withstand them and being either entirely rooted out, or forced to assume the warlike

adventurous spirit of their invaders, they became, as a separate people, extinct. Henceforth the Hellenian character became the character of the Greek nation. In this people, then, we discover the germ of the strength and fervor of Greek imagination. Possessed of minds strong, capacious, and susceptible of easy impression—of bodies naturally vigorous, and strengthened by incessant exertion and hardships, and hence, also, of an abundant flow of animal spirits, they were highly fitted to stamp upon its character the features for which it was distinguished. Their peculiar genius showed itself in a thirst for excitement and adventure—a fondness for the pleasures of the chase—a love of war and heroic deeds. Their wild pursuits in turn reacted upon their minds, kindled their enthusiasm, and gave their imaginations unusual activity. Though it has often been questioned whether the manners and pursuits of savage life are favorable to the development of the imaginative powers, yet history and reason seem to decide that such is the truth. In almost every nation, its early semi-barbarous age seems to have furnished the wildest and most impassioned music and poetry. We might give, as an instance, the strong poetic language and wild battle-songs of the early American Indians. Such would naturally be the case, for then is the poet most true to Nature and his own strong feelings. Then, with his habits assimilated to the wildness of Nature, is he best qualified to hold communion with her, and catch with his own mind something of her simplicity and grandeur. These pursuits, however, in themselves, are insufficient to produce a nation of active imaginative powers; for many rude nations have long followed them, without receiving any such deep and permanent impress. Still, such is their strong tendency, and when they act upon minds like those of the early Hellenes, strong, creative, and impetuous, they imprint marks which ages cannot efface. Their warlike expeditions and adventures, also, like their early habits, were wild and chimerical. Doubtless their history is deeply tinged with romance and fable; but the visionary events it records must have had some foundation in reality. We can readily believe that such a restless and idealizing race as the Hellenes could have engaged in as fanciful an expedition as that of the Argonauts in quest of a golden fleece, or that against Troy in revenge for the rape of a Helen; such stirring enterprises were in keeping with the heroic spirit of the age, as well as with the vigor and activity of the Hellenian character, and they foreshadowed plainly the future predominating element in Grecian genius.

The country of Greece, also, was admirably adapted to the growth of an imaginative people; its grand and picturesque scenery was the theme of her poets for ages. Its surface indicates that at some ancient period, a violent revolution must have swept over it, and thrown it into all manner of irregular and fantastic shapes. Lofty mountains, broken by steep precipices and romantic vales, traverse the country in every direction. From the porous nature of its soil, extensive caves and deep glens have been formed by the washing of torrents, and large rivers in many places suddenly disappear below the surface. That such

a wild and diversified country should exert a strong influence upon the minds of the early Greeks, is not to be wondered at; naturally quick to receive impressions, simple in manners, and in their rude pursuits brought continually in contact with the handiwork of nature, their perceptions of the sublime and beautiful were sharpened to unusual keenness. This showed itself in their early and passionate love for music and song, and in the honors they heaped upon the true bard of Nature. When they tell us of the Orphean lyre, charming the rivers, moving the woods and trees, and taming the monsters of the forest by its witching strains, we see but an extravagant expression of their fine susceptibility to the power of melody; we see here the budding of the plant, that in after years bore so many beautiful branches. Thus did the natural temperament, the wild pursuits, and beautiful country of the Greeks, all unite to form a people of strong imaginative powers.

In the Greek mind, moulded by such influences, we should naturally expect to find, in the earliest times, a love for the bold and sublime, strikingly developed. Such was the case. True, they lacked not lively perceptions of the beautiful, but these reached not their acme of perfection till a later and more polished state of society. Thus we see their earliest poetry is rather grand than beautiful; rather the rushing of the torrent than the gentle flow of the rivulet. It could not well be otherwise. Its favorite themes were the exciting scenes of war, and the exploits of gods and heroes, and their feelings burst forth in the sublimity of the epic muse, rather than in the sprightliness of the lyric. In their poetry Nature also speaks, and her language is ever sublime. We see in it none of the meretricious decorations of art vainly striving to set off her beauties, but herself, in all her naked simplicity and rugged grandeur. Of this character was the poetry of Homer. In his free and sublime strains, we have not merely the expression of one man's feelings, but of a people's heart; the blood gushing from one swollen vessel, that ran fresh and warm through every vein and artery in the body of the Greek nation.

Such was Grecian imagination, in its origin, but such it could not long continue. The influence of such high thoughts and impulses as their poetry enkindled, was, necessarily, to awaken the mind and quicken the finer feelings; by continual observation of Nature, they came to have a keener sense of beauty than before—a sense which could not be satisfied with her irregularities. Hence it naturally introduced the arts of imitation, painting and sculpture, whose object was to idealize Nature—to copy her excellences without her imperfections; poetry and music, also, were then modified to suit a nicer susceptibility. The rude ballads, so accordant with the feelings of the early Greeks, though still admired, grated harshly upon the refined ear, and more melody and delicacy of expression and sentiment were demanded; then the lyric muse became the favorite, and Archilochus, Sappho, Anacreon, Pindar, and others, successively aided in gratifying the nation's taste for the beautiful, polishing its manners, and refining its feelings. Thus in this age, as in an earlier time, was their

imagination predominant. Its influence here was more silent, but it may have been none the less effectual; if it before celebrated the exploits of heroes, and kindled the soul of the warrior to achieve deeds of daring, it now praised the arts of peace, and taught the citizen to enjoy the amenities and endearments of home.

Nor was this influence confined to the fine arts; their religion took its form, nay, almost sprang into being from it; true, many religious customs and foreign gods were introduced from other countries; but substantially, their religion was their own—the offspring of their prolific imagination. It was what the Greek mind would naturally bring forth—a religion of nature; it could not look upon the ten thousand forms of animated nature around, and be itself inactive. The deep mystery, also, in which the causes of life and being were wrapped, served to quicken their fancy, and caused it, from want of definite knowledge, to supply the deficiency with its own creations; hence, they conceived that every kind of animal and vegetable life was but the working of some hidden deity, and their ever-active minds readily suggested forms by which to express and personify it. Thus every grove had its dryads, every fountain its naiads, and some invisible fairy nymph lurked under every stirring leaf, slept in every nodding flower, and danced along in every rustling breeze. All animated nature was to them the living, breathing expression of the presence of an unseen Power—probably the nearest approximation to the truth, that the unassisted human mind has ever reached.

We notice, also, a difference between the religious fables invented in the early days of Greece and those at a later period, corresponding to the changes of character which we have noticed. In the former were originated all those wild and stirring, but improbable stories, in Greek mythology, which the epic poet so loved to dwell upon and amplify. But when their imagination became more tamed and chastened, then were invented those light and bewitching tales of the loves of the gods, and of their influence over men and Nature, which in the sparkling lyric poem yet gem the relics of Grecian literature, and delight the modern scholar.

The philosophy of the Greeks, moreover, received some of its most prominent characteristics from their idealism. It was not generally a careful and rigid analysis of facts from which conclusions were logically deduced, but a mass of vague theories and fanciful speculations. The lively Greek mind could not brook to be confined within certain fixed landmarks, when such a vast region of truth remained dark and unexplored; conscious of its ignorance, therefore, it struck out boldly in search of some first cause by which it might account for all the mysterious phenomena of Nature. It was supposed that some such "Original" must necessarily exist—that there must be some fixed principles and laws, which controlled all mind and matter; hence were invented those theories, many of which strike us as more like the roving fancies of the schoolboy, than the grave deductions of the philosopher. If, however, we consider the limited stock of knowledge the Greeks possessed, and their burning thirst to acquire



it, we shall be less surprised that their vivid imagination took the lead of reason, and spent itself in vague and idle speculation. It is an error into which the mind of man in ignorance is ever prone to fall, especially so when its creative powers are also strong and active.

The same marked feature was shown in later times, in the rise of the showy arts of rhetoric; ever delighting to decorate the exterior of truth, they came at length to attend to the shell, to the neglect of the substance—to make beauty and outward show the substitute for true knowledge. The cause of this lay in the fact that truth and knowledge could not be obtained except at the expense of great pains and toil, while their powerful imaginative powers supplied a fine outward appearance without exertion. Hence the place of reason and careful research was usurped by the fancy, and what seemed the easier and more promising path to eminence—the practice of the arts of display, received their entire attention.

We thus see that with the many great advantages which their idealism gave to the Greeks, some disadvantages were also attendant; that if it kindled the glowing epic poem, wakened the strings of the lyre, and gave symmetry and animation to shapeless stone and lifeless coloring; if it polished the manners, invigorated the minds, and in some degree purified the hearts of the Greek nation, it still led them away from the clear path of philosophy, to be bewildered in the mazes of vague and fruitless speculation. It withdrew their minds from a proper regard for wisdom and the true good, and directed them to an exclusive attention to beauty and ornament; so much so, indeed, that the Grecian name became a proverb for ostentation and empty glitter.

The world, too, has felt the impress of their imagination deeply and powerfully. Whatever was the native strength of Roman genius, it cannot be denied that the influence of the Greek mind called forth its powers and fired its energies. To its creations Roman poetry owed its materials and its highest inspiration—Roman painting and sculpture, its best models and noblest subjects of study. Even at the present day, the scholar and the artist turn to them, and though time has marred their beauty, they still have power to refine the taste and kindle the soul with a fire not its own.

H. N. D.

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#### LIBERIA.

It is indeed a trite saying, that many of the most important changes which occur in the history of our world, spring from beginnings unnoticed, and, until their final consummation, unsought for. All men look upon the broad arch of the sky, but few notice the scudding, feathery clouds that portend a tempest, or the bright signs of future tranquillity. So is it always. Seeds fall quietly into the soil; they swell and germinate without noise; no "lo here, or lo there," gives promise of their maturity; they push their timid sprouts above the surface, still unno-

ticed and unseen. The puny shoots are broken and trampled under foot ; yet the steady, unvarying, noiseless growth continues, till the tiny seed becomes the father of the forest, sending out its 'boughs unto the sea, and its branches unto the river.'

Philosophers tell us that a stream of water, trickling into the fissures of rock, will in time acquire strength so great as to rend the iron firmness of the 'everlasting hills.' So is it in the affairs of men. A few bits of metal, a little dirty ink and paper, a few hours of sturdy labor, shall make an instrument more powerful than hosts arrayed in battle ; and that little book shall shake with giant force the 'middle pillars' of the palace of wrong and oppression.

The wearer of the papal crown may not see the stream that is trickling, drop by drop—dripping and stopping, but then again running on freer than ever, down that one fissure of the rock upon which his throne is resting. He may suppose that its channel is blocked, and its course destroyed ; but through all impediments it runs on. Men long debased by oppression begin to seek the 'River of the Water of Life' to satisfy the longings of their thirsty souls, and the stream will still run on, till it shall fill the void, and the rock and its rotten throne shall crumble together. And then will the wise, unobservant of the small beginning of this great revolution, begin to inquire and search curiously for its origin, and to discover in the connection between Knowledge, Religion and Liberty, 'the hidden machinery of cause and effect.\*' The era of change has not passed away ; the work given man to do is not yet performed. Man's destiny is not fulfilled. There are nations now, who, as at the first, sit in gross darkness ; there are continents teeming with barbarous myriads, whose ignorance is still unenlightened, and whose dormant energies yet repose in their savage torpor. There are countries through whose wide extent there is not one ray of light to illuminate the darkness of savage superstition—whose populous villages have not among them all one Temple of the Living God, pointing its slender spire up to the blue heavens, and sending out on the still morning air the silver notes of its Sabbath bell. There are continents, whose vast recesses never echoed to the step of civilization, whose forests know not the ring of the woodman's axe, nor their rivers the flash of the glancing keel.

Yet civilization shall enter even here, and that under the guidance of agencies perhaps unnoticed, perhaps despised.

It is our purpose to suggest a few reflections, such as time and space will permit, upon an enterprise, which, although now unnoticed by many, is destined, as we think, to exert a mighty influence in the civilization of a continent.

The history of the negotiations and efforts previous to the actual settlement of the colony of Liberia, is full of interest. The origin of the Society under whose auspices the Colony was formed ; the protracted and laborious efforts of Mills and Burgess to secure the goodwill (and the territory) of the native princes ; their tedious journey-

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\* See Yale Lit. Mag., Vol. XII, p. 20.

ings under a scorching sun ; their long 'palavers' with the sable potentates, seated in majesty under the 'palaver-tree,' glorious in the insignia of African royalty ; a silver-headed cane and a black horse-tail—the mock dignity of their majesties—form a portion of Liberian history replete with interest. Passing these without further notice, we turn to the history of the events immediately connected with the founding of the Colony.

About twenty-seven years have elapsed, since the first party of emigrants left the shores of America to visit the lapd of their fathers, to lay the foundation of a Christian empire in the midst of barbarous Africa.

Lured by fraud and treachery to the low and unhealthful island of Sherbro, these emigrants, hedged in by dense forests, through which the cool breezes of the sea could not penetrate, exposed to the noxious exhalations of the swamps by which they were surrounded, and unprotected from the peltings of the drenching rains, were attacked by the prevalent disease of the climate, and one fourth of their number gave up the lives they had periled in the endeavor to attain the liberty and social equality which were to them, as they are to all, far dearer than life. Undaunted by this inauspicious commencement of their operations, the projectors and patrons of this enterprise soon sent out to a more salubrious and desirable situation, another company of emigrants.

The site now selected was the 'beaked promontory' of Cape Montserado, "a considerable eminence of land jutting into the sea, high enough to partake of the refreshing sea and land breeze, but not sufficiently elevated to obstruct the vapors or be rendered damp and unhealthy, by exhalations and clouds hanging over it nearly half the day."\* In this place the colony has since been established, and hence it has sent out its vigorous offshoots in almost every direction. It was a fortunate selection. The Cape was unsurpassed in the beauty of its scenery, and possessed uncommon salubrity. Says an eloquent writer,† describing the prospect lying before the vision of one who afterwards proved himself the Washington of that infant republic :

"Standing on the summit of the Cape, he extended his view over a magnificent scene, diversified by objects bright, beautiful, and sublime : the silver stream of the Montserado—Cape Mount fifty miles distant, jutting boldly into the sea—a wide-spread country, dense with an evergreen forest, 'rising in successive ridges of verdure,' far into the interior ; the ocean over which the eye glanced for more than one hundred and fifty miles of the horizon, in an instant catching each sail that ventured within this mighty compass of vision, and his admiration of the Great Author of Nature but rendered him more compassionate towards those who, amid the wonders of His hands, were blind to His glory."

Such was the country into which the remnant of the unfortunate

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\* Fifth Annual Rep. of the Am. Col. Soc., p. 58.

† R. R. Gurley—*Life of Ashmun*, p. 228.

Sherbro expedition, accompanied by a small party of recent emigrants from America, now entered, to found, amid the desolation of barbarism, the structure of a Christian empire.

Although some dissatisfaction with the project of a colony had been expressed by the natives, in the preliminary negotiations for territory, the actual settlement of the colony was unattended with any alarming demonstrations of hostility, and peace appeared to be firmly established between the colonists and the natives. A few months, however, proved these appearances to be delusive. It was soon found that here, as elsewhere, barbarism would have a mighty death-throe—one last grand struggle to perpetuate itself by annihilating civilization; and in this great struggle the colonists were wonderfully and mercifully preserved.

About the time of the establishment of the colony at Cape Montserado, an agent of the American Colonization Society arrived from America, to superintend and direct the affairs of the colony. This 'agent' was Jehudi Ashmun, and it was to his excellent qualities that the colony was afterwards indebted for its very existence. Of the early bent and disposition of his mind—of his youthful struggles with poverty—of the remarkable activity and sagacity which he displayed in directing and controlling the organization of the colony—of the ardent zeal which led him frequently to rise from his sick-bed, 'after a night of delirium and suffering, to spend an entire morning in laying off, and directing the execution of the public works'—of the devotion with which he exclaimed that 'days and nights were too short' for the great work he had to perform—of his calm resignation in severe affliction—of the passionate affection of the colonists toward him—of all these interesting items in his history, and many more, we can give no extended account—their history is elsewhere before the world, written by an able hand. There is, however, one achievement of Mr. Ashmun's which deserves particular description, for its intrinsic importance, as well as for its close connection with our subject.

The murmurs of discontent which had been occasionally heard from one and another of the savages, began to grow louder and more frequent; rumors of secret 'war-councils' among the native chiefs were heard, and the total extermination of the colony was threatened. In consequence of these reports, Mr. Ashmun, as a warning to the savages, informed them 'that he was perfectly apprised of their hostile deliberations, notwithstanding their pains to conceal them, and that if they proceeded to bring war upon the Americans, without even asking to settle their differences in a friendly manner, *they would dearly learn what it was to fight white men.*' Terribly, for the infatuated barbarians, was this assurance verified. •

Meantime the colonists had not been idle. The most incessant and laborious efforts had been made to provide the little settlement with the proper means of defence. For more than two months did the colonists labor for the defence of their homes and kindred—all the while under the constant fear of surprise, 'grasping,' as one of their number said, 'a weapon in one hand, while they labored with the other.'

Their defences, had they been completed, would have consisted chiefly of a triangular stockade, enclosing the town, strengthened by artillery at each of the angles and in the centre. These they were unable to complete before the day of combat arrived. Thus did the worn and weary band of thirty men, twenty of whom were upon nightly patrol duty, await, in reliance on God and their own stout arms, the event of the coming struggle. 'I shall endeavor,' said the agent, in a letter, 'to do my own duty, and make the people do theirs; human weakness can reach no farther.'

From this state of suspense the colonists were relieved, just at dawn of the morning of the 11th of November, 1823, by the furious onset of about eight hundred savages, who at first obtained a temporary advantage, but were soon repelled. In their confused and precipitate retreat, the terrible execution which the boasted 'long-nine' of the colonists caused in their dense and unwieldy body, must have reminded them of the prophetic warning of Ashmun, that 'they would dearly learn what it was to fight white men.' The vengeance was terrible as it was just; yet they were not satisfied.

After the lapse of twenty days, during which the colonists had been actively and unremittingly employed in improving their fortifications, a second attack was made, early in the morning of the 2d of December.

This second attack was made with no inconsiderable degree of military skill, and was sustained by fifteen hundred warriors. The native force was divided into two bodies, which made a simultaneous attack on opposite sides of the fortification; and though the attack was made and repeated with the utmost fury, the natives met with the same successful and overwhelming repulse in both quarters, as on the former occasion.

The superiority of civilization in the contest with barbarism had now been proved, and henceforth the barbarous inhabitants respected the rights of the colony, while they acknowledged its power. From that time to the present, though adversity has frequently clouded the sunshine of its path, the general course of the colony has been 'right onward,' and Africa now sees upon her territory an independent Christian republic. Liberia has become a 'fixed fact' in the history of Africa and of the world, and the planting and growth of such a nation in so short a period of time, may well engage the attention of politicians and statesmen.

Nor are we alone or unsupported in our opinion. It was the remark of a writer in the *Westminster Review*: 'The Americans are successfully planting free negroes on the coast of Africa, a greater event, probably, in its consequences, than any that has occurred since Columbus set sail for the New World.'

And who shall say that it is not so? Who shall say that this seed sown so quietly, shall not yet become a tree whose 'leaves are for the healing of the nations' sitting in darkness and the shadow of death? Making every allowance for the inferiority of the race which inhabits the country, and for the degraded state of many of the emigrants—for their lack of education—for their vices even—and who

shall say that Monrovia and Liberia may not yet, in their effects, be to Africa, what Plymouth and New England are to our own country?

We are now dealing merely with facts as they exist; we will not concern ourselves with any enthusiastic speculations, as to the practicability of transporting hence to Africa our whole colored population in a given space of time, nor with any thing of the kind; it will be long before that will be seriously thought of, and longer before it will be accomplished. We take things as we find them.

We find that in the last twenty-seven years, by some means or other, a republic has been raised in the midst of barbarous nations, and has steadily increased in power and stability, till it has taken its stand among the nations of the earth.

We find that through the whole of this territory, dotting 300 miles of sea-coast with its numerous villages, where once the groans of thousands of captives echoed through the gloomy recesses of the forest, there is now not a vestige remaining of the damning traffic in human blood; that inhabiting this territory, there is a nation with all the institutions of civilized life—a nation where justice, religion and law reign supreme, where the Sabbath is revered and observed, and the ordinances of religion obeyed; and if we found nothing more, this would be an abundant recompense for the labor and suffering which have been endured. But this is not all.

The present generation has not seen the end of this enterprise. The Republic of Liberia will be destroyed neither by violence nor decay. It is to be permanent—to increase in virtue, intelligence and prosperity, as other nations have increased before it. This unnoticed agency will, as it has already done, develop the resources of the vast and fertile continent in which it is placed; it will raise many rude barbarians from the depths of savage superstition in which they are immersed. ‘Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands unto God,’ her valleys and hills shall teem with the growing crop, and through her deserted fields shall echo the ‘harvest home’ of the merry laborers, while from every village the taper spire shall point upward to the skies.

‘We may not live to see the day,  
But Earth shall glisten in the ray  
Of the good time coming.’

The attempt to consider at any great length, the manifold advantages which may arise to Africa, from the enterprise under consideration, would not only transgress the limits we have marked out for ourselves, but would require a small volume.

We *know*, however, that there is on the coast of Africa a Christian nation, governed by Christian rulers, governed by liberal and Christian laws—a community whose public measures are all imbued with the spirit of progress and reform. They have Puritan ideas of religion, and of education. ‘I need not remind you gentlemen,’ says their governor,\* ‘that knowledge is power, by whomsoever possessed, and

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\* Gov. Roberts' Annual Message to the Legislature of Liberia, 1846.

that no free government can be maintained except by an enlightened and virtuous people. \* \* \* Education must ever be the grand safeguard of our liberties, the palladium of our political institutions—indeed of all our rights and privileges.' Happy will be the day when principles like these shall be prevalent throughout Africa; happy for Africa, for slaves groaning in bondage, for heathen who sit where the light of the truth never shone, happy for all nations rejoicing in the millenium of a regenerated world.

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MUSIC IN A WOOD.

Hear! a rich strain of deep-toned music rings;  
 With silver sounds it wakes the sylvan shades,  
 And starts from out their cave quick echoings,  
 And rolls its waves mellifluous down the glades.  
 Wild whispers float among the grassy blades,  
 And weave a tripping dance among the flow'rs,  
 The fair flowers dear to lovers and to maids,  
 While Memory plays among the vanished hours,  
 And Revery glides from out her legend-broidered bowers.

Again that strain, and softer, sweeter still,  
 The whispered note doth wanton with the leaves;  
 Celestial sounds the latticed roof do fill,  
 Where ancient elm with antique ivy weaves;  
 And Philomel her downy bosom heaves,  
 And pours her purest notes upon the air,  
 As for her parted Procne still she grieves,  
 While over all doth shine the Northern Bear,  
 And throws his glaring eye from out his seven-starred lair.

The soothing sound has ceased, the subtle soul  
 Of music's self melodious now is o'er;  
 Yet, as the final wave of song doth roll  
 Its feeble surge against the leafy shore,  
 The little twigs do quiver as before,  
 And tremble with a delicate delight;  
 And long the lay doth linger, loiter, more  
 Than ever loath to die. But, as at night  
 The tinted clouds before the moon, so fades it quite.

C. A. L. B.

## A REMARKABLE AGE.

Nothing is more common now-a-days than for writers and orators, who aspire to eloquence, to attract the attention of their readers and hearers by the exciting announcement that we live in a "most remarkable age." "Railroads and balloons," say they, "steamboats and steam-guns, electric-telegraphs, daguerreotypes, chronotypes, and phototypes; anti-spasmodic-safety-valve-non-conducting-low-pressure-sky-rocket-submarine-battery-thousand-horse-power engines of every kind and description are deluging this terrestrial orb with a flood of light and glory never before witnessed since the falls of Niagara. Verily and truly this is a great country. Hurra for the nineteenth century! We live in a most remarkable age."

Now right in the face and eyes of so many credible and substantial witnesses, a man must be of an uncommonly skeptical turn of mind who could doubt anything whatever. Allowing, therefore, as we must perforce, that this is "a most remarkable age," we have been amusing ourselves by going back a little in the history of the world, and seeing whether this was the only instance of the kind on record, or whether there might not have been another "remarkable age" or two scattered along down somewhere among the multitude of ages that have happened since ages first came in fashion. And as it is always advisable to start fair, suppose we begin right at the beginning.

"Hurra!" said Adam senior, on the morning of the 6th day of January Anno Mundi 1, as he found himself standing six feet three without his shoes, in the south-east part of the Garden of Eden. "Most remarkable age this—quantity of cattle here."

This was no doubt the substance of the exclamation, or at any rate, of the thoughts of our great progenitor upon that eventful occasion; but if he had any doubts upon the subject, how entirely must they have been removed, when, a day or two after, he woke up and found Eve standing by his side? Truly there is not a man among us who can deny that this was a most remarkable age.

Adam had a great-great-grandson, or somewhere thereabout, a seafaring man, or a ship-carpenter, by the name of Noah. He was an uncommonly honest man in his dealings; he never gave wrong change nor kept it when it was in his favor, nor tried to get the half cents all on his side, as some of his descendants do. And the world having come to a pretty strange pass, so bad in fact that the less I say about it the better it will look in print, Noah had special orders to warn them, not only of the iniquity of their doings, but of the fact that they all stood a right smart chance of getting drowned if they didn't, as he told them "bout ship at once and behave themselves in a little more respectable manner."

"This," said Noah, as he stood on the keel of the Ark one morning, with his neighbors gathered about him, "this, my friends and fellow citizens, is a most remarkable age, and things ain't a going on much



longer as they have been for two or three hundred years past, I can tell you. Oh! it's dreadful to think how times have altered since I was a boy. Why, there is Grandfather Methusaleh (he'll be eight hundred and fifty if he lives till August,) he was quite an old gentleman as long ago as I can remember, and yet he no more thought of drinking anything except in haying-time than nothing in the world: and I never heard him swear a word in my life, and now there ain't a man among you but that drinks and swears too, in a most horrible manner; besides you are ruining your children, you are bringing 'em forward in the world too fast, you are making men of 'em too soon. Oh, this is a most remarkable age in that respect. Why, when I was a boy we didn't wear jackets and trowsers till we were fifty, and never got married till we were a hundred and twenty-five, but now-a-days it is'n't uncommon to put a boy into jackets and trowsers by the time he is five-and-twenty, and to have him married before he is eighty. Oh, you'll ruin yourselves, I know you will. I've told you so, yet I'm afraid my talking won't do any good; but I've done my duty. Hand me up that auger, Japhet." And the good old man wiped his eyes and went on with his work, sighing to himself, "Oh! this is a most remarkable age."

Finally the time came when Noah's neighbors began to be of the same opinion. The ark was done, and when for the last few days they saw all the animals of the earth, two and two, as they appear in the illustrated edition of the Primer, of their own accord, taking up their line of march for this ponderous affair, they began to feel rather nervous, and all agreed that it was a most remarkable age. Not less so, when the floods rose, and the rains descended, and they were in for a regular equinoctial; and as the miserable, drowning wretches were driven from hill to hill, until the mountain-tops became so few and so far asunder, that their dying screams could scarce be heard from height to height, over the roaring of that waste of waters, the last shrieks of those drowning men must have proclaimed, in their wildest notes, that it was a "remarkable age"—the most remarkable age the world ever saw. And when, at the end of a year's voyage, the waters fell, and Noah with his motley crew disembarked, the glorious arch which spanned the heavens proclaimed a surely remarkable age.

When were the Pyramids built? A question easier asked than answered. But whenever it was, it was a most remarkable age. Not all the skill of modern architects, nor all the power of modern machinery, could even temper the brass to cut, or devise the means to place, the huge blocks which compose those wonderful and curious structures. Who knows but that one of these was the commencement of that great tower of Babel, reared as a protection from a second flood; or likelier still, that all the group were the mere corner-stones—the foundation work of that heaven-daring structure? It is at least a passable supposition; and then we could easily account for those curiously crooked hieroglyphics which set "Champollion" at defiance, by supposing they were the work of some carving genius, just about undergoing the process of the confusion of tongues. We can easily conceive something, though probably but little, of the trouble

which those poor fellows were in when this change began first to take effect. We can imagine the brick-layers bawling from the top of the tower, in Chinese, to the mason-tenders below, and receiving no very civil answer, perhaps, in High-Dutch, for speaking such an unintelligible tongue. With what a quizzical expression they must have stared into each other's faces, as they received in turn for their customary morning salutation a strange compound of sounds, perfectly unintelligible? Did you ever ask a respectable looking man a question, and get an answer in Chaldee, or Cherokee, or Hindoo? Perhaps then, conceiving him to be your own brother, you can form some faint idea of the trouble they were in. They must have *thought* it was a remarkable age, but where was the use of saying anything about it, when no one could understand them? The probability is, then, that they did not make the remark.

But enough of history. It's a good while now since the tower of Babel was built. The children of Israel have been through the Red Sea since then. Solomon has built his temple, and Jerusalem has fallen. Still man has kept on. Still the world has kept on. Wonders have not ceased; and the echo of Adam's first cry, still ringing among us, has never been suffered to die away. We still say as he did, "We live in a remarkable age." We are right. The world is made up of remarkable ages; it is a remarkable world. The lamp of experience, lighted by the past, illumines the present, and gathers fresh lustre to shed its rays upon the future. "Onward," is man's motto—"progress," Nature's law. But we must remember, that we are only "an," and not "*the* age;" and when we feel disposed to talk about human perfectibility, and to boast of the distance which intervenes between us and our predecessors of the last century, and to flatter ourselves that our successors cannot thus far outstrip us, perhaps we would do well to look back a few thousand years, and remember that not now alone, but then, too, it was "*a remarkable age.*"

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### MY OPEN WINDOW.

A LA MRS. ———.

"When twilight steals along the ground,  
And all the bells are ringing round,  
One, two, three, four, and five;  
I at my study-window sit,  
And, wrapp'd in many a musing fit,  
To bliss am all alive."—WHITE.

MANY is the hour I while away by my open window. There, when overtaken with toil, or weary of the cheerless world, I sit me down to unburden the peopled chambers of my heart. Moments hasten up the steep of time, and disappear beyond—still I am there.

The "rosy dawn" looks forth, and Nature, modest dame, blushes with her bridegroom's kiss. Phoebus wheels his chariot up the vaulted span of heaven; his panting steeds descend; he wraps about him his saffron mantle; he lays him in old ocean's arms; and all this from my open window meet, at times, my restless eye. \* \* \*

Hark! a bell? Aye, the knell of death! The mourning train approaches. Now, by my open window it passes. Sad spectacle! solemn lesson! "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field!" One—two—many carriages. Large is the bereaved circle. Hoary heads, maidens fair, the strength of years, youth's vigorous prime. Bleeding mourners, do your hearts droop heavily, surcharged with sorrow? Is it one long-loved, whom now ye lay away in the cold, cold grave? She is not lost: she sleeps! Ye will see her face again in joy. The trump that wakes the dead shall rouse her slumbers. Her corruptible shall put on incorruption; her mortal, immortality. Is it not to you, sorrowing ones, a glorious truth? Ah, who has not lost a friend? One, after one, they droop and drop away, as leaves in autumn time. An unerring marksman is grim Death. He took away that good old patriarch from our village—and then, his next sad prey was one, so dear to all, a gentle creature,

"Whose youthful innocence and beauty sweet  
Kept the flowers fresh upon her winding-sheet."

Ah, how distinctly I remember her! She was in more than her wonted loveliness at that happy May-day festival upon the village-green. I knew not she was ill. I called at her home, in that little cottage nestling so prettily among the honeysuckles on the brook-side. I expected to meet her at the door, but they told me she was dead! \*

\* \* \* But yonder! A fleecy train—crimson, with softest tints of azure, and saffron dyes, and gold—comes floating up the west. Mark in what glorious pomp the god of day retires! Now Earth and all the ethereal concave smiles with his parting benediction! Twilight comes apace. Tired man turns homeward his weary steps. Devotion meets him on the threshold. Oh, "to love and be beloved!" What joy to the wearied heart, what life to the exhausted spirit, that, daily plodding the toilsome round of earth's vocations, fainting and sick, at evening's close looks back upon a day forever past, to love and be beloved again!

—"But the glow  
Now fades to twilight, and dim twilight sinks  
In deeper shade"—

It is a languid hour—the hour of twilight. An hour for careless thought or holy meditation. But darkness gathers. The cool breeze gently whispers among the foliage 'neath my window; the flowers in yonder garden nod a passing tribute in its path. Erebus still draws on his dusky mantle. Now "blushing Vesper" is kindling her tardy lights, and all the myriad host of heaven's eternal watches stand in glorious array before my eye. \* \* \* It is the "hush of

night." Heaven and Earth, man and Nature sleep. My eye roves freely; all around, above, the solitude of silence. Creation now is breathless,

"As we grow when feeling most;  
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep!"

O, lonely night! What is thy mystic power? Say, whence that potent charm that binds me to thy sway? O, wandering Moon! with what majesty dost thou mount the spangled throne of heaven! Queen of night's queens, thou claimest well to tread supreme yon pavement of unfading fire! Who does not love thy pure, thy chastened beam? How many hearts (by rippling wave or tufted grove) have wooed to-night those soothing charms which thou dost tranquilly impart? Thou hast heard to-night each whispered vow, and on the quiet loneliness of their loves benignantly hast smiled. The sauntering step, the downcast eye, the murmuring lip, thou oft hast watched. Methinks mischievous Cupid sends thee forth to do his bidding! O, silent Moon, what hidden things of earth are open to thy gaze! Thou hast thy vigil by the sickening couch whence pain and agony have banished sleep. Thou art the friendly sentinel in dungeons drear and dark. Up to thy gentle eye the prisoner looks through grated bars, and when he treads his dismal cell, he finds his only friend in thee. The eye that, in the weary watches, "wakes to weep"—the heart that Hope has left in desolation—they that laugh, and they that mourn, all gaze upward to thy tender light for sympathy. To thy far sight the scenes of earth's hidden revelry is open. The mazy dance—the giddy throng—the mid-night wine—the flash of wit—the impassioned tongue—the hectic flush—the pulse's thrill—the feverish clasp—the eye suffused—all are well known to thee!

Thou pallid orb, I linger in thy beams! Why?—Thou wilt not let me free. Come, come; bathe thou my spirit in radiance celestial! Awake my soul, inspire it with that luxury of conscious power which makes existence truly ecstasy! Come, in the atmosphere of earth, I can no longer breathe; its keenest enterprises call forth but half my being! Here my weary spirit droops, my poor brain languishes. Come then, arouse the spring and flash of thought—the boundless sweep of feeling! Come, call to life the bravest children of the soul, that in the rush of strength, they may scour the earth to revel in the wealth of conquest! Come, glorious queen of night, by sympathy with thy sublimeness, let my poor spirit be refreshed and comforted! \* \* \*

"Ye Stars! which are the poetry of heaven!"

How modestly ye twinkle into view! I love your gaze: your gentle light is cheering when the world looks frowningly. Bright gems! I gaze, and wonder what and whence ye are. "Let there be light"—the Great Creator said,—and did ye then step forth to being? Have ye, as now, kept on your everlasting watch from that chaotic night whence emerged the first dawn? Mysterious clusters! Methinks ye are the footprints of Deity—the windows of heaven's own throne of

glory—the passage-ways of spirits to a brighter world—loop-holes of Eternity, through which angels watch this lower universe—refulgent drops, o'er-scattered from some flood of light where spirits bathe! Pale watchers! are ye never weary? The lamp of life goes out; but still your luminous streams pour forth unquenched, undimmed, exhaustless! Through yonder vast profound ye have a course of ages kept; and will ye still through ages yet unnumbered track your princely path to draw man's wondering gaze? Say, are your fires immortal?—are your mirrored orbs ineffable, unchangeable? When, like a scroll, the heavens and earth shall pass away,

“ When final ruin fiercely drives  
Her ploughshare o'er creation,”

will ye be found still watching o'er the destinies below? Bright lamps of night! are ye all brothers? Then why, thou errant pleiad, did'st thou shoot so madly from thy sphere, to roam the realms of darkness and oblivion? Then ye do pass away! And will ye also “ melt and be dissolved with fervent heat,” when the last, great, notable day shall come? Mysterious!—

O'er yonder hill one lone planet sits. Night after night, its tearful beams look down upon me. 'Tis large—'tis bright—'tis beautiful. In seeming solitude it wanders Heaven's blue ocean, and rests at this same hour, o'er that same spot. Tell me, bright planet, what is thy bidding? Why tarriest thou there alone, when the whole host of heaven is marshaling in clans to tread their stately measure? Ah, thou art some messenger of trust! Thou lingerest there, so near to earth, to light departing spirits home. Yes; they pass thee by, as they soar upward through the realms of air, and thou waitest yonder to light their pathway on! Kind star! I love thee better now; and when I go, by unseen summons called, thou'lt not forget thy duty!

JARAL.

### “ THE REGICIDES.”

IN *Blackwood's Magazine*, for March, is an interesting and an amusing article with the above title, beginning with a notice of Southey's last Poem; giving Sir Walter Scott a compliment with the right hand, and hitting Carlyle a hard slap with the left; abusing Dr. Stiles, the Regicides, Yale College, and the “ Center Church;” containing some good things and some bad ones—some false things and some true ones—some silly things and some sensible ones—some candid things and a great many prejudiced ones; but, nevertheless, run together in such a lively, whole-hearted, Quixotic, good-hater sort of way, that in reading it our nose has constantly been elevated by a good-natured sneer, rather than depressed by an ill-natured frown. And we have been

much more amused than vexed by his furious punches and pushes at everything within reach, that was not surmounted by a crown or a gown, or had not at least a cross and a Gothic arch.

We Yankees are always curious to see what our friends across the water have to say about us, our country, and our institutions, and they are doubtless just as curious to see what we have to say about them, though John Bull is generally rather too proud and too surly to own that he takes any particular interest in anything. But for all that, John need not flatter himself that we care a single "red cent" for his opinion after we get it. Not we. We know too well what we are about for that, and we would not flatten or sharpen our nasal twang a half a note, nor alter a single feather in our eagle's tail, for Mrs. Coburg herself. We speak, of course, nationally. In gallantry we confess ourselves inferior to none, and if, to carry out the figure, she requested these paltry feathers, *merely as a lady*, our national emblem would doubtless go tail-less for ever after. But the truth is, we are the greatest nation on earth, and we feel it. Whether we, who are now on the stage of action, deserve much credit for it, or not, the fact is so.

With a smaller standing army than is kept by European nations no larger than our smallest states; with a navy numbering less ships than England often deems it necessary to maintain upon a particular branch of service; we exert a moral power over the whole world inferior certainly to no other nation. With only three quarters of a century in which to amass capital, and with an extent of settled territory—not colonial—much greater than any other empire, ancient or modern, we have projected and put in progress a series of internal improvements which compare honorably with those of the purse-proud states of the old world. Our system of public education, too, is superior in its universality to any other in the world; and, in regard to completeness, ought not to be disparaged, if the remark of Lord Jeffrey's has any foundation. Speaking of the perseverance, enterprise, and genius of our countrymen, he said: "I believe if to-day a premium were offered to the whole world for the best translation of the Old Testament from the original Hebrew, it would be taken by some Yankee, who never saw a word of Hebrew in his life until the premium was offered, and then went to work and learned it, and finished his translation first."

But enough of boasting for the present. We know all this, and we feel it, and it is the knowledge of these things, and things like these, that makes us curious to see how we appear in the eyes of other nations—how much of this they appreciate, and how what they do see affects them—what ideas they entertained of us at home, and how, and why, and in what respect these ideas change after they have been among us.

We have run quite away from our Regicide-hating friend—but we will turn one more corner and come back to him by another route.

The Englishmen who visit America, or at any rate, go home and write books about us, may be divided into two great classes—the Whigs and

the Tories. Not that all of them would be willing to be ranked in one or the other of these parties at home, nor that they sympathize with either of them in regard to all the details of national policy; but they are strongly biased, from some cause or other, whether it be education, interest, principle, politics, religion, or something else, by one or the other of the great fundamental principles which constitutes the distinction between the English Whigs and Tories, to wit, radicalism and conservatism. Conservatism is of course in favor of the existing order of things—the strong prerogative of the crown, the exclusiveness of the nobility, the old system of poor-laws and revenues, and above all, *the established church*, which, and all which, and all about which, domes, points, arches, crosses, chancels, aisles, rooks, rituals, pavements, psalters, stained glass, and every thing else, it holds sacred and dear as the apple of its eye. Radicalism, not to attempt drawing distinctions too nicely, is for rooting out, overturning and demolishing every thing which conservatism holds most dear. Radicalism has always rejoiced at every restraint imposed upon royalty or aristocracy. It claims to be the “people’s friend;” it has a strong sympathy with civil and religious freedom; it embraces, to a very considerable extent the dissenters, and those whose sympathies are not with the high church and its exclusive sway.

This to be sure is a very faint and imperfect sketch of the two great English political parties, the grounds and details of whose policy we Americans could hardly comprehend without more study than the importance of the subject to us will warrant; but sufficient has been said to show why the parties should regard our institutions with very different feelings, and, when they visit this country, should come prepared to view it and everything about it very differently.

While one is accustomed to look upon it as almost the actualization of his perfect ideal, the other considers it a sort of political fungus, waiting only for trying circumstances to consign it to destruction. Hence one comes prepared to overlook every defect, to note every beauty, to credit all that is good here to our system of government, or the genius of our people, and to charge all that is bad upon the difficulties to be met in carrying out the system; while the other is equally as determined, if it be possible, to see no good thing.

There is, perhaps, another class of Englishmen that come among us who deserve notice, but they are so few in number that they ought more properly to be considered as individual exceptions. I mean those men of unbiased minds, cool-headed, clear-sighted, impartial judges, who see both our strong and our weak points, our capabilities and our imbecilities, and in each judge us justly, whether harshly or kindly. It is from the observation of these men that we learn what we really are, more truly than from any other source; and their opinions on all subjects are worth weighing and heeding. As a remarkable instance I would mention the Rev. Sydney Smith, especially before he burnt his fingers with the Pennsylvania bonds.

But to return from this long digression to our anti-Regicide friend in Blackwood. He is a thorough-going downright conservative high-

churchman, who is doubtless practically of the opinion that the prayer-book is rather superior to the Bible, as being of greater authenticity, and having received more directly the sanction of the "Bishops and other clergy." Thoroughly English too in all his tastes and prejudices, everything which does not look to him precisely as he has been accustomed to see it, strikes him as being perfectly ridiculous, as did some of the French customs an Englishman who spent a few days on the other side of the channel, and who mentioned as among the absurd of all absurdities "a way they had over there of calling a *hat* a *cha-peau*." But notwithstanding all this, he carries with him such an air of innocence and downright sincerity, he hates everything which he has been taught to hate so cordially, and praises everything which he has been taught to admire so earnestly, and shows such a streak of good nature, good sense and taste in matters where education and prejudice had no hold upon him, that we cannot (and we certainly do not wish to) avoid thinking him a downright clever, whole-souled sort of a fellow, with whom we would dearly love a ramble over Scotch, English or American hills which history or fiction have noted; caring little whether the peculiar associations of the place drew from him praise or blame.

In another person too he deserves credit. His "facts" are uncommonly full and accurate for a mere tourist, so much so that it led us at first to suspect that he might be some Anglicized Yankee, who had gone through his regular four years at Yale, and then, with leisure and money, had gone abroad to complete his education, until enamored of the old countries, he had sighed for the flesh-pots, and casting off his allegiance and his first love, was across the water, giving *tourist-like* sketches of scenes among which his boyhood had been passed. We have, however, no sufficient evidence on which to ground such a theory. He comes at commencement time from New York to New Haven, to see how we do such things in Yankeeland, and the things which he saw here, and their suggestions, form this article.

A few of his scenery sketches we have taken the trouble to transcribe, as being rather pretty, and concerning points that we have often noticed with interest ourselves. Here is his entrance into the harbor:

"Here it was that I first caught sight of two bold headlands, looming up, a little retired from the shore, and giving a dignity to the coast at this particular spot, by which it is not generally distinguished. We soon entered the bay of New Haven, and the town itself began to appear, embosomed very snugly between the two mountains, and deriving no little beauty from their prominent share in the surrounding scenery. I judged them not more than four or five hundred feet high, but they are marked with elegant peaks, and present a bold perpendicular front of trap-rock, which, with the bay and harbor in the foreground, and a fine outline of hills sloping away towards the horizon, conveys a most agreeable impression to the approaching stranger of the region he is about to visit. A person who stood looking out very near me, gave me the information that the twin mountains were called, from their geographical relations to the meridian of New Haven, East and West Rocks, and added the remark, for which I was hardly prepared, that West Rock was celebrated as having afforded a refuge to the regicides Goffe and Whalley."

And here permit us to add that if the reader wishes to get a beautiful view of this beautiful city, (and if he does not, it is time that he



did) where he can enjoy it more leisurely than in a moving boat, let him go the first fair afternoon, or if he be an early riser, just before the sun begins to give signs of his approach in the east, down on the east side of the harbor, in the beautiful lane that runs parallel with the shore, and turning to the left hand ascend the hill where are the ruins of the old fort, and never turning his back until he get fairly up, then take a seat upon the grass-grown battlement, and take a long, long look, and he will carry away from there in his mind such a picture as but few galleries can show him. Often have we sat there and envied the first voyagers who entered this beautiful bay as we have tried to imagine the green banks, sloping down to the water's edge, and the waving woods stretching away in the back-ground, till the eye was relieved by the beautiful blue outline of the surrounding hills; while those two noble brown rocks with their castle-looking sides, seemed two great stone giants, one on either hand, standing as petrified sentinels over this enchanted land. But Yankee enterprise plays the very mischief with scenery, and where formerly

"The aisles of the dim woods rang,"

nothing now is seen but the white shining sides and brown roofs of thickly clustered houses, or as Byron says of England,

'Dung, dust and a dray.'

Still there are the same noble rocks and the same beautiful mountains beyond, and it is, and ever will be, a beautiful sight.

On board the boat, our friend from across the water met with a man whom he took or mistook for a "Puritan Parson," who very politely pointed out to him the chief objects of interest, and who apparently amused himself by practicing somewhat on his credulity, or in plain English, *humbugging* him, by cautioning him against speaking of the Regicides as any thing but *Judges*: probably leaving on his mind a faint impression of tar and feathers, or the ducking-stools, or other such like *Puritan* methods of discipline, in case of transgression.

Shade-trees and green grass-plots are no part of religion or politics, and therefore after giving "The Calvinistic College" and "Sectarian University" a passing thrust, and recognizing "Puritan Dons and Doctors," by their "rigid features and polemical address," he speaks of these things like a mere human gentleman, and not like a disciple of any particular school.

But here: "In the middle of the square, a *Church* (we italicise) of tolerable Gothic still remains; in amiable proximity to which appear two *Meeting-houses*, of a style of architecture truly original, and exhibiting as natural a development of Puritanism as the Cathedrals display of the Catholic religion."

This compliment to the architect of the "Center Church," though a very handsome one, is undeserved; for there is in the goodly city of London, if we mistake not, a church of some celebrity, we do not know the name, whose spire and front are here nearly or exactly copied, though the building itself is said to be larger by about one third.

In regard to his remarks concerning the State-House, we have nothing to say, except that it is somewhat remarkable that eyes which were

so keen to detect "brick and mortar," here should have failed entirely to observe the wooden top of the Gothic stone tower on the left. Some people see better at a certain angle perhaps.

"Still further in the back-ground are seen spire and cupola, peering over a thickset grove, in the friendly shade of whose academic foliage a long line of barrack-looking buildings were pointed out to me as the colleges.

"These shabby homes of the Muses were my only token that I had entered a university town. The streets, it is true, were alive with bearded and mustached youth, who gave some evidence of being yet in *statu pupillari*; but they wore hats, and flaunted not a rag of surplice or gown. In the old and truly respectable college at New York, such things are not altogether discarded; but, at New Haven, where they are devoutly eschewed as savoring too much of Popery, not a member of its faculties, nor master, doctor, or scholar, appears with the time-honored decency which, to my antiquated notion, is quite inseparable from the true regimen of a university. The only distinction which I remarked between Town and Gown, is one in lack of which Town makes the more respectable appearance of the twain; for the college badges seem to be nothing more than odd-looking medals of gold, which are set in unmeaning display on the man's shirt-ruffles, or dangle with tawdry effect from their watch-ribbons. I have no doubt that the smart shopmen who flourish canes and smoke cigars in the same walks with the collegians, very much envy them these poor decorations; but in my opinion, they have far less of the Titmouse in their appearance without them, and would sooner be taken for their betters by lacking them."

We let these things go for what they are worth. Our friend is not the first man who has imagined that true dignity must hang in a gown, and real knowledge be covered by a wig. In regard to the front College buildings, we would like respectfully to suggest to the Corporation, that a good coat of brown paint would do much to relieve their present really stiff appearance.

There were some few things in regard to the Regicides and his peculiar views of them, that we had wished particularly to notice, but want of space forbids.

His touching picture of King Charles—his "resignation, resolution, kingly dignity, and Christian submission," to one who appreciates the Stuart character is, to say the least, queer. He forgets, or does not care to know, the strong, nay overpowering reasons that the Puritans had for sympathizing with these exiled wanderers—that they themselves had so recently been driven from their homes by the same government, and a not dissimilar course of oppression and persecution which began the rebellion of Charles's time.

But we cannot enter upon those themes now. The history of those men is known throughout the world, and the present generation are hastening to a ward to their memories that justice which was denied them in their own times, and by their own countrymen, but which a little New England colony, weak in everything but moral courage, and a trust in God, braved the wrath of a licentious and depraved king, and a wicked and venal council, to grant to them in the time of their sorest need.

Nor was this kindness altogether unrequited. From the cellar in Hadley—from the hiding-place in Boston—from the caves and fastnesses of the wilderness, they came forth as angels of mercy to the deliverance of the chosen people of God. Even after a lapse of two hundred years, and with a knowledge of all the facts to strip from

them their supernatural charm, there is nothing in history or fiction, which awakens such emotions, or sends such a thrill through the nerves, as the simple recital of these mysterious deliverances.

For their memories we have no fear. But we would add, let no one visit New Haven, and, especially, remain here any time, without reading the History of the Regicides—without visiting their various hiding places—their cave, their harbor, their bridge, and the rude stones which mark their final resting place—their only home. And when, in after years, the fireside and the easy-chair shall have taken the place of the active cares of life, he will be proud to tell those who are then gathered around him, that he has walked in the paths where the Regicides walked, and has stood by the side of their graves.

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“OBSCURITATIS PLENÆ QUESTIONES” ENODATI, ET COMITATI  
CUM NOTIS COPIOSIS PRO TIRONIBUS.

O! homines et mulieres et pueri! horribile dictu: audi mei caudæ; magnifice illustriossissime splendidissime, *riproarinissime*: nunquam aliquis similis ita, Newtonius tenere non protest candelam *mihi*; est tantum res *mihi*; Galileam jacto “sub tegmine patulæ fagi.” Oculum solvi plus problemata quàm tremas fustem ad. Ludejustus (grandissimus mathematicus) proposuit problemata; illa fuerunt dura—dura ut Diabolus; non aliquis fecerit illa; sed nunquam mens dixi, ita obtinebam illa. Laborabam diligentissime; consumpsebam oleam mediæ noctis, radebam meum caput, mirabile dictu: operabam omnia eorum extra: actio erat mirabilis, et non aliquis (me excepto) potuerat facere id; itaque universum genus hominum debuit laudare me—*Vir partarum ut sum*; Alii philosophi sunt clari in aliis rebus; varii sunt *rami* scientiæ Copernicus vixit jampridem et erat celebrissimus, ille studebat scientiam astrorum, cœli, et planetarum; sequebatur “modus operandi” Pythagoræ; acquirebat magnam gloriam. Newtonius erat *sol* scientiæ: ante eum tenebra tenebat “*subulam*,” feriebat lucem. Sedebat sub arbore unus dies. Pomum cadebat *plumæ*. Ille serrula id; celeritissime invenit “Lex qua omnia in centum vergunt.” Magnus vir erat Newtonius, notabilis vir: amicus lectus mihi: sed neque Copernicus aut Newtonius operaverint tanta problemata ut illa: si resergerint ab sepulchris et vident hæc problemata, illi quæsierint iter ad aream-ossorum, necesse est ut vir esset extraordinarius qui fecerit hæc problemata. “Confiteor ut nos censemus honestam superbiam in dicendo nos fecimus.” O Tirones et Sophmores audite attentissime; tacete et capite instructionem. Studete hæc problemata; *censete* in illa; illa adjuvant vos plus quam nescio quantos Euclidos. Illa extendent tuos mentes, si habete *ullos*: tumescebunt tua capita. *Brevitur*—quum scitis hæc problemata poteritis facere *aliquid*—eritis maximi mathematici ætatis. Quum habetis “*premia* problemata” data *extra*, æquus manus hæc in, et omnes vestrum habebunt “*prima premia*.” Obstupescietis omne corpus: populus findet illos *egos* et gradus: ambitiosi dicent O, uti eram Tiro—utinam essem Sophmoris. Rape meum exhortationem: este confidentes: quatuor hæc sunt problemata magna, mirabilia et, non surpassenda. “Verbum Sat.”

## RESPONSA AD QUESTIONES.\*

1. If three men work ten days on a fertile farm, what is the Logarithm?

*Ans.* Bisect the three men, and to this remainder add any thing that happens to be convenient. Afterwards take an observation through a double refracting brickbat; put the contents in a half-bushel, and divide the two equations by each other. Then if any man can get out of the mias right side up, he may be considered the "natural number," and his square root being extracted, it will be the answer required.

*Note.* Let  $x$  = the seed sown, and  $y$  = the ground-work of the formula.

2. If three men, one of them a colored man and the other a female, set out simultaneously, which will get there first?

*Ans.* There are several modes of working this, but either is preferable. It must be first ascertained, however, which of the two, "the colored man or the other female," went by telegraph, and how they felt when they got there.

3. Of what use is a compass without a needle, and which way does it point?

*Ans.* This is solved by "boxing the compass;" after which, institute the proposition, "Will saltpetre explode?" A clear and correct result will follow of course, and if nothing interferes, will continue to do so.

*Note.* Vide "Ars chemica edita et composita, per STULTUSVIR," tom. ii.

4. What is the required length of a limited steel wire which runs the other way?

*Ans.* This depends upon how fast the wire "runs," and where to. When that is determined, apply the rule, and said wire will be found to be about as long as a string, or we know nothing of mathematics.

5. As a general thing, which will do the most good?

*Ans.* A dose of salts will work this.

*Note.* Corollary—Etiam cognoscite, et tentate, O trirones Brandreth's pills—warranted to cure in all cases—"speed increased and fare reduced—through by daylight." See advertisement.

6. If three watches don't keep time with either of them, which will gain? The first was an English watch, the second a French Lepine.

*Ans.* This may be solved by the "double rule of three," or a single one of six, according to the taste and fancy of the person watching.

7. Given—The complexion, age, and height of a middle-sized man. Required, the nature of his business, his annual gains, and prospects in life.

*Ans.* Complexion, age, and height, all equal—so are his prospects in life.

*Note 1.* Lemma—Divide 4th of July by 2.

*Note 2.* Di-lemma—Who struck William Patterson?

8. In a large household, neither father nor mother knew any thing; how was it with the family?

*Ans.* We consider that it is none of Mr. Playfair's business "how it was with the family." The sanctity of private life should be inviolate, and moreover questions of this kind are not within the limits of true science. It must be a source of infinite pain to the heads of said household, to be thus ruthlessly dragged before an inquisitive public, and have their literary and scholastic attainments made the object of scientific investigation.

9. Is a man ever justifiable in either case, and if so, which? *Note.*— $2c$  = both.

*Ans.* Wn "flunk" on this.

\* The questions which are here answered with such precision and elegance, will be found more at large upon page 139 of Vol. XI. The mathematician who has so successfully solved them, certainly deserves the thanks of the entire college community—but particularly those of members of the Freshman Class, as we have understood that it was in contemplation amongst the Faculty, who were at the offset greatly struck with their originality, to give them out as "Berkleian Prize Questions," so soon as the new "Tables" were finished. We are sorry to have broken through this excellent arrangement, but it could not have been helped. Science must flourish, and merit must be rewarded, even at an expense of failing. "God and Liberty."

10. Does it really make any odds in the Long Run?

*Note.* Long Run =  $xy^{50} \times xy + xxx^{30} yyyyy^{40}$ .

*Ans.* This is solved in a manner precisely similar to the former.

11. Given, John Randolph. Well, what of it?

*Ans.* This is evidently skinned, and we consider Mr. Play-fair as an unmitigated play-giarist, not at all to be countenanced by a profound and scientific community such as we profess to be.

12. If a man stand upon the sea-shore, with his eye elevated 4 ft. 8½ inches, what way will he look, and what will he see? What is his name? How long will he stand there? Which way did he come from? Where will he go when he gets through looking? How long will he be on the road, and what will he do when he gets there?

*Ans.* Before a solution of this can be obtained, it will be necessary to wait for the "Universal Solvent," which is confidently expected to be discovered about the same time with "Perpetual Motion;" for over this proposition we have racked our "numerous and extensive" brains, to the full extent that the importance of the subject demanded, and have only arrived at the conclusion above stated, in which we deem but just to say that most of our personal and political enemies must be compelled to concur.

13. Who did what? And how did he do it? *Note.* "Did what?"=B.

*Ans.* Let  $x$  = what, —  $y$  how he did it: then  $4 \times 0$  is zero, and  $x \sqrt{-0}$  = the number of potato peelings necessary to shingle a house with a lead roof.

*Note.* "Mathematics are distinguished for their clearness and perspicuity."—Day Algebra.

14. Given.—The whole length and part of the breadth. What's required?

*Ans.* The answer. *Note.* Doubted.

15. Two men, unable to travel, set out upon a journey at different times, in company with a third in like condition. For three hours the first two kept ahead of each other, when a violent snow-storm arising, all three lost their way. Which will get there first?

*Ans.* The man in the white hat.

*Note.* Vide Koran, chapter on the Kickapoo Indians.

16. Required, a series of factors expressing the relation of father to son.

*Ans.* All questions of this kind are involved in a great degree of obscurity: in some cases wholly indeterminate except by a "wise child."

*Note.* *Legs* Japhet masculine parent sequens.

17. Required, in terms of  $x$  the relative situation of any two country villages with the population of the former.

*Ans.* This is highly improbable, and unworthy of belief.

*Note.* See Intelligence Office, N. Y., for situation, and divide by three.

18. Required, the nature of the curve described by the stone which smote Goliath.

*Ans.* Multiply the stone into the probable distance it was thrown; take the contents in square feet; and then throw up "heads and tails" for the results.

*Note.* A round stone is preferable to "toss" with.

19. If a hard knot be tied in a cat's tail, which way, how long, and with what success will she run after it?

*Note 1.* The cat was dark colored and howled o' nights.

*Note 2.* The conditions of this problem are exceedingly vague.

*Ans.* If a dog be permitted to masticate said knot a sufficient length of time, she will speedily settle all questions relative to the running part of the business.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

As some time has elapsed since we have had a private chat together, most indulgent Reader, and as you are no doubt burning with the desire to receive a few more inkings from high life, we propose, in the present instance, to give you at once a fine opportunity of renewing our acquaintance, as well as of paying your bills. There are many little items of information too, which we have been long anxious to communicate, and which, if you have either a heart or a dime, we are confident will rouse your sympathy. So even be patient whilst we unburden our sorrows.

First then, there is the Printer—once the beau-ideal of all other printers, who is not half so civil latterly as was formerly his wont, and who has actually been known to frown, within the last few days, as he thrust his hands deep into his breeches-pockets. Then again the Printer's devil looks as if he himself would like a sixpence to buy marbles with; and upon a late visit, even had the impudence to ask us—us, the pink of poverty—for a spare copper. There too is our Engraver, who has a wife and several small children to support, and who has inquired affectionately about our health regularly every day for the past week—never failing to hazard, at the same time the remark “Times is monstrous hard, and money monstrous scarce;” in which we cordially concurred with him. Perhaps also you are not aware that “starving Ireland is crying for relief, and that we have been applied to by the committee in its behalf. True we did offer them large contributions in the shape of “rejected addresses,” “tales of the imagination,” “poetry,” &c., and even went so far as to promise an article on *consumption*; but they respectfully declined them all, and went off in something like a huff. But these are trivial afflictions, and of small moment when compared with our last complaints. It is this. The term is fast closing; the vacation near at hand, and we, ourselves—individually and collectively speaking, are swearing most vociferously, because we have not the wherewithal to make our projected tour through the northern States—even to the peaks of the Catskill.

These few hints, Reader, we hope will be sufficient to remind you of your duty, and will induce you to come at once and “pay the devil his due.” If they are not, have a care for yourselves, and avoid the mortification that must ensue; for we shall be compelled to adopt, in and about College, the system so happily introduced upon the eastern steamers of sending round a bell-ringer with the exhortation “Oh yes—oh yes, gemmen, all you what hav’ut paid your fare will please call at the capting’s offe-eco, and settle thar.” Au revoir.

\* \* \* \* \*

We subjoin, for the gratification of the curious, a correct report of the last two editorial meetings. From these it will be seen that the catastrophe there related has been both unexpected and distressing; and we hope that while our readers mingle their tears of sympathy with those of the disconsolate secretary, they will not forget to mutter, also, a pater-noster in behalf of the spirits of the departed worthies.

Editors' Sanctum, April 20, 1847—10 o'clock.

The candles were burning low, and the Secretary had been in waiting several hours before any one appeared. The night without was clear and beautiful; the stars were twinkling away rapidly but noiselessly, and with the exception now and then of a cry from an excited student, all was still. At length the Secretary grew impatient, and was upon the point of entering an *alibi* in his ‘minute-book,’ and departing, when a step was heard upon the landing. The door opened, and in stalked Stubbs, humming

over to himself a love-song, and looking withal very downcast and sad at heart. Without noticing that any one else was in the room, he very quietly deposited his wearied frame in a chair before the fire, elevated his heels to an angle of forty-five degrees, thrust a cigar into the corner of his mouth, seized the poker, and soliloquized thus:

"Heigho! Well! well! I see it's no use—perfect folly—she won't love me! I swan she won't! Oh the women—the women—the sweet, deceiving creatures! And yet I made her any number of presents. There's that ring, and two calico handkerchiefs, that I've cried over many a time, and three yards of blue ribbon—full six cents a yard—and a pair of new stockings, and six No's of the Yale Lit., and my own daguerreotype, besides telling her *all the Editors' secrets*. Oh, it's horrid—it's horrid. Full two dollars' worth, not to speak of the loss of a whole month's courting. Then, too, didn't I sleep over twelve times, and get a letter home for sitting up late, talking at her? and didn't I sing her some of the bewitchingest little airs—enough to captivate a syren? and didn't I publish that detestable poetry of her brother's on the cover of the Magazine? and didn't I send her, as Valentines, four sonnets, handed in for publication? and didn't I go to church with her every Sunday night? and didn't I *swear* I loved her? Heaven spare me for it! Oh, it is horrid—an Editor jilted! I'll break my heart, so I will, and she may go to the d—l if she likes. And more than all, was'n't it only yesterday that she said I might!"

"Do what," inquiringly asked Mr. Habbakuk Quick, who had entered unperceived and who was now an interested listener, at the back of his chair.

"Do what! Stubbs?"

"Nothing—do nothing Sir!" thundered out Stubbs, in high dudgeon at finding that we had betrayed his first love—to wit: himself.

"Oh, my dear sir, don't permit your angry passions to predominate," exclaimed Quick, in a soothing tone.

"Passions the d—l," cried Stubbs; "do you mean to insult my misery, you *cloven-footed* animal you, after having basely insinuated yourself into my confidence! I tell you what, sir, love is not a passion, it is the religion of the heart, sir."

The conversation which here threatened to grow warm, was broken off by the entrance of Ephraim Smooth, who as he smoothed back his auburn locks, and put on a benign smile, looked the personification of "Oily Gammon."

"Not too late, gentlemen, I hope," exclaimed he, bustling about the room. "Ah! I see just in the nick of time! But I always was punctual—it's my boast, sir—my nature, sir! So come gentlemen, let's to business. Truly punctuality is a cardinal virtue! Stubbs, take that bundle of poetry: Quick, look over this file of letters: I'll examine the prose myself! Mr. Secretary, prepare the coffin, and see that the supper is got ready."

"Yes, and I say, Scribe," broke in Quick, "order me a bowl of punch—pretty stiff, and no water in it, for my mouth's like a hot oyster!"

The three then began conjointly to dive into the manuscript folio, and for half an hour nothing occurred to break in upon their monotonous save an occasional yawn from Quick, threatening to tear off the roof of his mouth, or dislocate his under jaw; or a most wire-drawn sigh from Stubbs, as he consigned to the flames the love-sick effusions of our College bards. The dull sound of *heavy articles* momentarily cast into the coffin, alone told that the work went bravely on—while the ghosts of unnumbered ideas flitted slowly by in search of new habitations in which to deposit their *war-worn* bodies. Indeed an uninterested spectator might very readily have mistaken

the "sanctum" for a slaughter-house, so unsparing were its occupants of all bantlings of the brain.

"Wh-o-o-w" a letter from a lady, by Jove"—at length drawled out Quick, as if scarcely willing to believe his own eyes—"I say, Stubbs, into you there with a vengeance. Here's a letter from your fair one, giving the whole body a "Caudle lecture" on your account; but I always said you had no *eye for beauty*.

"What is it?" cried Stubbs, turning round with a *sour smile*, and throwing an unusual quantity of expression into his countenance, as if to rebut the charge, 'what is it? read it out.'

"I knew you would catch it, when you insisted upon making sport of those 'sweet verses.' I tell you what it is Stubbs, Music and Poetry may be sisters; but they never marry the same man."

"Come—come let's have it, if it's worth hearing," cried Smooth,

"Well here goes," and with a slight curl on his lip, and imitating as well as he could a lady's voice, Quick read the following note:

MR. EDITOR,—I am ashamed of you, that you have so treated the beautiful lines that my brother wrote in my Album. They *are* beautiful, and it is only because you are stone blind to their beauty, that you do not see it. If my brother had not written those lines he never would have gone to college. They were the making of him, and father saw that he had genius in him when he wrote them, and so he sent him to your college two years ago. Now, Mr. Editor, I want you to send those verses right back to me. You have done enough in printing them, and now I want them back. My brother said he thought you would appreciate their beauty, and that is why I allowed him to send them to you. Please put them in to the office immediately. The Postmaster will know what to do with them. I don't give you my name, for I suppose you would publish *that* with delight. I shall say no more.

NEW HAVEN, MARCH 25, 1847.

"What a pity the young lady didn't give her name. I would even have been willing to have made a *personal* explanation," remarked Smooth, after a hearty laugh at Stubbs' expense. Quick only affirmed that if she was rich and pretty, as well as smart—he didn't know but some arrangement might be made after all, for he himself was very fond of *such* poetry, and indeed always wrote exactly the same kind whenever he indulged in such trifles.

Here a long-drawn sigh from Stubbs attracted attention, which upon inquiry was found to be produced by a piece of poetry he was on the point of consigning to the flames.

"Hold—what is it? let's hear," cried Smooth.

"Oh the women—the women, they were born to torment mankind," pathetically groaned Stubbs; after which, he delivered in tragic vein the following phillippic:

#### 

I have ever thought 'twas man's glory and pride  
To defend and protect the fair;  
But if *you* thus in public the sex deride,  
*Other Bravos* the act may dare.

Think not that I mean to arraign you now,  
As a slanderer false and bold;  
To the truth of your statements I humbly bow,  
But *such truths*, friend, should ne'er be told.

Than those you describe, (formed alone of coarse clay,  
Without any mingling of gold.)  
If such you've ne'er met; for your own sake, I pray,  
Let not the sad fact be told.



Why search for the "mote in the sunbeam" so bright,  
 Forgetting the light it still throws?  
 Why evil in character bring you to light,  
 And no virtues to view disclose?

Oh, sweet "woman sprang like a beautiful flower,"  
 Into being, when time first began;  
 And she ever has proved, from that joyous hour,  
 An angel of mercy to man.

But 'tis like you, my friend! so long and so lank,  
 So false, and so vengefully told.  
 Then grave it on marble, to herald your rank,  
 "Gainst woman you dared to be bold."

ELLEN.

"Well, gentlemen, quite a treat that. I have no doubt but that our 'geneology man' will feel highly gratified at being noticed, at least he ought to be," said Quick.

"Yes, I hear he is death on women," drily remarked Stubbs, "but if he doesn't find his match in the tongue line, you may call me green."

Supper was here announced, and amid the savory meats, choice nick-nacks, and the strong and frequent libations to Bacchus, the three soon lost all sense of their unpleasant labor, and drowned in hilarity and mirth their cares and sorrows.

Shortly after, the meeting adjourned.

EDITORS' SANCTUM, April 21, 1847.  
 12 o'clock at night.

"A horrid night this—horrid! I am nearly drowned; but I thought we should have a second flood on account of this affair; oh! it is detestable, and here I am left alone to preach their funeral sermons. Ah! I understand the *prophecy* now, 'And all the devils besought him saying: send us into the swine, that we may enter into them,' so I'll e'en give them a quietus, and be off myself, or they may take into their heads to possess me too."

Thus muttered Ephraim Smooth to himself as with slow and solemn step he entered the room. Evidently there was a shadow upon his soul, and his disconsolate and woe-begone appearance might have moved to pity even his creditors. But his tread was also firm and determined, and marching straight to the chairman's seat, he took his accustomed place, and very gravely called the house to order. True, no one was present save himself; but as he was not in a humor for figurative language, he was excusable for using words in their original sense, and calling the *house* to order. The house of course came to order, and the chairs and tables feeling themselves appealed to as Editors, nobly fulfilled their duty, and said not a word. As soon as the house came to order, Mr. Smooth rose and addressed it as follows:

"GENTLEMEN!

It grieves my very heart to communicate to you the intelligence which I feel bound to lay before you. I see that you are all struck dumb with sorrow, and I cannot but commend your firmness in forbearing to give utterance to any complaint. Gentlemen! this is indeed a trying time—and you must bear with me while I indulge in a few remarks upon the virtues and foibles of the illustrious departed. First then, my friends, there was our lamented brother Tobias Slow, who was hurried into suicide by his zeal for our cause, and who, mistaking himself for another, actually *cut his own throat without intending it*. 'Alas, poor Yorick!' And then again our *promising* brother Doolittle. He too is gone—killed by over-action, so that we may truly exclaim, in the language of the poet,

'He lived the wonder of a village school,  
 And died the victim of a College honor.'

But what language my friends shall speak our grief when we refer to that jewel in our circle—the Quixotic Quick; the embodiment of our whole standing army—the chairman of our *peace* committee; alas! too quickly taken from us. Nor was it in the rage of battle that he perished, bravely defying the enemy. Fate reserved for

him a more imposing death—a death by *spontaneous combustion*. Oh, it was an awful warning to his *battalion*, and had you seen, my friends, the *blue flames* enveloping his body, and heard his agonized and frenzied cry for help—you would have thought that like Elijah of old he had passed from earth in a chariot of fire. But he has left us, and I hope you will refrain from tears, as they would now be useless. *Requiescat in pace!* And lastly my friends, to increase the sum of our afflictions—even Stubbs has left us, and I grieve to add has actually absconded. Having succeeded in collecting subscriptions to the amount of seventeen cents and something over, and having received a conciliatory note from his ‘*dulcinea*,’ he has taken this the first opportunity to elope with the fair one, and give us *leg bail*. Oh, the women, I knew they would be the death of him! they have seized upon him ‘*vi et armis*,’ and doubtless ere this he has left the laud of the living. Gentlemen, you see I am thus left alone in my glory, and alone in my glory will I perish.” Saying which, Mr Smooth hastily descended from the platform, strode across the room and seized the coffin, blew out the lights, and was last heard tumbling down stairs with noise and rapidity which threatened eventually to extinguish him. He has never since been heard of, and the probability is that nothing but his ghost will ever again be seen, unless he accidentally takes it into his head to attend the “Medical Lectures” next winter in the capacity of a subject.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### COLLEGE FASHIONS.

It would seem from present appearances, that “the Glass of Fashion” has become terribly out of repair. We are almost afraid that it has lost all the quicksilver from its back. However this may be, it is evident that the silver around College belongs to an entirely different genus. “Dimes” are extremely slow in making their appearance, or to express it more beautifully and scientifically, if action and reaction are equal, and if money makes the mare go, then the coach to which the said mare is harnessed, must be a very slow coach indeed.

In the absence of the regular practitioner, we are compelled to take it upon ourselves to make a few *reflections* upon surrounding objects.

We see that coat sleeves are beginning to yawn as if heartily tired of term time, and in this feeling we as heartily sympathise. Hats remind us of that celebrated Egyptian darkness which might be *felt*, and it is getting pretty evident to their owners, that they are nothing else—*felt* too of the *poorest* kind. Boots look as if they had encountered a “*son'easter*” in the Pacific, and have a decided *heel* to the leeward. As for pocket handkerchiefs, the end to which they have been applied during the season of influenza and colds has at last made an end of them. Peace will be with their remains; for their remains will soon be in pieces. It is impossible to express the state of the dilapidated *inexpressibles*, which are circulating in ambulatory gyrations about the College yard. As they rustle in the gentle breeze, they seem to speak for themselves, and mournfully whisper “Credit is gone, and I can find no remedy for this consumption of the purse.”

Yours truly,

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

## EDITORS' FAREWELL.

WE come now to the last act of our official duty. The period during which we were appointed to exercise editorial control over this Magazine, has terminated, and it only remains for us to say a word of encouragement to our successors—of thanks to our subscribers and contributors—a farewell to our readers, and then——“Othello's occupation's gone.”

It is not without feelings of melancholy, that we are reminded that it is time to dissolve a connection which has been the source of so many pleasures to us; although, at times, they have been mingled with anxious solicitude for the success of our efforts in performing the duty enjoined upon us. We can only hope that we have succeeded partially in attaining our object; if we have not, it has been our misfortune—not our fault.

To our successors we commit a charge by no means trivial; one which will require not a little of their time and attention to make attractive, and which will tax sorely their patience, if not their pens. But they are doubtless already aware of this fact, and will come prepared to meet it. Some difficulties, of course, are inseparable from such an undertaking, but they are as few in this as could be expected. We would exhort them, then, to enter upon their duty with confidence, and prosecute it with energy. Their future is bright before them. The prospects of the Magazine are as flattering now as they ever were—*diu floreat!*

We are grateful to our contributors for the assistance which they have afforded us, and to our subscribers for their liberal pecuniary support. With a benison, then, upon each and every one, and wishing increase and prosperity to all, we bid you, readers and classmates, farewell.

Your Editors for 1847,

B. GRATZ BROWN,  
WILLIAM S. McKEE,  
JOHN MUNN,  
DANIEL T. NOYES.



PROSPECTUS  
OF THE  
TWELFTH VOLUME  
OF THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

To be sent out by the Students of Yale College.

In presenting the prospectus of a new volume of this periodical, we take occasion to express our sincere gratitude for the generous support which has hitherto been extended to us, and also for the warmest wish we have already received of a continuance of the same kindly sympathy. We may also be permitted to say in this connection, that all efforts always have been and always shall be confined strictly to its own proper sphere; and that therefore while taking no part in calling politics in any form or shape, we may fairly claim the business of our good every man.

With such a course then, in view, we offer to the public a Twelfth Volume of the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE. We offer it not as a rival to the periodicals of the day, nor as an instructor in any of the departments of Science and Learning, nor yet as the oracle of our Age Master, but as a quiet companion for leisure moments, a mirror in which to reflect the humor of the hour. Our aim shall be to make it agreeable to all. We shall offer themes for the thoughtful, welcome for the curious, food for the fun-loving. Whoever has a truth to utter, a song to sing, or an interesting tale to tell, shall receive from us a hearty welcome and a full consideration.

A font of new type has just been obtained, which will greatly increase the beauty of the work, and with a faithful and powerful discharge of our duties, we hope to make it both interesting and accurate.

Three numbers of the Magazine will be issued every term.

TERMS.—\$2.00 per annum, payable on the delivery of the first number. Single numbers, 25 cents.

No subscriptions will be received for a less term than one year.

Communications must be addressed (post paid) through the Post Office, "To the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine."

VOL. XII.

No. VII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



*A French picture (18th century), copied by engraving. The woman  
is seated, and the lamp is on the table.*

JUNE, 1847.

NEW HAVEN,

PUBLISHED BY HOWARD DAY.

PRINTED BY JAMES L. ALLEN.

NEW HAVEN.

To our Readers:  
War and Glory;  
The Winds and the Seasons;  
Our Knowledge of the lapse of Time;  
The Rationalism of Reformers;  
A Lesson of Humility;  
Civilization and Machinery;  
Excerpts from Plato's *Socratic Dialogue*;  
The Progress of Time;  
Hood and Ingoldsby;  
Bradley's *Marchal Story*;  
Playing at Marbles;  
An Autobiography to "The History Day";  
Literary Notices;  
Belmont's Table.

## TO OUR READERS.

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### KIND PATRONS:

Permit us, with all humility, to present to you these first fruits of our labors. The acquaintance which we now commence can be made pleasant only by forbearance on your part, and industry on ours. The latter we promise, the former we claim. Without disparagement to the honor you have conferred upon us, we must be permitted to say, that our task is by no means an enviable one. The demand for well-written articles in a Magazine, the almost entire body of whose readers is composed of men of literary tastes and cultivated minds, is little less than imperative; while the means of furnishing them are necessarily limited.

The relation in which we stand to you is a peculiar one. We are not Editors for *money*. The tie which binds us together is not the giving a dollar's worth for a dollar. Self-interest does not urge us to exert ourselves so that the income of the Magazine may be a source of pecuniary profit. On this point, the topmost round in the ladder of our ambition is gained, if the surplus suffice for an occasional suit of mourning for the *coffin*, that sable sepulchre, over whose lid no resurrection summons wakes to life the slumbering articles of by-gone years.

We are not Editors for *party*. We are not quill-drivers for any of the numerous divisions in religion, politics, science, literature, or morals. Were that the case, we might safely appeal to your patronage and support by the strong bond of one common object, as dear to yourselves as to us; or else with the true spirit of martyrs, we might sacrifice every personal consideration, and labor for the dear object of our efforts with no reward but an approving conscience.

We are not Editors for *fame*. This is a self-evident proposition; but to leave you not a "hook to hang a doubt upon," we pledge you individually and collectively our editorial word.



The Magazine was established to encourage emulation in writing, and to rescue from oblivion such pieces as deserved a better fate than a brief existence in the memories of the division, or an idle one in the manuscripts of the writers. Yourself are in fact Editors, patrons, and contributors. We but "pay the printers," and act as mediators between you and the *devil*.

We trust then that you are willing to share the responsibilities of the Magazine with us ; and that you will not, after having sent us upon this war, neglect to furnish us with the means of conducting it, and then condemn us for our want of success.

The past history of the Magazine has already furnished a triumphant refutation of the calumny, that it is impossible for the students of any literary Institution in the country to support a respectable periodical. Let it not be said that the classes now in College are unworthy to assume the guardianship of this child of our Alma Mater—a trust useful to themselves, honorable to the Institution, and tending to promote the best interests of learning.

In conclusion, we say, that if at the end of our labors we shall have manifested any inclination to atone by zeal and activity for the want of ability, you will recognize in it an expression of our sense of the honor you have conferred on us in permitting us to subscribe ourselves

Your obedient servants,

THE EDITORS.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XII.

JUNE, 1847.

No. 7.

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WAR AND GLORY.

Quum prorepserunt primis animalia terris,  
Mutum et turpe pecus glandem atque cubilia propter,  
Unquibus et pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro  
Pugnabant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus.

HORACE.

WHAT a queer old chap is History, and a useful one too! His advice is necessary, in order to know or believe anything. If the Present were our only guide, we should wander forever in a labyrinth of doubts and conjectures. Man, God, the Universe, would be an unsolved doubt. Around us we should see ten thousand temples, each dedicated to the *one only Truth*, and at the same time there would come to us a voice from far distant lands, saying, that these are all temples of false Gods, and that the devout inquirer after truth must cross the stormy Ocean, and traverse weary leagues of desert sand, to arrive at the object of his efforts. He might reasonably conclude that the world was a great, living falsehood, an embodied lie. The perfection of Wisdom would be to know nothing. We must put *this* and *that* together many times, in order even to approximate toward truth. The youthful philosopher sees the water-drop fall from the skies, mingle with the gentle rivulet, help to swell the current of a mighty river, then lose itself in the bosom of the boundless Ocean; and he cries, "this law of gravitation will ruin us. The skies will be drained of their watery stores. All the moisture will accumulate in the lowest parts of the earth. We shall die of thirst." But a more careful examination shows the same water-drop mounting on the wings of evaporation to the skies, ready to begin again its allotted round. He was mistaken. So are all who judge from the Present, without reference to the Past. Isolated facts are worth nothing. The Astronomer, sweeping the heavens with his telescope, sees a *stranger* amid that starry host of old familiar friends. Its present position is easily determined. But its distance, its size, its orbit, in fact, every thing about

it that is worth knowing, these it requires months, perhaps years of observation and calculation, to determine. Again we say, a useful old friend is History. If we wish to investigate any branch of knowledge, we straightway interrogate him, and forth from the storehouse of the Past he brings an array of facts, illustrations, analogies, and contrasts, that shed a flood of light on the subject of our investigations, and divest it of most of its perplexities. Take War, for instance. War is an evil; a monster; an enemy of order; a destroyer of society, of peace, of happiness. In its train are oppression, misery, famine, death. And yet war has been the chief occupation, the livelihood, the diversion of men. Historians have recorded little else save a succession of battles, sieges, conquests. Earth's "first born" stained his hand with a brother's blood. That was in fact the greatest battle on record—one half the human race engaged in deadly contest. Their example seems to have been contagious. Men have been fighting ever since. Sun never set, that did not set on a field of blood. What are the historical books of the Old Testament, but the same "never-ending, still beginning" story of wars and fightings? "Now the rest of the acts of Jehoshaphat, and his might that he showed, and how he *warred*, are they not written in the book of the Chronicles of the kings of Judah?" "Thou shalt call his name Ishmael: and he will be a wild man; *his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him.*" This was the prediction of Heaven, and for more than three thousand years the Arab has lived by violence and blood. So of other nations besides the Jews, modern as well as ancient. The very ark of the Most High, His peculiar earthly dwelling-place, which none but the consecrated Levite might dare so much as to lay finger upon, was, in case of emergency, a mighty engine of War, carrying defeat and death into the ranks of the enemy of the Israelites. We may say to each,

"Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur."

Some, as the Spartans, devoted their whole attention to war, to the exclusion of every thing else. Their young men and maidens were *matched*, and the education of their children conducted solely with reference to the production of a race of warriors. Their playthings were arms, their youthful sports mimic contests.

While war with all its horrors has been thus universal, it has been by no means regarded with the detestation that a hasty consideration would lead us to expect. True, there have been peace-men in every age, who have condemned war for its injustice, and lamented its existence for the suffering it has caused; but the sympathy of the million has ever been with the waving standard, the impetuous charge, the shock of battle, 'the pomp and circumstance of war.' The successful warrior is the great man of his age. To him the poet sings the loudest songs of praise; to him beauty turns with fond admiring eyes; on him the state heaps the highest honors; around him, beneath his very feet, the multitude crawl in humble adulation. There is a charm in the spur-clad heel, the hilted sword, the burnished casque, and the waving plume, worth more to their possessor than all their 'hell-

concocted philtres' to the witches of Shakspeare. In different ages and in various countries, the Spirit of war has been deified—made a god; splendid temples have been dedicated to him; and strong men have knelt at his shrine, and offered sacrifice on his altar. Horace says that 'Homer sometimes nods;' but 'tis not when his heroes are engaged in deadly conflict. Then his mighty genius surpasses itself. The earth shakes with the tread of impetuous feet. The very Gods and Goddesses from high Olympus are for awhile spectators of the fight, until, unable to restrain their feelings, they throw themselves headlong into the contest, stab and are stabbed in their turn.

Nor have the moderns lost much of the reverence which the ancients had for the warlike. Visible temples may not be erected to the God of war; smoking victims may not send up a savory odor from a genuine brazen altar; the Salii, with sacred rod and buckle, may not dance through our streets to measured music; but we do quite as well. We worshiped the same spirit in Napoleon; we worship it to some extent in Taylor. It yet lingers in the deep roll of the drum—yet calls to us in the shrill note of the fife. It yet finds an inglorious refuge on the field or in the grove where private quarrels are *honorably* settled; yet summons a few deluded worshipers to do it reverence at the *prise-fight* or in the *cock-pit*. Its glory may be, probably is, passing away; but it will die with a slow, lingering death—with many a convulsive struggle. Religion, whose law is love and peace, has often invoked its aid in the dissemination of creeds and catechisms, and it may be that she will yet again present the anomalous, though not unprecedented, spectacle of spiritual power fighting with temporal weapons, making an avenue for truth to reach the conscience by a thrust of the bayonet. At any rate, it will be long ere a red coat and gilt buttons fail to win popular applause, or captivate the hearts of the ladies.

The question now arises, Why has war been so universally popular? How shall we reconcile the love of war with the love of happiness? What is it that makes war glorious? Why is the warrior a hero?—Whether or not war is a *necessary evil*, is quite another thing. This last is one of those foolish questions which metaphysicians start for no other reason, apparently, than to hear themselves talk. It is worse than foolish to speculate on the possibility of men's having acted differently, if they had been differently constituted; and on the probable consequences, if they *had* acted differently. We might as well speculate on the progress of the arts, if iron and other useful metals were not in existence; or the height to which a bird would soar, with both wings on the same side of its body. We must take things as they are. The world, with all its joys and griefs, is doubtless much better off than it would have been if those far-seeing philosophers had had the making of it. War is a *necessary* consequence of man's having been created just what he is, rather than an angel or a stamp. The time is doubtless coming when men shall war no more, but this will be the result of wisdom gained by bitter experience; nor will it affect the great fact that for thousands of years, men fought, and, what is more, gloried in fighting.

Then, without trying to imagine the condition of things, if each and every one had been content to 'live and let live,' (the province rather of the poet than the philosopher,) let us attempt to reconcile the existence of war with man's love of happiness, to explain the fact that, being such as he is, he should have ever reared the standard of human excellence on a field of blood.

Hitherto the world has been governed by force rather than law. After all that is said of 'liberty' and 'equality,' even in the freest government that ever existed, a few think and act for all the others. The great majority feel the necessity of having one or a few, on whose superior wisdom they may rely for the management of the social organization, whose benefits they would enjoy. But the abilities of *this one*, or *these few*, are developed nowhere so well as in the chances and changes of war. In fair weather, a child may steer the vessel safely; but when storms arise, there must be a *man* at the helm. Suppose that in any system of government the rulers, instead of regarding the interests of the ruled, are watchful only of their own; or, suppose that their want of capacity disqualifies them for providing for the public good. Endurance ceases to be a virtue. The people want a change, and they will have it. But they must fight for it, and they must have a leader. Now the strong man, whether at home or abroad, who at such a juncture as this places himself at their head, manages them, unites separate factions and interests, and guides the whole fermented mass to the accomplishment of their wishes, this man becomes a hero, a divinity. He is revered as the living personification of the strength which resided in the people at large, but which without him was powerless, from the want of combination. He becomes ruler by the only right by which men ever rule—the ability to rule. His associates do homage to the implied consciousness of power with which he assumes the reins of government. Thus, the French made a god of Napoleon. And he was next to a god. He was a great man; but his greatness diminished every day that he ruled. After awhile, he began to rule for himself, instead of for France, and soon he ceased to rule at all.

Let us next consider war in its relation to the progressive improvement of society. Doubtless there has been a great deal of nonsense written and spoken about human progress. Modern essay writers, pseudo philosophers, little Fourth of July orators, and such craft, are fond of drawing parallels between ancient and modern times, extravagantly complimentary to the latter. According to them, the world has been traveling ever since its creation, on a regular high-pressure locomotive, down the track of time; and the development of a given age is mathematically computed by its distance from the 'year one.' What a pity it would be, if the race should arrive at the goal of perfection a thousand years or so too soon! What a useless waste of time waiting for the Millenium! What a pity, too, that these beautiful theories resemble so closely a large portion of late works of fiction, 'founded on fact!' 'Human progress' has *not* traveled thus regularly on to its destination. There have been many windings, and stoppings, and goings backward. Painting, sculpture, architecture, and many of the

useful and ornamental arts, once attained a greater degree of perfection than they have now ; the laws of morality were quite as much respected ; there were more Christians, also, about the third or fourth century, than in the boasted light of the nineteenth century. Nor does the war between the English and the East Indians, the Russians and the Circassians, France and Algiers, the United States and Mexico, indicate the immediate approach of the reign of peace. In fact, this boasted progress seems to resemble the stream that Telemachus saw on the island of Calypso, which, though it finally reached the ocean, took so circuitous a route that it threatened many times to return to mingle its waters with the parent fountain. And yet there is, there must be a gradual change for the better, or else this is a strange world we live in. Do you ask what war, with its disorganizing tendencies, has to do with this 'good time coming'? Much, and of good, too, paradoxical as it may seem. As a general thing, it may be said that the organization of society is never broken up, but by the assistance of some derangement that should be corrected. Men do not fight for nothing. "There is no chaos but it seeks a centre to revolve around ; disorganization itself is but a struggle for order."

That society has never yet existed in which there were not radical defects, burning wrongs. A few have more than they deserve, the great majority, less. Were such a state of things to continue, were misrule quietly endured, there could be no improvement, no finding of new and better ways. Every revolution is but an effort of the body politic to attain a healthier state. As the cough of the consumptive is an exertion of nature to free the lungs from an accumulation which would speedily destroy their action, so these periodical outbreaks in society are struggles to shake off a load that is crushing the energies of the race. The master will not unlock the chain ; the slave must break it. Thus, with war is associated the idea of liberty. Every drop of blood that is shed, becomes a consecrated offering on the altar of human emancipation. Every tear of suffering is exhaled to heaven, to fall again in a shower of blessings. Every act of tyranny successfully resisted, is another step taken towards the abolition of all tyranny. The horrors of war are lost sight of in its consequences. "Out of the eater, comes forth meat ; out of the *bitter*, comes forth sweetness." Suffering is sanctified for good. Thus war is glorified by principle.

## THE WINDS AND THE SEASONS.

## I.

Hark to the mean  
Of the forest trees,  
As they rock to and fro  
In the midnight breeze!  
The storm spirit rides  
In his viewless car,  
And the neighing of his steeds  
Is heard from afar.

## II.

Wee to the wretch,  
Who now feels the blast  
Of the cold wintry wind,  
As it courses past.  
Old Ocean lifts high  
His white foaming crest,  
And the shrieking sailor sinks  
To his dreamless rest.

## III.

Winter is past—  
The bright Spring has come—  
And Nature rejoices  
In the gladsome sun.  
At noon and at eve,  
The warm zephyrs play,  
While they dally with the buds  
Through the livelong day.

## IV.

Swift, swift they speed  
From the sunny climes,  
Where the orange-grove blooms  
'Mid the clustering vines—  
The cheek of the sick  
Is fanned by their breath,  
And the dying mortal shrinks  
From the touch of death.

## V.

'Tis Summer now—  
And Phoebus looks down  
From his high dazzling throne  
On country and town.

Thrice welcome the winds  
 From their mountain home,  
 Where the snows forever dwell,  
 And the cataract's foam !

## VI.

With them they bring  
 To Love's shady bowers  
 The fresh dewy fragrance  
 Of tiny wild flowers.  
 They kiss the soft cheek  
 Of the maiden fair,  
 And slyly toss the ringlets  
 Of her auburn hair.

## VII.

A hollow sound  
 Falls on every ear,  
 As they hoarsely announce—  
 Autumn now is here !  
 How roughly they sweep  
 O'er the wide bleak moor,  
 Chilling with their careless touch  
 The thinly clad poor !

## VIII.

At their approach,  
 Summer's smiles depart—  
 As mirth and gladness leave  
 The grief-stricken heart.  
 Hark ! how solemnly  
 They whisper man's doom,  
 As they sigh 'mid the darkness  
 That waves o'er the tomb.

w.

## OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE LAPSE OF TIME.

TIME is a portion separated from infinite duration. It can be known to us only as we are assisted by certain criterions, either arbitrary or natural. Is the present organization of matter in the physical universe an indispensable auxiliary to us in this respect ? According to Locke, " we get the idea of duration by considering the train of ideas which is at the moment passing through the mind." Very few, probably, would maintain the absolute dependence of the mind on the body for its powers of reflection. We infer, then, from the remark of Locke, that matter is not, abstractly, indispensable to a knowledge of the pro-



gress of duration. Such is plainly the opinion of Isaac Taylor, who even goes further, and applies a like remark to our knowledge of *time*: "We should not be warranted in affirming that mere minds, or unembodied spirits, could not, by any means purely immaterial, become conscious of the *equable* lapse of duration." It appears, then, that the mind is wholly independent on matter for its consciousness of the lapse of *duration*; but for its perception of *time*, (duration limited and measured by certain established standards,) the assistance of the material universe is essential.

Such assistance is furnished us in the various telluric changes, and in the periodical revolutions of the heavenly bodies. This is indeed one of the most important advantages which mankind derive from the celestial spheres. We are not degrading the huge worlds above us to the rank of mere satellites to this little globe. The great final causes of their creation we leave to the inscrutable wisdom of the Deity. But among their incidental advantages to us, that of measuring duration has a peculiar importance. We are even disposed to rank it above the provision of heat and light, and the comforts and pleasures resulting from them. These are physical and temporal: that is, intimately connected with what is spiritual and eternal. These make provision for the comfort of the body: that reads solemn lessons to the soul.

Time evidently differs from eternity only, in that the former is duration limited by immutable bounds, while the latter implies only simple and unlimited duration. We have an eternity behind us, and an eternity before us, and between these great chaotic gulfs, the Almighty has fixed two limits—the Creation and the General Judgment. The portion of duration between these, we call time—the measureless extent beyond, eternity. At the former of these limits, the great Time-piece of the Universe was set in motion. At the latter, it will have concluded its services for us.

Thus it appears that the periodical revolutions of the solar system mark out for us the distinction between the regular and equable lapse of time, and the simple duration of eternity; thus ever pointing us, with solemn warning, to the final catastrophe which awaits our world. They are, like mathematical diagrams, the indices by which the progress of duration is brought by our benevolent Teacher, within the limited grasp of our intellects.

Our need of such aid appears from our absolute helplessness when attempting to traverse in thought those parts of duration which the Deity has not thus divided and measured. When the mind, spurning the helps which support and direct its movements within the limits of time, wanders forth on the mysterious borders of eternity, no path, no guide appears upon the waste; and the aspiring spirit is humbled in the presence of the All-Knowing, and returned to its little sphere, like the wearied dove to the Patriarch, "having found no place for the sole of her foot, for the waters were upon the face of the whole earth." It is only by recourse to the most miserable expedients that we can gain the remotest conception of infinite duration, and that conception rather discourages by its palpable unworthiness of the reality, than pleases

by its boldness and comprehension. It is reasonable that such short-sighted creatures as we, should be content to coast along the shores of eternity. No chart has yet been laid down by which we may navigate that ocean.

A general consciousness of the equable lapse of duration is indispensable to the communion of mind with mind. The writer last quoted considers that, were not our sense of the lapse of duration rectified by some external criterions, it "would be utterly unfixed and irregular; so that, according to the ever varying velocities of our mental states, a minute might seem a century, or a century a minute." Father Malbranche has a similar remark in his "*Recherche de la Verite*:" \* \* \* "*Je ne doute que Dieu ne puisse appliquer de telle sorte notre esprit aux parties de la duree en nous faisant avoir un tres grand nombre de sensations dans tres peu de temps, qu' une seule heure nous paraisse plusieurs siecles.*" Indeed we are all frequently conscious of the same illusion, (if it be an illusion,) even with all our present criterions, natural and artificial. The remark is rather a truism than a paradox, that some men live longer in an hour than others in a month.

This is the natural result of the method by which we gain our notion of time, presented in the remark which we have quoted from Locke. If we "get the idea of duration from the train of ideas which is at any moment passing through the mind," then evidently each moment seems longer or shorter according to the number of distinct ideas which enter the mind during its lapse. We must, then, consider the regularity of the great natural motions and changes to have been ordained by the Creator partially as a criterion for testing the different mental velocities and intensities. Its sphere somewhat resembles that of language, in which the wild vagaries of the enthusiast may be made palpable in their absurdity, and the empty commonplace of the canter may be exposed in its shallowness.

We are, perhaps, but little liable to consider what confusion would arise but for some such established criterion of the velocity of our minds. We so naturally, and almost inconsiderately, rectify our daily errors in this respect, that we are hardly conscious of what Isaac Taylor styles the "ever varying velocity of our mental states." Two persons converse about an event which has taken place a year previously. One remarks, "It seems much less than a year since." The other replies, "To me it seems much longer than a year." Each looking back upon and judging from the mental changes and the natural events with which he has met during the intervening period, the one may have lived four times as long during that year as the other. Nevertheless, neither denies that no more nor less than a year has passed. Almost without thought they rectify their consciousness by the same criterion. Were there no such common standard, one might insist, according to the velocity with which his mind had moved, that but six months,—the other that two years had passed. Communion would be as impossible for two persons under such circumstances, as conversation between two, of whom one should travel in a rail-car, and the other attempt to walk by his side.

In order to unrestricted communion between mind and mind, either all mental velocities must be reduced to a uniformity, or, each being in general left to its liberty, some general standard must be established, by which all, for mutual intercourse, may be temporarily equalized. In the first case, innumerable inconveniences must arise. Such an uniformity must be one either of vehement velocity, or of listless inactivity, or of a medium between the two. It is clear that the continual strain of intense emotion would soon ruin so delicate an organ as the sensorium must, from its very design, necessarily be. It is needless to dwell upon the stultifying effects of a forced indolence upon the mind. On the supposition of a medium velocity, which is the most promising of the three, the world would lose (a loss which it could ill afford) the benefit of that almost superhuman effort sometimes put forth by giant intellects in their search for truth.

An uniformity which should provide for alternate exertion and repose, as well as for mutual intercourse, merely by rendering all relaxation simultaneous, could not exist, unless the minds of men should be as unnaturally advanced or retarded as in the first two cases which we have supposed; for there is as much diversity in the velocities of different minds, exhibited in their relaxation as in their exertion. What is repose to one is the severest labor to another. What is comparative inactivity to one is a wearisome rapidity to another. All these difficulties are avoided by the simple provision of a criterion to which all may temporarily conform for the purposes of mutual intercourse. Each may enjoy his own liberty, proceeding in general at his own chosen rate, without forfeiting the privilege of communion with his fellow. The rustic,

"Who never had a dozen thoughts  
In all his life, and never changed their course,"

is not excluded from the sympathies of the philosopher, who lives in another world than his. The most unrestricted individual freedom is made to consist with the most unrestricted social intercourse. It is only in the great market-place of thought that a temporary uniformity must be observed.

†

### THE RADICALISM OF REFORMERS.

THE term "radicalism," varies so much in the meaning attached to it by those who use it, that it becomes necessary, at the outset, to define what we mean by the term. We would accordingly define it to be, the advocacy of abstract principles, political or social, without regard to the circumstances which may render their adoption impracticable, or if practicable, highly injurious; a species of monomania, that pursues one measure, to the utter disregard of all others.

It is by no means necessary that a principle be in itself wrong, to render it obnoxious to the charge of radicalism; measures which are calculated, could they be carried out, to promote the highest interests of

man, and which are exactly accordant with truth and justice, may be highly radical, merely because society is not prepared for their adoption, and is so constituted, at present, that their success would create evils greater than those they were designed to remove.

Thus, in the degraded autocracies of the old world, where the minds of the people, unaccustomed to think on political subjects, and debased by centuries of oppression, are wholly unfitted for self-government, it would be the height of folly to abolish at once the throne and its power, and substitute in its place a free government, such as our own. Yet is the principle of self-government a just and righteous one, and eminently calculated to advance the happiness of men; but he who should advocate the immediate adoption of this principle in Turkey or Russia, would be radical in the extreme. So, too, with many of the reforms proposed in our own day; they are good in theory, but man has not yet reached that degree of moral and social elevation, that he can with safety adopt them. Take, for instance, war establishments. No one doubts that could the millions now expended in the maintenance of armies and navies, be added to the capital of a country, or used in education, or internal improvements, it would be for the greatest good of the people. But the whole world, or even any considerable part of it, is not prepared to give up its military establishments, and such a step taken by any one nation, would but ensure insult and injury from all whose interests may clash with its own. The advocacy of such a measure, therefore, under existing circumstances, is radical.

But when we say any measure is radical, we by no means assert that it is also wrong, and ought not to be adopted whenever it can. Indeed the very reverse of this is usually true. It is in the advocacy of great principles of moral rectitude and justice, that radicalism is generally most rampant. For it is these principles which impress themselves most deeply on the minds of men, and by their very truth and greatness exclude proper attention to, and a just appreciation of, all the circumstances by which they are influenced and controlled.

The great characteristic of all radicals is, that they are emphatically men of one idea. Indeed, it is the exclusive attention to one subject that makes them radical; for no man who takes a thorough and comprehensive view of human nature and human society, in all its relations, is or can be radical on any subject. But let a man take up any principle of those that do, or ought to govern society; let him turn his whole attention to it, read about it, speak and write about it, think about it, and about it principally or exclusively, and he will soon come to regard it as of supreme importance, and all things else as comparatively insignificant. It is in strict accordance with the law written on our very nature by its author, that whatever subject receives man's exclusive attention becomes the ruling passion of his life. "As a man thinketh, so is he," is the declaration of the Spirit of God, and its truth we know from our own experience. Hence in an important sense, every radical is a monomaniac. He allows one subject to occupy his mind unduly; by it his judgment is warped, or even destroyed; the balance-wheel of reason is broken, and like men with

jaundiced eyes, he sees every thing through the same false colored medium.

The influence of radicalism upon the radical himself, is generally exceedingly unfortunate. It narrows his mind upon every subject, except the one to which he has especially devoted himself, and upon that it gives it an unnatural force. It leads him to neglect other principles of action, and to despise other measures, even though they may be absolutely essential to the success of his favorite scheme. It girds him with an impenetrable panoply of uncharitableness towards all who may differ from him, whether they differ in principle, or only in mode of action. It stops his ears to their calm and sober arguments, and arrays them before him as the enemies of the cause he cherishes, and the sworn friends of his opponents. And it generally ends in destroying whatever influence he may have possessed, and holds him up to the world as an object of scorn and contempt to some, and of pity to others, who look more charitably upon poor human nature, wrecked by the very intensity of its own noblest principles.

I know not how I can better illustrate the truth of these remarks than by referring to the course of certain prominent ultra abolitionists of our own day, who stand before us, melancholy proofs of the legitimate effects of "one idea" pushed to its utmost extreme. The illustration will be the more striking, because we speak of things which every one who has looked and listened for the last few years, has seen and heard. Engaged in a noble work, the freeing of millions of our fellow beings from degrading slavery, these men have allowed themselves to be overwhelmed by the very grandeur of the cause. Their waking and sleeping thoughts have been given to the evils of slavery so long and so exclusively, that all other evils sink to paltry mole-hills, beside the mountain of iniquity. In their view, nothing is worthy the attention of a philanthropic man that does not bear in some way upon the abolition of slavery. They have brought this subject so near their eyes as utterly to exclude the view of all things else; they can see nothing but the slave, can imagine no interest but his. In the hotness of their zeal, they have forgotten that the world is swayed by motive; that men are led on step by step in any great reform, under the influence of gradually appreciated truth, and cannot be forced, will not be driven to any measure but by their own free will. So clearly do they see the evils and the sin of slavery, that they would as soon believe a man could not see the unclouded sun at noonday, as that he could not see them in the same light they do. Hence they attribute all opposition to willful blindness and devotion to error. With them, slavery is the only sin, slaveholders, and those who differ from themselves, the only sinners. On their visiting-cards, on the heading of their letters, nay, on the very dishes from which they eat, are pictures of supplicating slaves, or mottoes indicative of their principles. With morbid anxiety they devour the newspapers of the day in search of advertisements for runaway slaves, or evidence of human passion and cruelty in the treatment of this unfortunate race, and when they find them they gloat over them as the miser would over his gold, and herald them forth

to the world as choice morsels for the morbid appetites of their readers or hearers. Whenever their voice is heard, slavery is their theme. In the social circle, in the political gathering, in the legislative hall, in the ecclesiastical council, everywhere, whatever may be the object of the assembly, their voice is heard, not in manly argument, not in winning entreaty, but in harsh and bitter invective, in uncharitable and cruel slander of the motives and actions of others. So completely are their minds engrossed with this subject, and so much more important do they deem it than anything else, that it seems to them that he who differs from them, not perhaps in his detestation of slavery, or in earnest effort for its removal, but in the degree of prominence to be attached to it, or the means to be pursued, must be denounced as a hypocrite in religion, a monster in morals, and a fit object for the detestation of mankind. Under the demoting influence of these radical views, we have seen, in our own day, those who commenced a career of useful influence, as ministers of the Gospel of Christ, laying aside the veil of heavenly charity, and denouncing all who differ from them in their views, as "men-stealers," "hyenas," "devils"! We have known them refuse to sit at the communion-table with men professing the same faith with themselves and showing their sincerity by lives of eminent piety and usefulness, not because they were slaveholders, but because they in turn did not refuse communion with those who were so; forgetting, apparently, in their zeal, that He who instituted that solemn feast did not esteem himself too pure, or too holy, to eat it with his own betrayer. We have heard them denounce the whole Christian Church as the "bride of Antichrist," the Constitution of their country, the very ægis that protects them in their folly, as "a compact with hell, written and sealed with blood." The Sabbath and its holy institutions, we have seen them trample under foot. We have seen them deny the right of free opinion to others, and absolve the obligations of social life, denying, one after another of the sanctions of religion and law, until they stood before the world as open and avowed infidels, opponents of every institution, human or divine. We have seen, too, a son of our own Alma Mater leave the wife he had sworn to cherish, and the babes he was bound by every law of God or man to protect, to the meagre charity of the world, and deliberately devote himself to a foolish and criminal crusade against laws for which he was in no way responsible, and which even the sacrifice of his life could not abolish.

These are some of the legitimate effects of radicalism upon the mind of the radical himself. Nor are they by any means confined to abolitionism, or any other particular reform. They are common, in a greater or less degree, to all; for no man can give an exclusive attention, for any great length of time, to any one subject, without unbalancing his mind, and disabling it from calm and rational action. It is a striking fact, however, that this monomania is far more frequent and deplorable in moral and social, than in political reformers. A reason for this may be found, perhaps, in the very nature of the work in which the men are engaged. The political reformer must act immediately

upon the people, and is hence placed in a situation continually to appreciate the circumstances by which he is surrounded. The moral reformer, on the other hand, often devotes himself to the private investigation of his subject, or mingles only with men of kindred mind, until he has unhinged his judgment. Men always act more rationally in political than in social or moral reforms; be the reason what it may, it is certain, that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

But while the effects of radicalism upon the radical himself are generally thus unfortunate, its influence on the world in promoting the end aimed at, is usually good, rather than evil. The immediate effect of the rash and untimely agitation of any measure, is, indeed, to array against it the opposition even of those who would willingly see it adopted, if it could be done with safety and success. And hence, by drawing out the hostility of the enemies of the measure, and the opponents of its immediate adoption, radicalism often seems for a time to defeat its own ends. But the real effect is far otherwise. If the reform proposed be founded on truth and justice, its agitation must be attended with good results. Truth will force its way to the head and the conscience of men, even though its voice be half drowned in the wild ravings of fanaticism. In political reforms, men are influenced by interest; in moral, social, and religious, by convictions of duty; but to convince a man of his interest, or his duty, the truth must flash upon his mind in its clearest light; facts must be stated, and must be dwelt upon; principles must be unfolded and kept before the mind, and his thoughts be made to dwell upon them until he sees their force and yields to the motive. It is here that the radical is in a measure successful. He presents principles to the mind, and keeps them there by constant agitation; he enforces their truth by facts and statistics, and though he often succeeds in creating a prejudice that forever excludes the truth, he is not unfrequently successful in producing a conviction of the importance of his cause, and thus brings on its accomplishment sooner than it would have taken place but for this agitation. To illustrate this by the same example we have already used,—it is evident that the immediate result of the efforts of abolitionists has been to arouse the deepest prejudice against their cause in the slaveholding States, and for the present to draw the chain tighter around the slave. But in the general and increasing conviction throughout the Union, of the evils of slavery, in the intelligent determination of good men, both in the North and South, to get rid of it as soon as possible, we see the beneficial results of its agitation. They have agitated the subject, and pressed it home, until every man who has a mind is forced to think, and they have thus been useful in preparing the public for intelligent action at least, whatever that action may be. Thus radicalism, though a fearful curse to its victim, is by no means an unmingled evil to community, but is rather one of those untoward influences which are overruled by Providence for the good of mankind.

It is evident that the natural tendency of radicalism is evil, and only evil. It would destroy existing forms of government, without substi-

ting better in their stead ; would overturn existing institutions in society, before others can be framed to take their places. Too impatient to wait for the slow march of public opinion, to sanction and adopt its measures, it urges men on to deeds of rashness, by painting in glowing colors the wrongs and injuries of the present state, and awakens their passions by high-wrought pictures of future good. It severs the golden bond of confidence and respect between the people and their rulers, between the employed and their employers, and feeds the morbid appetite for change, so common to our race. But with this bane, we have also in society its antidote. The mass of the people are everywhere conservative. Uninfluenced on the one hand by the ultra views of the radical, and on the other by the selfishness that opposes reform because it may interfere with interest, the mass of the people, so far as they are intelligent, are generally willing to do what is right. And it is only by informing the minds of the people, and inducing them to think upon a given subject, that the radical has any influence whatever. It is evident that conservatism must be progressive, if the world is ever to become any better than it now is. Radicalism, quite as much as any other thing, promotes this progression. As we have already seen, it is always in advance of the age, in regard to any particular reform, and prepared to lead it on to a higher position. Thus, continually advancing, it leads the way, while society follows at a greater or less distance in the rear. It is to society what a pioneer corps is to our army. It conquers no towns, defeats no enemies ; but it levels the roads, bridges the streams, and makes the progress of the army sure and rapid.

It may, indeed, be urged that the benefits here spoken of, are to be attributed to progressive conservatism, rather than to radicalism. But we are disposed to divide the honor between them. It is radicalism that makes conservatism progressive ; for the conservatism of any one period, is what radicalism itself was at a former period, and would be regarded, were there not another principle, dancing like an *ignis-fatuus* in the distance, which it follows as fast as the nature of the ground will permit. What is conservative to-day, may have been radical yesterday, and what is radical to-day may to-morrow be conservative ; for the terms, as applied to actual progress in reform, are merely relative, and refer wholly to the adaptation of measures to the present state of society.

But if radicalism has proved beneficial to society in hastening on reforms, ought it not to be considered as a good, rather than an evil, and the radical be hailed as a benefactor, rather than regarded as an object of pity or contempt ? We answer, no ; for every good that has been secured, might have been attained by the sober and rational appeals of sound judging men, and by the timely application of means to ends, without any of those wrecks of human intellect and of Christian character, that so thickly strew the sea where the gales of radicalism have reigned. God has created us with minds that require to be balanced well, if we would be useful to ourselves or others. Shall we throw off the balance-wheel, and wreck our judgment and our influence to-



gether, for the sake of any given end that may be attained without so great a sacrifice? Does duty require it? Does not God forbid it?

The true position of every man who possesses influence, is that of a progressive conservative, watching carefully the signs of the times, and keeping even with the front rank of society in every one of those reforms, religious, moral, and social, which so deeply concern its welfare. He will thus be radical in nothing, but will be fully prepared to take advantage of every progressive step in the enlightenment of community, to press with equal step the progress of universal reform.

M.

### A JUMBLE OF SUNDRIES.

DEDICATED TO JOHN DOE, BY HIS PROFESSIONAL FRIEND, RICHARD ROZ.

#### NO. I.

I AM a believer in the doctrine that

*"Large streams from little fountains flow."*

'Tis not the birthplace that makes the man : nor does that spot always imprint the features of its character upon its natives. The serpent springs to life amid the beauties of the meadow, and receives the baneful subtlety of his nature in the peaceful sunshine. Spiders weave their gossamer nets and gather poison from the fairest flower that lifts its light bell upward to the dew of heaven. But the ostrich, whose silken plumage so often lends a richness to enhance the charms of woman, is hatched upon the scorching desert-sands. Pearls have a dreary nativity amid the cloistered caverns of the ocean ; the diamond its lustre in the dark and gloomy mine, and the most beautiful insect that is wafted on the evening breeze or glitters in the sunbeam, owes its origin to the corruption of decaying nature. Greatness does not first spread her wing from the mountain-top ; nor does Happiness disdain to plume her gayest pinion in the sunlight of the peasant's home. This is intended as a drop of encouragement for the humble of station or capacity. Never despair ! \* \* \* \*

Perhaps, friend Doe, you'd like next something professional.

#### NO. II.

##### ANALOGY BETWEEN THE LAW OF LOVE AND THE LAW OF LAWYERS.

A law (of course) of diff'rent kind,  
In Cupid's whispers you will find,  
From that dull code which only comes  
By years of toil from musty tomes :  
But though so opposite in nature,  
They're still analogous in feature,

For hapless men on each await  
 Their future fortune or their fate.  
 Each law its purposes fulfills,  
 By *pleading, promises, and wills*;  
 And both refer, like good old cronies,  
 To *patri* and to *matrimonies*;  
 And both—to cut the matter short—  
 Are indispensable to *court*.

o. 3 is a fragment addressed to a youthful mother on the death of  
 idle cherub boy.

He seemed just offered from the hand Divine—  
 A pledge of love to lift our hearts to Heaven:  
 A flow'r whereon our earthly hopes to twine,  
 And raise them to the hand by which 'twas given.

o. 4 is a touch of the tender, friend Doe, and if it touches a re-  
 sive chord in your bosom, let me hear the echo. It was addressed  
 young friend, descriptive of the charms of his "ladye-love."

A mortal! yet existence seems  
 Too faint a name for life, in her,  
 A spirit from the land of dreams,  
 And every heart a worshiper!  
 Her tresses on their bed of snow,  
 Are sporting now in native grace;  
 Her lips have caught Aurora's glow,  
 Her smile is Heav'n's reflected face.  
 Her brows but tinselled shadows seem,  
 Like rainbows on a summer sky,  
 With light and shade to fringe the beam  
 That flashes from her diamond eye.  
 And on her cheek, in Nature's light,  
 A hundred *lilies* breathe the air,  
 But health, to kiss away the white,  
 Has placed a thousand *roses* there.

\* \* \* \* \*

TO THE SAME, ON THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG LADY.

While such gems in richest cluster  
 Seemed the wooing heart to win,  
 They but symbol'd half the lustre  
 Of the soul that shone within.  
 But the maid, so gaily blooming,  
 Blushed, to meet a darker doom;  
 As the rose, a waste perfuming,  
 Withered she, and lost her bloom.  
 She was young—but youth must perish;  
 Beautiful—but beauty dies;  
 Lovely—but the love we cherish  
 Seeks its fountain in the skies.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another stanza, on the same :

Two mountain streamlets winding through the heather,  
 With am'rous whispers sparkled in the beam,  
 And would have joined their limpid waves together,  
 To flow more sweetly in one crystal stream.  
 But lo ! the avalanche came down the mountain,  
 And on the purer streamlet icy fell :  
 It sank—but bursting from a *far-off* fountain,  
 Stole down the vale in summer sea to dwell.  
 The other slowly wound along the dell  
 With weary wave and silent, measured motion  
 Nor joyed till whisp'ring breezes came to tell  
 That happy streamlets meet again in *Ocean*.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

I'll trouble you with but one more verse on the same subject :

Yet ere the Autumn's icy breath was over,  
 Ere yet their kindred hearts were wound in one,  
 While now the skies were smiling most above her,  
 The seraph maiden from her love had gone ;  
 For jealous Death, to wanton humors given,  
 Around the girl had thrown his envious arms ;  
 But from his kiss her spirit fled to heaven,  
 And left him ling'ring on her beauty's charms.

Yours ever,

RICHARD ROE.

June 17th, 1847.

#### CIVILIZATION AND MORALITY.

Of all errors, none is more captivating in itself, or more mischievous in its consequences, than an indiscriminate view of moral and mental excellence. The refinement which generally accompanies all cultivation of the mind, and which gives rise to the error alluded to, is in itself but a mere unmeaning form, under which may exist either purity or pollution, or a want of all decided character. But so attractive is the factitious gloss of a refined exterior, so unpromising oftentimes are the forms under which a pure morality conceals itself, that shallow men may be expected, like the Princes in the play, to turn from the homely leaden chest which holds the treasure, to the glittering casket, though it contain only the fool's head or the death's head.

It is by a similar error that such extravagant confidence is sometimes placed in the exalting influence of civilization upon mankind. We have no desire to decry the importance of this invaluable blessing. We appreciate the difference between cabins and mansions, skiffs and steamers, carts and rail-cars. Nay, we acknowledge our obligations to civilization for many of the higher arts and graces of refined life,

which have taken the place of the barbarous and comfortless living of our Saxon forefathers. But civilization has been canted about till it has assumed a place which does not belong to it. Some of our boasting contemporaries would have us believe, that there never was a settled moral truth or principle of action, save under the influence of modern refinement. They utterly forget in what morality consists.

If it be morality to preserve in public the external forms of decency, though the passions meanwhile hold a Saturnalia within the heart,—if it be morality to walk with a demure countenance regularly to the house of God on Sunday, and as regularly to patronize the brothel on Monday,—then we concede every thing to the purifying influence of civilization. But if genuine morality descends deeper than the surface, and takes hold upon the heart,—if it is anything more than a restraint upon the outbreak of lust till night can shield it from infamy,—then does it owe no thanks to civilization for its prolonged existence in the world. To Christianity, and to Christianity alone, are we indebted for whatever moral principle still survives among men.

The error of the worshipers of civilization lies in mistaking the means for the agent. The conservative principle of religion may employ all the outward advantages derivable from a refined state of society to extend its own sway, and, by necessary consequence, to increased morality. In like manner, Christianity now employs a thousand instruments and auxiliaries of modern invention, which were, of course, unknown to her primitive professors. But no sane man will therefore attribute any peculiar moral influence to railways, steamboats, and steam-presses.

We believe, then, that civilization is, in itself, but a mere natural result of convention, and has no more moral influence for good or evil than a bank-stock or insurance company. Whence does it take its rise? Some hundreds of naked savages, experiencing the evils of a general lawlessness, elect a chief, and government begins to take form and efficiency. The chief, perceiving that he can better overmaster his rival of another tribe by a regular organization than by a disorderly rout of followers, enters upon the first rudiments of a military organization. The common rabble learn by experience that warmth is desirable in winter and coolness in summer, and necessity, the “mother of invention,” gradually instructs them in the best method of procuring both these comforts. They find that a few rude representations of natural objects by articulate sounds are insufficient for extensive communication, and language begins to assume order and harmony. In their entertainments, too, may be discerned the germ of the elegant arts. Every one knows upon how simple a foundation was reared the magnificent drama of the Greeks ;—how the stately columns which adorned their temples were suggested by the log pillars of their fathers. In fact, every art and science may be traced to its rudiments among unlettered savages.

There is certainly no appearance in all this of any moral tendency. The savages have indeed become civilized. They have exchanged the wild and barbarous freedom of nature for the refinements and con-

veniences of art. But we cannot perceive that a man is morally better than his fortieth great-grandfather, because he uses a rifle in hunting, and sends his grain to mill, while his ancestor used a bow for the one purpose, and a wooden pestle for the other. Civilization is nothing else than an aggregate of convenience for living, of improvements in the arts of peace and war, and a general advance in mental cultivation.

We do not deny that such an improved state of society is much more desirable than savage life. It is certainly desirable that a man use a knife and fork rather than his fingers. But we do not apprehend that a knife and fork will materially improve his morals. It would be more desirable to be King of the French, than Sultan of half-civilized Turkey. But the morals of their majesties who used to frequent the *Parc-aux-cerfs* were not a whit superior to those of the servant of Allah in his harem.

The fact is, that civilization merely changes the forms of vice, without in the least affecting its nature. His passions are to the lawless savage, restless agitators, ceaselessly goading him on to outbreaking villainies; to the refined gallant, a secret motive, no less powerful, but guided by a consummate craftiness, and glossed with a show of virtue, the more pernicious as it is the more specious.

We cannot better set forth in contradistinction the vices of barbarism and civilization, than by a reference to the earlier and later history of Rome. The earlier Romans were stern, warlike, and ignorant of letters. They knew nothing of the delicious melody of verse, or the even flow of polished eloquence. Euripides and Demosthenes were as yet unborn. Homer and Hesiod were to them as if they had never been. They had no stages but hard-contested fields, no eloquence but their battle-cry. One all-absorbing motive, the glory of the Eternal City, tempered both their virtues and their vices. For this, with unflinching self-devotion, they sacrificed their own lives, and with remorseless cruelty they massacred the enemies of Rome. For this they strangled a captive king, as readily as they felled an ox before the altar of the Capitoline Jove. Their vices were of just that sort upon which the world has always looked with a lenient eye, and such as can belong only to bold and daring spirits. If they lawlessly seized the daughters of their neighbors, it was not to satisfy the cravings of lust, but to preserve Rome from extinction. If they razed rival cities to the ground, it was because they believed the world could hold but one Mistress.

The later Romans were learned and polite, enlightened and refined. They sat at the feet of the Greeks, whom their fathers had conquered, and learned to despise the untaught valor which had made Rome the first of nations. But they were as utterly devoid of that magnanimous generosity which returned their treacherous pedagogue to the Veians, and his faithless physician to Pyrrhus, as of that irresistible valor which mowed down the enemies of Rome by Algidus, and at Beneventum. Even these virtues were accompanied by the most despicable pusillanimity. The great enemy of their liberties was not publicly driven from the Capital, as the Tarquins, nor forced to relinquish his office, as the Decemvirs, but perfidiously stabbed by his bosom friends.

Such are the virtues and vices of barbarism and civilization. The former are bold, reckless, often terrible, but seldom insinuating or treacherous. The latter are wary and specious, but often faithless and perfidious.

It is idle to assert that the state of morals is actually better in civilized than in barbarous countries; for there is no civilized nation on earth in which the influence of Christianity does not extensively prevail. For such a comparison, a country must be found which Christianity has not entered. Greece was such a country. But the unnatural vices of even her grave philosophers, of both the Porch and the Academy, and the forced connivance of Socrates himself, will bear but sorry testimony to the purifying influence of even the highest degree of civilization. Rome was such a country. But the virtuous Tacitus, as, with a despairing sigh, he turned his thoughts from the pure manners of the wild German hordes to the shameless carnivals of the Princely City, would have been sadly puzzled to define the moral advantages of civilization.

If it is contended that the wider scope afforded to the mind, and the exalted range of reflection naturally arising from a state of refinement, are strong restraints upon the animal appetites, the answer is clear. However plausible this may be in theory, one glance at history is sufficient for its refutation. With regard to the two great nations which present us with the brightest examples of heathen civilization, at no period of their existence was their morality superior to that of contemporary savage tribes which might be selected. In both nations, indeed, it was when the rough but pure manners of their founders had given place to the highest refinement, that they were least capable of bearing such a comparison.

Strong prejudices are excited in this matter just at present by discussions of the proper course to be pursued by the great organized charities of Christendom, in the more debased portions of the heathen world. "Must civilization precede Christianity?" has become a standing question in our village debating clubs. There has thus arisen the idea of some necessary and indissoluble connection between these two great blessings of the human race. That there is a connection is undoubtedly true. But it is the connection of dependence merely. Nor is this dependence reciprocal. The fact is, that though the exalting influences of Christianity invariably produce an advanced state of society, yet there is nothing in the latter to produce the former. Grecian and Roman refinement perfectly well consisted with Grecian and Roman heathenism. We have delayed a moment upon this point, because in it is involved the question under discussion. For if civilization must precede Christianity, it must, of course, precede morality. The greater includes the less.

The most specious plea against the view we are maintaining, is drawn from the improvement of government, by increased refinement. But government is only a means; and means, of themselves, can have no virtue. Here arise two insuperable difficulties. It must be shown, both that civilization purifies the motives of legislators, and that it ren-

ders these motives effectual in the obedience of the people. For the first, what new or better motives can it afford the legislator? It cannot be increase of happiness, for most men esteem the spoils of oppression higher than the pleasures of innocence. Nor, if this were a motive, could it be more powerful in the heart of a civilized ruler than in that of a barbarous chief, both being, of course, supposed devoid of religious considerations.

It cannot be the love of order and social harmony; for men in general love harmony only as it accords with their own interests. The savage chieftain loves the order and quiet of a universal obedience, and so does the enlightened despot. For the second, the best government on earth would not improve the morals of a people having no disposition nor necessity to obey it; nor is this disposition furnished by the highest state of refinement. The argument drawn from government, then, may be stated briefly thus: Civilization produces good government, and good government produces morality; both which assertions depend for their validity on the concomitant influence of a Christian morality, and, of course, they beg the question. The English government was as good under the second, as under the first Charles. But it did not produce good morals. Religion vanished for a time, and left both court and people to the exalting influences of civilization.

The French government was not essentially altered by the death of Louis XIV., and the regency of Orleans. It was certainly not owing to the want of civilization or good government that the shamelessness of one's debaucheries became his highest badge of honor. In short, the history of the world is but a catalogue of proofs that no change in the external appearance of society can be in the least reliable for the moral improvement of our species. In the Christian religion, we are provided by the Common Father of us all with an infinitely better dependence, and upon that alone can we safely rely. †

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#### EXTRACTS FROM PLATO'S SOCRATIC DIALOGUES.

LOOKING over some old manuscripts lately, we happened to meet with one purporting to be a discussion between Socrates and Polus, the renowned champion of Rhetoric, whose Quixotic attack upon Socrates, and dire defeat, are so graphically set forth in the *Gorgias* of Plato. As the subject of debate is one of the deepest moment, involving no less than the highest interests of the human race, and one too that has engaged the attention of Poets, Sages, and Reformers of every age, even to our own, we have thought it well worthy of translation for the benefit of all, who in coming ages shall drink in lessons of wisdom from the classic pages of our College Magazine.

We should have preferred to give the manuscript in the original, that Seniors, Juniors, and learned Professors, all who are familiar with the

rich and copious style of the "divine Plato," might drink in its beauties for themselves, from the pure and uncorrupted fountain; but a regard for those whose want of classical attainments would exclude them from a knowledge of its valuable truths, has induced us to give a literal translation, preserving the spirit, and, as far as possible, the idiom of the original.

The manuscript represents Socrates as having gone down to the Piræus, as was his custom—professedly to see the games and races observed there annually in honor of the Goddess Athene, but in reality to study human nature, as it exhibited itself in the free and untrammelled movements of the pleasure-loving Greeks and strangers, with whom the port of Athens was, upon this occasion, crowded—to seek an opportunity to benefit them by lessons drawn from his stores of wisdom, and true practical philosophy. The sage is sitting on the marble steps of a fountain, beneath the friendly shade of whose portico he has passed the night, making his morning repast of a meagre crust, the gift of some passing stranger, and quenching his thirst with the crystal stream that bubbles up from the fountain below. Polus, on the lookout for some one on whom to demonstrate the powers of his darling art, espies Socrates, and with the air of a man conscious of his own powers, and sure of an easy victory, approaches the sage, and with an ill-concealed sneer, after the ordinary salutations, begins to commiserate him upon his misfortunes, and dwells upon the unhappiness of his lot, compelled as he was by poverty to trust to the shelter of the public buildings for a lodging-place, to the gushing fountain for his drink, and to the meagre crust of passing charity for the means of appeasing his hunger. Socrates, however, denies that his is an unhappy condition, and on the contrary asserts, that it is far happier than that of other men, inasmuch as he is satisfied with this supply of his simple wants, while others, whose wants exceeded their means of supplying them, are the truly miserable. Polus denies the truth of this assertion, and challenges him to an argument. In accordance with his invariable custom, Socrates requests the Sophist to begin the discussion, by defining what he considers to be true happiness. From this point let the disputants speak for themselves.

*Polus.* Happiness is that state or condition in which a man gratifies all his desires, those both of the body and the mind. This is perfect happiness. But the man who gratifies the greatest number of his desires is happier than he who gratifies but few of them. And he who is dependent upon chance for the gratification of his desires, is, as you seem to me to be, O Socrates, of all men the most miserable.

*Socrates.* Does it then seem to you that happiness depends both upon the number of desires a man has, and the number of these he can gratify?

*Pol.* Nai.

*Soc.* Does it not then seem to you, that he who gratifies the greatest number of his desires, in proportion to the whole number of them, is happier than he who gratifies the fewest?

*Pol.* Εμμενός δ' οὐκ.



*Soc.* Come, then, let us reason with regard to the civilized man and the savage, and do you answer while I ask, and either refute or be refuted. Has not the civilized man then, more desires than the savage?

*Pol.* Πῶς γάρ;

*Soc.* Does he not desire to eat, and drink, and sleep, and gratify his passions, equally with the savage?

*Pol.* Πάντως.

*Soc.* And has he not besides these desires of the body, others which the savage has not? for does he not wish to gratify his taste for luxuries, his pride in style, dress, and equipage, and such like things, of which the savage knowing nothing, desires them not? Moreover, does he not covet money, and houses, and such things, for which the savage has no desire? And does he not desire to become distinguished among the citizens as a Poet, or a Philosopher, or even as a Sophist?

*Pol.* Φαίνεται.

*Soc.* Does it not then seem to you, on the one hand, that the civilized man has the most desires? since he desires the gratification of the body, just as the savage does, and desires moreover these other gratifications, those of the soul.

*Pol.* Ἐμοιὸς δοκεῖ.

*Soc.* And, on the other hand, that the savage has the fewest desires, since he only wishes those things that pertain to the body?

*Pol.* Ἀλλὰ μοι δοκεῖ ὁ Σώκρατες.

*Soc.* Then the civilized man excels the savage in the number of desires, by the desires of the soul.

*Pol.* Ἀνάγκη.

*Soc.* This then is agreed upon by us: On the one hand, that the civilized man excels the savage in the number of his desires, and on the other hand, that he excels them by the desires of the soul.

*Pol.* Ὡμολόγηται γάρ.

*Soc.* Come then let us also examine in this way: Does the civilized man excel the savage in respect to the gratification of his desires?

*Pol.* Πῶς γάρ οὐ ὧ νεότερος;

*Soc.* Thus; does he sleep more soundly? or eat more heartily? or more abundantly gratify his desires?

*Pol.* Ναί μαι Δία.

*Soc.* How so, my good fellow? does he not require a soft couch to sleep upon, and dainty meats to feed upon, and when by chance deprived of these, does he sleep as does the savage upon the earth, or satisfy his hunger with uncooked meats or roots?

*Pol.* Οὐκ ἔμοιρος δοκεῖ.

*Soc.* Does he then, if in sleeping and eating, he desires such a gratification of his desires to sleep and eat as he does not possess, gratify those desires?

*Pol.* Οὐκ εἴσιν.

*Soc.* And does not, on the other hand, the savage gratify his desires to eat and drink, whether he sleep upon the ground or on a soft couch? and whether he eat roots or dainty meats? And when any eater eats eatables, is not eating eating, and does not the eater derive the same

pleasure from eating, whatsoever eatables any eater eats? Answer me, my good fellow, it won't hurt you.

*Pol.* Ἐοικέν.

*Soc.* Is not the civilized man, then, inferior to the savage in respect to these gratifications, since, if deprived by Fortune of soft couches and dainty meats, he cannot gratify his desires for sleep and food? How does it seem to you?

*Pol.* Δῆλον δῆ.

*Soc.* Then with respect to the desires of the body, the savage excels the civilized man in gratifications.

*Pol.* Πάντως.

*Soc.* Is not then the savage more happy in respect to the body, since he excels in gratification of the desires of the body? Answer me, my pretty fellow, don't be afraid.

*Pol.* Ναι τοῦτό γε.

*Soc.* This, then, is agreed upon by us: that the savage excels the civilized man in the gratification of the desires of the body. And it was before agreed, that the civilized man excels in the number of his desires by the desires of the soul.

*Pol.* Οὕτως ἔχει.

*Soc.* Let us then consider these desires of the soul, what kind they are. Are they not such as Pride, Ambition, Avarice, and such like?

*Pol.* Ναι.

*Soc.* And was it not just now admitted, that these are the desires by which the civilized man excels the savage, since many of these the savage does not have at all?

*Pol.* Ὀμολογεῖται.

*Soc.* Let us consider then in this way: Does the civilized man obtain the gratification of his desires?

*Pol.* Ναι μὰ Δία, πῶς γάρ οὐ;

*Soc.* How so, my good fellow? Does he ever gratify his desire to rule?

*Pol.* Πάνυ γε.

*Soc.* Does he not desire to rule supremely? And are there not always, in every state or city, some who bow not the mind to the ruler?

*Pol.* Ναι.

*Soc.* Does he then rule supremely?

*Pol.* Πῶς γάρ οὐ;

*Soc.* Thus; he who does not submit with his mind, does not submit at all, for, it is the mind that submits, and if the mind do not submit to the ruler, then there is no submission, and he does not rule supremely. Is not this true?

*Pol.* Ναι κατὰ γε τοῦτον τὸν λόγον.

*Soc.* Does he then gratify his desire to rule supremely?

*Pol.* Οὐκ ἔμοιγε δοκεῖ.

*Soc.* And is it not according to the same reasoning with the other desires of the body? I say something of this kind; is there not always in respect to every desire of the soul, something that is not gratified, in the gratification of that desire?

*Pol.* Πῶς λέγεις ;

*Soc.* Thus ; does not the man who is a ruler desire to become a King ? and becoming a King, does he not desire to become an Emperor ? and becoming an Emperor, does he not desire to become a God, as did Alexander ?

*Pol.* Naί.

*Soc.* And does he ever become a God ?

*Pol.* Οὐ.

*Soc.* Then he never gratifies his desires with respect to power, does he ?

*Pol.* Οὐκ ἔοικεν.

*Soc.* And is it not the same with regard to Pride, Avarice, and other desires of the soul, that there is always some desire ungratified ?

*Pol.* Φαίνεται.

*Soc.* Then the civilized man does not gratify at all the desires of the soul, since the highest desires are always ungratified. And it was before agreed with respect to the desires of the body, that the civilized man does not excel the savage in the number of his gratifications. Therefore the civilized man does not excel the savage in the number of the gratifications either of the body or the soul. Is this so ?

*Pol.* Φαίνεται.

*Soc.* But it was at first proposed by you, that happiness is that condition of man in which he gratifies his desires, and that he is the happier man, who succeeds in gratifying the greatest proportion of his desires. Therefore, since the desires of the civilized man exceed those of the savage, by the desires of the soul, and the desires of the soul are not gratified at all, while the savage excels the civilized man in the gratifications of the desires of the body, does not the savage excel the civilized man in happiness ?

*Pol.* Naί, κατὰ γὰρ τοῦτον, τὸν λόγον πάντῳ γὰρ φαίνεται γὰρ, ἀνάγκη, ἀληθῆ λέγειν, ἔστι ταῦτα, ἔγωγε, πολλὰ ἀνάγκη, ὡς Σώκρατες, φημί, μάλιστα, πῶς γὰρ οὐ ; ναὶ μὰ Δία, πάντῳ μὲν οὖν, ἔοικεν, τοῦτό γὰρ οὕτως ἔχει, γὰρ φάσκει ἄνδρες οὐκ εὖ δύνανται τοὺν.

## THE PROGRESS OF VICE.

Who has not wandered on the hill of dreams—  
Mysterious hill, that runs its shadowy ridge  
Between the vale of life and gulf of death—  
And from its top gazed both ways, far and near ;  
Down that dark gulf, and o'er that sullen sea,  
Whereon who ships plows no returning course,  
But moors for aye upon eternal shores :  
Then backward o'er the vale of changeful life,  
That like a panorama spreads beneath,  
Whose truthful pictures the strained eye doth reap

Amazed? There Horror broods, and lurid Hate;  
 And pale Despair his quivering substance gnaws;  
 And Happiness doth like a phantom flit,  
 While sorrow lurks in every haunt of Joy.

I sat upon that hill, and scenes most strange  
 Of loveliness and horror filled my view.  
 I saw a noble boy, upon whose cheeks  
 The hues of youth beamed beauteous as the morn:  
 His head was pillowed 'gainst an ancient oak,  
 Whose dusky umbrage mellowed into dawn  
 The sultry splendors of the noontide sun,  
 And, like a stern old castle on the Rhine,  
 Frowned on a stream that washed his aged foot.  
 Ambrosial sweetness bloomed along the sward;  
 A grateful breeze sang anthems through the shades.  
 As cherub youth, with sheet beyond his size,  
 Reclines thereon to pore the grateful page;  
 So on that map of beauty lay the youth,  
 And drank in nature with a lover's thirst.  
 Joy filled his heart by fondling of the present:  
 But to the darksome future flew his mind,  
 And then he sighed to think how many gins  
 Lay ready to entrap th' unwary foot.  
 At length departing, "Noble oak," he cried,  
 "Sweet stream, ye flowers that deck the year, ye birds,  
 Nature's pure orchestra, that with me oft  
 Have hailed the orient morn, and all ye scenes  
 My boyhood has adored, a long farewell;  
 The voice of Life calls me to action hence."

The vision changed. That self-same youth I saw;  
 But he had grown to manhood, though still young;  
 Honors had thronged upon him, as the year  
 With generous bounties crowns the farmer's toil;  
 And all his character was solid gold.  
 But, lo! a wizard temptress by him stands,  
 And with her eloquence his spirit flames.  
 He sees the sparkling nectar of the vine;  
 He sees the wealth that skillful ombre heaps,  
 And all the brilliants on fair Pleasure's vest,  
 And all the phantasies that Vice displays,  
 And he bows down in adoration foul.

The vision changed; its tenor too was changed.  
 Uprose before my sight a gilded "Hell,"  
 (Oh! how unlike that dread sulphureous sea!)  
 Blazing with all the eye doth best behold.  
 All climes were there, all offspring of the earth:  
 The fragrant shades of Araby and Ind

Had sent their wealth, and wild Honduras' shores.  
 All art in wood or paint had wrought its best ;  
 Marpessa and Penteleus I saw,  
 And arras looms of Persia scarce could yield.  
 Such burden of magnificence ne'er saw  
 The Golden Horn, o'erstepping regal state.  
 With such array Vice clothes her hideous form !  
 This splendid den was thronged with demons vile,  
 And their poor victims, who, once moulded men,  
 Were then mere moon-beam shadows of themselves,  
 Their primal selves, in dusky outline formed.  
 The swarm profane I gathered, till my orb  
 Encircled him, who holds in rest our thoughts.  
 Oh ! sight to pierce the tender heart of Pity.  
 How changed from him, who, 'neath the old oak tree,  
 Sighed his farewell ! The flowers of youth were dead :  
 Disease was seated on the throne of health,  
 And deadly pallor marked him for the tomb.  
 Against him sat a fiend in human guise,  
 Whose count'nance mostly wore the look  
 Of mild and gentle childhood ; yet not seldom raged,  
 His visage o'er, as storm o'er heaven's bright face,  
 Malignant tempest from his cursed soul.  
 Fate, of the ebon mask, above his head  
 Suspended gloomy future, dark as death.  
 Fell Ombre with her clubs prepared to dash  
 In glittering fragments all his fortune's hopes.  
 And now the deed is finished ; and that look  
 Of deep despair is answered by a laugh  
 Unearthly, and as hideous as oft stirs  
 Foul echoes through hell's vault. Oh ! how the heart's  
 Warm streams are chilled, that man can so espouse,  
 So buckle on destruction to himself,  
 And fix so black a libel on his race !

A turn came in the pathway of my dream.  
 That ancient oak appears ; and on its brow  
 The spirit of winter plants her fleecy crown,  
 And all the landscape stiffens like a corpse ;  
 And the swollen stream, rocked by the blasts, in rage  
 Tumultuous roars along his ice-fringed brims.  
 There, at the brink, that child of vice pours out  
 Despairing anguish from his riven heart :  
 His sighs increase the winds, his tears the flood,  
 While tremble all the pillars of his soul.  
 And then methought I heard a voice that cried,  
 " Lay not thy guilty hands upon thy life."  
 But all in vain. He makes the fatal plunge

Into the bosom of the angry wave ;  
And winds, that often hymn the funeral dirge,  
In solemn wailings mourn his hapless fate.

The same destruction may not founder all,  
Who dare essay the stormy sea of vice ;  
Yet who can tell, how many a hidden rock  
Lies ready to demand another life !

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HOOD AND INGOLDSBY.

So, gentlemen,  
With all my love I do commend them to you.—HAMLET.

Mirth, with thee we mean to live.—L'ALLEGRO.

THE writer of the following article has found, during his "toilsome march up the rugged and thorny hill of science," that the occasional resting-places erected along the route by mirthful authors, and a pretty free indulgence at such times in the good cheer there afforded, have contributed not a little to encourage and assist him in his onward trudging. In the humble hope of doing something towards occasionally smoothing the care-wrinkled brows of others, he sends forth this, as it were, "advertising pamphlet," of a panacea for all cases of spleen or hypochondriac, with a few bits and crumbs gathered from the literary banquet, which is served up for all who will go in to it. Seriously, we wish to step modestly up to you, and recommend "with as great discreetly as we can," the works of the authors whose names we have already announced to you, as affording those rarely combined commodities now-a-days, both amusement and instruction. It has been said by some one, with much force and beauty of expression, that "Shakspeare, Butler, and Bacon, have rendered it extremely difficult for any that comes after them to be either sublime, witty, or profound."

But against a part, at least, of this assertion, we wish to enter our protest, and venture the opinion, that to the *literatum* reader, Butler is actually tedious and wearisome, and that in his own style, which he originated, he has been surpassed by many that have succeeded him. The two that we have selected stand, we think, at the head of the list, and to them we ought to acknowledge our indebtedness for having fought so valiantly in the arena of literary strife, and by bringing up the standard to its proper level, having put so effectual a check upon that flood of sickly, wishy-washy stuff, and paltry balderdash, that under the name of wit was being spawned upon the world.

THOMAS HOOD. Poor Tom Hood ! And such we doubt not is the frequent exclamation of all his readers, who enter with any interest into his history. Like many writers of distinction, he passed most of his days, from childhood up, in actual want. He was compelled to

resort to his pen to obtain means of subsistence to the very day of his death, and while the reading public, here and elsewhere, were convulsed with laughter over his last jests and witticisms, his widow absolutely suffered through lack of the necessities of life. So that while we regret that for the sake of our gratification a longer life had not been vouchsafed him, we yet feel an inward satisfaction that he is gone from a world that treated him so shabbily. To the straitness of his circumstances must doubtless be attributed much of the "Il Penseroso" that we find in his writings.

Of the personal history of Mr. Hood, we can say but little. He was the son of a bookseller. Like Charles Lamb, he began life as a counting-room clerk, from which situation he was apprenticed to an engraver. He became subsequently connected with the London Magazine, and from this time must we date the commencement of his literary labors, the results of which were speedily known from his "Whimsicalities," "Up the Rhine," "Comic Annuals," a novel of respectable dimensions, entitled "Tynney Hall," and more recently his "Prose and Verse," and "Poems."

Passing to some remarks on his style, we must acknowledge in the outset that we are greatly ignorant of the true secret of his success. The title of "Prince of Punsters" cannot be denied him, and he evinces on every page an extremely subtle fancy, a lively and poignant wit; but much more, we think, is owing to the various manner in which he serves up his matter to us. At one time he frolics before us the very personification of drollery, and then we are actually flooded with puns, which come swimming along in a perfect sea of humor, bounding and tumbling in sportive joyousness, leaping and skipping in very ecstasy of merriment. Again "gorgeous tragedy in sceptred pall comes sweeping by," when, clad in the mournful habiliments of woe, he moves before us, chanting the solemn dirge, uttering melancholy strains of soul-melting pathos. But there are few of Hood's poems that escape altogether without a pun, and even in the most dignified and majestic, you will commonly find some keen stroke of wit, which, like the glittering point of an instrument, pierces the big black thunder-cloud of woe and grief, causing it to dissolve, or come pattering down in glistening, harmless drops. These are the pieces that, dazzling the eye of the critic, completely disarm him. Looking at all his writings, we are inclined to fall in with the suggestion of some of his reviewers, that under a quaint masquerade he is at bottom stern, serious, and manly; that before taking up his pen he arrays himself in the fantastic garb of folly and sportiveness. Certain it is, that he rarely appears before the public, except in this "outer garment." For the very melancholy and gloom in which he occasionally indulges, he wreathes into shapes so grotesque and ludicrous as to force both himself and readers to laughter. As an illustration, rather perhaps of what we stated a few moments ago, take his "Song of the Shirt," that admirable effort of his, that did so much to purify, chasten, and exalt the tone of public feeling in regard to matters, and people in every-day life; to open the purse-strings of cramped and crabbed selfishness, and to incite to generous deeds of

benevolence. Now, as above remarked, into his most piteous pictures he ventures to throw, here a pun, there a pretty conceit, and yet so adroitly, withal, as to increase the general effect. The hollow peal of mocking laughter rings fearfully in your ears as you read. Thus, in the very center of this tragedy, at almost the height of our agony, we yield perforce to the "laughter appropriate to wretchedness," as we are told that

"Every tear hinders both needle and thread."

But Hood's poems have some weak points which we would not altogether overlook, arising, however, mainly perhaps, from the very peculiarity to which we are indebted for so many of his beauties, viz: a very minute and delicate perception of analogies and remote resemblances. This sometimes crowds his pieces so full of allusions and hidden meanings, as to make them (although not long) actually burdensome and tedious. His faults, however, were all such as can easily be borne, and we would not needlessly allude to them. We would tread lightly over the grave of one with whom we have passed so many pleasant hours. Yes, we cannot escape the painful thought that Hood is no more,—that his last jest has been uttered. No more shall his "arch and flexible lip quiver with the coming jest; never again shall that roguish eye twinkle at the inward joy of droll fancies—that eye which had only to be opened to discover and recognize like words dancing and capering in each other's embrace."

And to us there is something peculiarly mournful in the death of a professed humorist, occurring, perhaps, as the first serious epoch in his history. To our mind, it is full of dreary and painful significance. There is a fearful desolateness, a chilling loneliness, that the death of the man of mirth occasions, not easy to be endured. But we are not left wholly without consolation. It rids one sorrow of half its bitterness, to know that Hood, while a humorist, was a sincere lover of his race; that he had a heart full to overflowing of deep sympathy for their sufferings; and we feel that when his efforts in their behalf did relax, we must chide rather his circumstances than his disposition.

With an extract or two we will close this rambling sketch. Among his serious poems we must rank *near* the first the "Dream of Eugene Aram," awakening in us, perforce, heart-freezing terror, and causing

"Each particular hair to stand on end."

The "Bridge of Sighs," "Haunted House," "Lady's Dream," "Song of the Shirt," &c., have all their excellences, but time forbids more than a passing notice. One or two passages in that "crystalized tear," (as some one has beautifully styled it,) the "Bridge of Sighs," we must, however, transcribe:

"The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver,  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river;



Mad from life's history,  
 Glad to death's mystery,  
 Swift to be hurled,  
 Anywhere, anywhere,  
 Out of the world." \* \* \* \* \*

"One of Eve's family—  
 Wipe those poor lips of hers,  
 Oozing so clammy." \* \* \* \* \*

His humorous poems we have no time to notice particularly. Opening almost at random for a single extract, we find in his "Tale of a Trumpet," among other similes, on the deafness of an old woman, the following :

"She was deaf as a stone—say one of the stones  
 Demosthenes sucked to improve his tones.  
 And surely deafness no further could reach,  
 Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech."

Eventually a pedler is introduced, who, in recommending a trumpet he is offering her, says :

"There was Mrs. F.,  
 So very deaf,  
 That she might have worn a percussion cap,  
 And been knocked on the head without hearing it snap.  
 Well, I sold her a trumpet, and the very next day  
 She heard from her husband in Botany Bay."

But we have already gone beyond our limits, and, taking leave of this kind-hearted and accomplished man, with every feeling of satisfaction and gratitude, we pass to a brief account of

THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

The reading public had long been vastly pleased with the "Ingoldsby Legends," as they appeared in the Bentley Miscellany, before the gifted author was recognized. Without raising this question at all, their intrinsic merit was a sufficient recommendation, and gave them straightway a warm reception. Made up almost exclusively of mirth-provoking narration, adroitly interspersed with the cant and slang phrases of the day, and odd sorts of metres, and out-of-the-way rhymes, they commended themselves at once to the mirth-loving. While the critic was making ready for his onslaught, the favorable verdict of the people came thundering in his ears, warning him to desist. A rigid exactment of the rules of "Murray and Lindsay," or a strict regard to the usual proprieties of literature, might, it is true, exclude much of what we now exceedingly admire ; but the richness, the very quintessence of drollery, evinced in every page, make him well worth having upon such terms.

It became known, however, at length ; and now few need be told

that "Thomas Ingoldsby" was no other personage than an unpretending clergyman, of St. Paul's Cathedral, the Rev. R. H. Basham. He is represented to have been a most exemplary man in all his deportment, both in his public capacity and in the private circle. Of a cheerful and amiable disposition, he yet retained a requisite amount of dignity to discharge, to universal satisfaction, all his pastoral duties; so that he easily acquired, and always bore the reputation, of a discreet and conscientious pastor, respected by his superiors, and greatly beloved by his little flock. A clever essayist on "Ingoldsby" and his *Legends*,\* gives an interesting account of an interview he had with him, and an exceedingly graphic description of his person, which we would gladly transcribe, had we room. He died at the age of 57.

With regard to his writings, critics are not agreed in what their distinguishing excellence really consists. Some pronounce it the mere exuberance of wit and humor they display. Others refer it to the wonderful flow and beauty of the versification. Mr. Basham's biographer of his poems, (speaking rather enthusiastically, perhaps, but with much truth,) says: "Popular phrases, the most prosaic even, the cramped technicalities of legal diction, and snatches from well-nigh every language, are wrought in with an apparent absence of all art and effort, that surprises, pleases, and convulses the reader at every turn. The author triumphs with a master's hand over every variety of stanza, however complicated or exacting. Not a word seems out of place; not an expression forced. Syllables the most intractable find the only partners fitted for them throughout the range of language, and couple together as naturally as those kindred spirits which poets tell us were created in pairs, and dispersed in space to seek out their particular mates." We do most heartily endorse this description, and will cite a few passages, as specimens, taking no great care in the selection. We cannot hope that everybody will be as much pleased with him as we have been, for, as he says somewhere himself,

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\* The Editor of a contemporary Magazine, thinking to be witty at the expense of this name, remarked that "he thought the '*Legends*' extremely fine—nay, he should think as many as eighteen *carats* fine." A brother *would-be* punster, (transferring the field of punning from the mineral to the vegetable kingdom,) charged his neighbor with having *cabbaged* the joke. Pretty enough to be seen; but we think all our readers will *turn up* their noses at such ordinary trash, compared with the racy witticisms of our author (*quod vide*) which, to repeat the venerable pun, "*beat* them all hollow." But we shall be guilty of the same thing ourselves presently, if we don't mind our "P's and Q's;" (*excuse us this time, indulgent reader*;) we certainly should, were we not in a *melan-choly* mood, just now, one is so apt to fall into the habit, unless constantly on his *guard* in conversation. But this little note has *grown amazingly* on our hands, and we hasten to take *leave* of this *branch* of our subject, (attempts at punning;) for, *entre nous*, Reader, we have altogether abandoned the vile habit, long ago. We would refer you, however, for the best specimen of modern *puns* to "*Punch*," "*recobbeding* you by all beans," (as "*Fagin*" would say,) if you have not already read this note, to pass it by *un-noticed*.

" I own it is clear,  
The fastidious ear  
Will be more or less annoyed with you, when you in-  
sert any rhyme that's not perfectly genuine."

But still we can but hope that, with few exceptions, we are safe in proceeding on the supposition that

" A little nonsense, now and then,  
Is relished by the best of men."

We have detained you, however, in the ante-room too long, already, and you will now, if you please, accompany us for a few moments longer, as we tumble hastily over the volume in search of a few extracts. He borrows a figure, which he thus acknowledges :

" A metaphor taken—I've not the page aright—  
Out of an ethical work by the Stagyrte."

After painting the gradual progress of a storm, he winds up as follows :

" The rain came down in such sheets as would stagger a  
Bard for a simile, short of Niagara."

Speaking of an aerial voyage in a balloon, and alluding specially to the danger of falling into the track of some comet, he says :

" For the boldest of mortals a danger like that must fear,  
And be cautious of getting beyond our own atmosphere."

He gives a description of King Henry II., and more particularly here of his hat, thus :

" With a great sprig of broom, which he wore as a badge in it,  
Named from this circumstance, Henry Plantagenet."

Still more complicated :

" Re-culver, some style it,  
While others revile it  
As bad, and say Re-culver. Tis n't worth while it  
Would seem to dispute when we know the result imat-  
erial. I accent, myself, the penultimate."

" Some Account of a New Play" abounds in odd rhymes, not devoid of humor.

" Dear Charles,  
In reply to your letter and Fanny's,  
Lord Brougham, it appears, is n't dead, though Queen Ann is."

Sir Maurice proposes to purchase a farm of Lady A. :

" Oh, take it," she cries, " but secure every document."  
" A bargain," says Maurice, " including the stock you meant."

A couple about to be married clandestinely, agree to meet at an old chapel,

"Where the priest is to bring, as he's promised by letter, a  
Paper to prove the name, birth-right," &c.

In his moral, he recommends,

"Young ladies of property,  
Let Lady A's history serve as a stopper t'ye."  
"Old Knight, don't give bribes! above all never urge a man  
To steal people's things, or to stick an old clergyman."

A quarrelsome wife is apt, he says, upon the least occasion, to seize

"A stick, or stool, or anything that round did lie,  
And baste her lord and master most confoundedly."

In the "Black Mousquetain," St. Foix, wishing to detain a friend, has no other way but to turn back his watch. He borrowed it, and then

"He examined the face,  
And the back of the case,  
And the good lady's portrait there done on enamel, he  
Saw by the likeness was one of the family.  
Then he opened the case just to take a peep in it, and  
Seized the occasion to pop back the minute-hand"

Our author has a most happy faculty of mixing up languages. Thus, alluding to his parody on "The Burial of Sir John Moore," claimed by another, he says:

"Hos ego vermiculos feci, tulit alter honores;  
I wrote the lines—\*\*—owned them—he told stories."

And this same "Black Mousquetain" is made to say,

"Who was ever like me,  
Sans six sous, sans souci?  
Vive la bagatelle!—tonjours gai—idem semper—  
I've lost all I had in the world but my temper."

He seats himself to reply to a parcel of unanswered letters

"Dear Jack,  
Just lend me twenty pounds  
Till Monday next, when I'll return it.  
Yours, truly,  
HENRY GIBBS.  
Why, z—ds!

I've seen the man but twice—here, burn it."

"'Bill so long standing'—'quite tired out'—  
'Must sit down to insist on payment'—  
'Called ten times.'—Here's a fues about  
A few coats, waistcoats, and small raiment.

" For once, I'll send an answer, and inform Mr. Snip he need n't ' call' so ;  
But, when his bill's as tired of ' standing'  
As he is, beg 'twill sit down also."

In an account of Peter, the lay-brother, he apologizes for a digression, thus :

" A slight deviation's forgiven, but then this is  
Too long, I fear, for a decent parenthesis :  
So I'll rein up my Pegasus sharp and retreat, or  
You'll think I've forgotten the lay-brother Peter."

But we must pause ere we transcribe the whole book.

Thus, patient reader, have we endeavored, in our own humble way, to present to you some recommendations of these authors. " Laugh and grow fat," has grown into a familiar adage, and there is much truth in the remark of an old quaint writer, that " a hearty laugh shakes the cobwebs from a man's brains, and the hypochondria from his ribs." As a parting injunction, we can only add, read them yourselves.

E.

#### HEADLEY'S MARSHAL MURAT.

HAVING recently read the above interesting article, we adopted a hasty opinion, and made it the subject of a few remarks. Notwithstanding the gorgeous language in which our hero is described, and the decorations which the author's pen has thrown around him, yet to us the most glaring deformities are visible, and not the less so from the writer's efforts to conceal them.

It is somewhat singular with what zeal this author advocates the cause of nearly all his heroes. He seems to look upon them as his clients, and is determined to make out for them the best case possible. If they have any good quality, *that* he dwells upon at great length, magnifies it to its full extent, and then subjoins ample illustrations ; if they have bad ones, he mentions them incidentally, briefly despatches them, and winds up with a " but." The author mentions an incident in the youth of our hero, in which he cheated an old miser out of a hundred francs by selling him a gilt snuff-box for a gold one ; " but," he continues, he did this not on his own account, but for the sake of a friend, ergo he was excusable—and thus he speaks of his other faults.

Such we believe to be a general characteristic of this author's writings, and yet we would not be understood as charging him with any unfairness, but only with an overweening affection for his characters, for which, perhaps, he is excusable, on the ground that they are, to a considerable extent, the creatures of his *own brain*. So great is his partiality for them *all*, that he is loth to give the palm to any one in particular, for fear of detracting from the merits of the rest. After read-

ing the work through, it would be difficult for any one to pick out either his own favorite, or that of Mr. Headley. The Marshals are all the greatest of the great, the bravest of the brave; each one surpassing all the rest, and even Napoleon himself, in some particular quality.

It is not, however, our intention to enter into a criticism of Mr. Headley's works, which, whatever may be said of them, have deservedly gained him an enviable reputation. And it would indeed seem ungrateful in us to attempt to derogate from those writings by which we have been so much entertained and instructed. But Mr. Headley's fame as a writer is fully established, his praises have issued from all the presses of the land, and his beauties have been held up to the admiration of his generous countrymen. We could not, therefore, hope, even were it our desire, that our humble efforts could in the least affect him.

We now come to the subject immediately before us. Whatever others may think of Murat, Mr. Headley has proved conclusively to our mind, that he was a great fop; we had almost said, a great fool. The all-absorbing trait in his character, according to him, was an insatiable thirst for war, an indomitable courage, and a lion-like fury in the midst of battle. All these we grant him, and still think they do not constitute a *great* man, nor even a sensible one. The author does indeed say that he possessed great skill as a General, but gives no proof nor illustration of it, and consequently leaves us to infer that his great success was owing to the impetuosity of his actions, and the valor of his troops. We would not apply to him the old saying, "a fool for luck," but it does seem to us most remarkable how a man of so little intellect rose to such eminence, and met with so brilliant success. We cannot account for it in any other way, than that his impudence made him conspicuous, and his reckless courage commended him to the notice of the Emperor, under whose tutelage the most ordinary man might rise to greatness. This, added to his impetuous nature, and the irresistible strength and courage of his soldiers, forms the true reason of his success. As regards his great skill as a General, in the absence of all proof, we must be allowed to doubt it; but in energy and courage he had few equals, and in fair, open fight, there was no cavalry in Europe able to withstand his invincible cuirassiers.

A tolerably good opinion, however, may be formed of his abilities as a General, from a passage which we will adduce from Mr. Headley, himself: "Often," says he, "in battle he would select out the most distinguished Cossack warrior, and plunging directly into the midst of the enemy, make him prisoner, and afterwards dismiss him with a gold chain about his neck, or some other rich ornament attached to his person." And this is the great General, so worthy to be placed by the side of Bonaparte, and so well fitted to command twenty thousand cavalry! he in one part of the field, his army in the other—Napoleon struggling for his Empire, Murat fighting for amusement, and seeking to convert the battle-field into a tournament! Does this evince great generalship? It is commonly supposed to be the duty of a General to superintend the movements of his army, to give orders and see that

they are obeyed, and at the same time to keep as much out of danger as possible, except in cases of emergency. Instead of doing this, our hero leaves his brave band to take care of itself, while he, "the observed of all observers," rushes headlong into danger, rashly exposing his life, when everything depends on its safety. To have unhorsed a savage foe, and made a friend of him by an act of generosity, gratified him more than to have gained a battle. But suppose him to have been slain in the midst of one of these daring feats, it would be difficult to convince the world that he did not deserve it, and not even Mr. Headley's pen could have rescued his name from deep oblivion. We should like to hear what military critics would say of Napoleon if *he* had left his post to engage in single combat with a Cossack warrior, merely to show his superior strength and horsemanship; and what would President Polk think if General Taylor should desert his ranks in battle, and dashing into the midst of the enemy, take prisoner a Mexican officer, and then dismiss him with a gold chain about his neck? *Me-thinks* he would feel like putting a halter around old Zach's gullet.

We are unable to say whether Murat was ever defeated, though he may have been, as Mr. Headley would say, 'repulsed;' and here it must be apparent to every one with what pain this writer records the defeat of any of his favorites. He never suffers any of his Marshals to be vanquished till after incredible bravery has been displayed, and prodigies of valor performed, and then they are "compelled to retire before overwhelming numbers"! It may not be amiss to give an example of the manner in which he disposes of his defeats. Speaking of the dreadful charge of Murat at Eylau, he represents him as "bursting with headlong fury upon the enemy, and scattering them like a hurricane from his path;" and yet, in the very next line, he says, "though his cavalry were at length compelled to retire," &c. Had he been a Russian historian, he would doubtless have related the affair in something like the following manner: "Though the onset of the French was tremendous, they recoiled, frightened and bleeding, from that living rock; the sturdy Russians, disdaining to fly, stood immovable as a wall of adamant, and in their turn fell with fury on their baffled foe, and routed it with prodigious slaughter." We say this to show how differently the same thing may be stated without greatly departing from the truth.

We have already said that Murat was exceedingly foppish, to which Mr. Headley applies the more polite term, chivalric. The very motto engraved on his sword, 'Honor and the Ladies,' is an excellent key to his character. This would look well enough in the days of knighterrantry, but those days were gone, and their fashions with them. His whole conduct accorded with the above device; his biographer says, that he frequently fancied himself fighting in imaginary worlds, and no doubt when he returned from slaughter, with his sword dripping gore, he thought all the ladies of the world were gazing on him with admiring eyes. He never went forth to battle unless dressed in gorgeous style, his tall white plume distinguishable among thousands, and his war-horse covered with trappings of gold—in short, if merit con-

sisted in show, his exterior might have shamed Napoleon and all his staff. Mr. Headley, himself, seems to have fallen greatly in love with his waving white plume; it is mentioned some twenty times; in every engagement, and on all important occasions, we see it streaming in the wind, eliciting admiration from every beholder, and almost gaining battles of itself. Nor was Murat himself ignorant of his personal attractions, for when the wild Cossacks of the desert gathered around him to admire his gaudy dress and handsome figure, it so gratified his vanity that he gave them every sou he possessed, also his watch and the watches of his friends. Mr. Headley admits that his fleshy exterior might create a smile, "but," says the *Reverend* gentleman, "when we see him returning from the encounter, dripping with gore, our contempt is turned into admiration." Thus, when he wishes to cover his faults he covers him with blood.

After arraying his hero in splendid uniform, and mounting him on a noble charger, he sends him forth to battle, and heralds his approach with "he carries Napoleon's fate." "Napoleon watches that snow-white 'plume,' like the star of his destiny." "Where it went, victory followed, and *while* it went, defeat was impossible." It is worthy of notice, that whenever the author wishes to set his hero in the most imposing light, and give an exalted idea of the importance of the undertaking he is about entering upon, he commences with some such expression as "he carries Napoleon's fate"! This he says of almost each and every one of his Marshals, and in almost every battle. One would suppose that Bonaparte was always standing on the brink of a precipice, and that the slightest jar would hurl him to the bottom. According to Mr. Headley, almost every battle is to decide the fate of Europe, and no Marshal ever advances to the charge, but that Napoleon's destiny is staked on the result! Verily his career was the most dependent on chance, and his success the most uncertain of any man's that ever lived.

After mentioning the twenty thousand horsemen that followed him, when they arrive at the scene of action, Murat does all the fighting. His brave cuirassiers are forgotten, and he himself is surrounded by innumerable foes who fall thick and fast around him; and although no extraordinary physical strength is ascribed to him, yet none are able to stand before him. He breaks, solitary and alone, through serried ranks, attacks and disperses crowds of his enemies, and carries the strength of thousands in his single arm—all of which we don't deny, but it certainly appears to us miraculous.

As a soldier, Murat was unsurpassed; in every other respect he was a perfect dwarf. Possessed in a high degree of that chivalric kind of honor which flourishes only in prosperity, in the hour of adversity he showed his weakness and baseness by betraying the man who had made him King. He was also deeply imbued with that false pride which is the surest evidence of a shallow mind—he wished to tear out the brightest page in his whole history. The most unfading garland that ever encircled Napoleon's brow, was that on which was inscribed, "The Charity Boy of Brienne;" so also, if any thing could



exalt Murat in our estimation, it is that from a poor ostler he became Marshal of the Empire, and a terror to Europe. Yet, with more than boyish weakness, he was ever ashamed of his humble origin, and always strove to conceal it.

We will give but one more illustration of his character. Bonaparte, in battle, once said something to him which so stung him that he marched right in the range of a Russian battery in order to be killed. He was, however, induced to retire and save his life. If any thing could prove his extreme puerility and weakmindedness, it is this; thus to expose one's self to certain death, merely to resent an insult, is far worse than biting off the nose to spite the face, and any man who for such a cause will commit suicide, deserves no better name than that of fool or madman. It was nevertheless unfortunate for him that he was not suffered to have his own way; it would have saved Mr. Headley the pain of telling us that he afterwards committed an act which forever sullied his fame, which is told in such pretty and pathetic language that we are almost induced to forgive him.

His tragical death is well known. Having betrayed first Bonaparte and then the allies, the latter offered a reward for his head. After wandering for a long time as a fugitive in disguise, and flying from place to place to escape his pursuers, he was at length taken prisoner, and publicly shot as a traitor.

Though we are ever ready to mourn over the sad vicissitudes of human affairs, yet, considering the closing acts of his life, we can scarcely say he deserved a better fate; and he may, indeed, be considered fortunate in finding a historian so willing to forgive his faults, and so eager to trumpet his fame.

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#### PLAYING AT MARBLES.

In that paper of the Indicator, which is entitled, "The Sight of Shops," Mr. Leigh Hunt takes occasion to describe a toy-shop, and, among his enumeration of its many curious articles, we find this fragment of a sentence: "And of marbles, blood-allies, with which the possessor of a crisp finger and thumb-knuckle causes the smitten marbles to vanish out of the ring." It is unfortunate that he rested no longer upon this topic. Had Mr. Hunt but called to mind the marble-playing of his boyish days, and striven to feel once more the intense excitement, the rivalry, the shame in defeat, the triumph in success, as of old, he must have seen a true image of politics and of political life. A subject like this could have been dissected by none more faithfully than by the author of the Indicator.

That old saying, "The boy is father of the man," applies as well to his amusements as to the germs of his mind and disposition. The man is a sort of a swelled-out boy, and plays the part he is obliged to play in the world, for a higher object and with the self-same means as

before. When an individual has been driving everywhere with a favorite hobby, until he has wearied out others by his incessant clatter, and finally wearies out himself, the boy has been trundling a hoop. When a set of wiseacres have been disputing and throwing out different conjectures upon any subject, they were only pitching cents, or rather nonsense, at a mark in the dirt. But in political life, we recognize the peculiar genius of playing at marbles.

Extending the figure as far as it will conveniently bear, we may divide our subject into four heads,—common marbles, shooters or bounders, the players, and the spectators.

As for the poor common marbles—we need say little of them. However men may affirm, that in this age the masses rule, this old proverb continues true, that it is easier to lead the multitude than to convince a single individual. In reality the people never can rule. If mass conventions were abolished, if newspapers were suppressed, if Congressional speeches never reached Buncombe, if the bribery of money and office, or the bribery of the electioneerer's smile and loving inquiries were never lavished, the people might vote according to their own judgment, but, in nine cases out of ten, wrongly, for it would be in ignorance. Nor could power long remain with the ignorant. The rabble are influenced by their rulers for their rulers, just as the blood is propelled from the heart in arteries, only to return thither in veins. They who boast loudly of the people's supremacy, are either those who throw dust into others' eyes, or those who, with half-blinded vision, dimly look upon themselves as rulers and gods. In reality, they are nothing but marbles, which politicians play with and throw around to the chance winner of the moment. Sometimes, too, these poor marbles receive a hard stroke from a desperate player, and spin away out of the ring. They are of but few kinds and simple.

Shooters or bounders we regard as fair types of those who direct the mass, but are themselves directed by others. They may be divided into two classes, which are truly represented by the two kinds of bounders—alleys and agates. Alleys comprise the majority of newspaper editors, and the whole herd of politicians hired to do dirty work. The minds of these men are like this kind of marbles, small, ring-streaked, and spotted. They are cheap and easily procured. Their condition, however, is far above the mass, for they are used as instruments in driving their inferiors, though it must be confessed they sometimes receive a hard knock, when they chance to come in contact with a big, burly commoner. In such cases, the recoil is often unpleasant. They are always picked up, however, by their owner, and, by a dexterous motion of the thumb-joint and forefinger tip, which costs *him* little trouble, they are hurled again at the stubborn plebeian, which costs *them* much pain. In return for these sufferings, they are taken up when the game is over, and thrust by their benevolent patron into a fat pocket, well stuffed with private property. Here they remain until their services are again needed. It might be thought that they would have sense enough to keep still in this place, and enjoy their "otium cum dignitate," but the foolish things are so continually

jingling in triumph, or angrily clashing with an interloper, that they often attract the notice of some skillful player, who offers to roll with their master, and they are again drawn forth for hard service. It is astonishing, too, how little they are regarded by their owner, and how frequently, notwithstanding their labors in his cause, they are handed over to others and forced to renew the same wearisome duties. The souls of these editors and politicians were originally almost white, but, to present a proper seeming to the world, were disguised with paint; and long use, with many hard knocks, has covered them with a greasy soiling, and diversified their exterior with little dents. Their fates are various. Some few, after being worn out in service, are preserved and kept in the fat pocket as trophies of hard-won victory. Others, in some unlucky moment, are hurled against a stubborn subject, and broken into fragments. Such is their common lot.

Agates are of higher pretensions and higher merit. They are the honest blind men of party. With upright intentions and incorruptible hearts, they are yet instruments in the hands of unscrupulous and skillful players. But they are the highest kind of instruments. Their color is always the same, and they preserve their form unbroken. The best place in the best pocket is reserved for them, though, it must be confessed, their position is dearly earned. Their bright surfaces are never soiled. They have sufficient momentum in themselves to drive the common marble in the required direction, without moving from the spot in servile chase after contact. The weaker alley rolls on without the inherent power of stopping. Indeed, the difference between the two species of bounders seems to be this: the alley is used in a small ring; the agate in a large one. The alley rolls through the dust to its object; the agate is shot from above, and performs its mission without first touching the earth. Sometimes they are aimed too much out of the way and shot a little too far. In that case, they glide into some obscure spot, and remain there forever hidden from the world.

But it would be impossible to carry out in minute detail all the points of resemblance between playing at marbles and playing at politics. The two last classes are strongly marked. The players themselves may be easily recognized in the half-statesmen, half-politicians, who direct the nation. Their objects are the same—influence, acquired by playing for the same stake and with the same instruments. A few, in each, seek the end in the means, and aim for happiness in effort, not in success. That is, for an employment to defend them against the horrors of idleness, they thrust themselves into the most momentous interests of other men, and strive to rule them, because they are not sure that they can rule themselves! Let the gambler's fate be theirs!

Of the four classes, the spectator is by far the most enviable. An Irishman would say with truth, that the greatest happiness in political life is to be found out of it. It does not imply a want of skill to stand and watch the game in silence, but rather a disgust of the playing and the players. Men have been called in emergencies from the condition

of honorable quiescence to take the government into their own hands for management, where others of loftier pretensions have sunk to their proper depth. The danger over, they become spectators again. They retire quietly to their homes and listen to the political storm, as it beats against their very doors. Nothing can call them from this safe retreat to the statesman's final elevation—a throne, a pillory, or a scaffold—not a material throne, or a scaffold with a glittering axe; but a throne in the public affection, and a scaffold in the horror and detestation of an united people. The spectator, meanwhile, lives in himself and for himself. He enjoys his pleasures alone or in the society of a chosen few. He is not selfish; for a man whose heart has been tried by the reflections indispensable to such a life, is always ready to relieve the mourning workers in this "everyday world." In a strict sense, he too is a player. But he does not meddle with other men and seek his own pleasure or advancement at their hazard; his strife is with himself. The heart which God has given him he endeavors to cultivate, so as to fulfill his part in this world, and to live for another life. Look then at a childish game of marbles, and moralize upon it. You will see the unfortunate many driven about by the skill of a base, unprincipled few. You will see eager, heart-burning strife among the players, and an easy, incurious contentment among the spectators. You will see philosophy even in the playing at marbles.

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#### AN ANTISTROPHE TO "THE RAINY DAY."

THE day is warm and bright and cheery,  
 The dancing light is never weary;  
 The flowers look forth to the smiling sun,  
 The forest is putting its verdure on,  
     And the day is bright and cheery.

My life is warm and bright and cheery;  
 The dancing light is never weary;  
 Youth looks to the future without a sigh,  
 For hope covers all with a cloudless sky,  
     And my life is bright and cheery.

Be still, fond heart, and cease thy boasting;  
 Drearer days come rapidly posting  
 Along the path of life. Think not  
 That joy is thy ever-appointed lot;  
     Few days can be bright and cheery.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

WE have received of late from various quarters a number of College Magazines, and are highly pleased with their general appearance. We are always ready to welcome to the field such aspirants for public notice. They produce and maintain a commendable ambition in their respective Institutions, for there is nothing like an appearance in print to awaken one's self-respect and aspirations.

THE PARTHENON for June 1st has been some time on our table. Good, for your motto, Brothers! "*Tenui musam meditamus avenâ*"—"We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal," as Sidney Smith translates it, is a fine one;—very expressive and precise "picture in little" of the usual state and circumstances of a corps editorial. We admire your *taste*, (if, notwithstanding your motto, you ever get any,) and bid you "*macte virtute*" in your good work. We esteem The Parthenon as highly as any similar periodical among our exchanges.

THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for April is the last number we have received. We had heard some apprehensions expressed that this child was in danger of an untimely death, and are very agreeably surprised at its prolonged existence. We wish it all success. By the way, we are unwillingly obliged to notice a slight error in their first number. A few verses from that number were inadvertently introduced into ours of March, with commendation. It has since been suggested by a friend, that the credit for those verses was wrongly given. We now make our acknowledgments for them to the "*Lady of the Lake*." No one who is acquainted with the difficulties which beset an Editor will be disposed to deal harshly with an oversight of this sort. We shall be glad to hear that no more serious fault is chargeable in the present instance than a failure to detect a plagiarism of others. This last offense we are ourselves obliged to confess.

The present number is well filled. The verses on pp. 42 and 43, though containing too many soft things to propitiate the ladies, have some pleasing similes, particularly the second verse of the first-mentioned page. The prose has a substantial air about it, quite free from affectation, and indicative of earnestness.

THE LITERARY RECORD AND JOURNAL, from Pennsylvania College, has been received the present month. This periodical has held on its way through nearly four volumes, and apparently will long survive the usual fate of College Magazines. We trust its friends will promptly respond to the appeal which we observe upon the cover. We have been unable to devote sufficient attention to the present number to warrant any remark upon its character.

THE NASSAU MONTHLY, whose appearance we always welcome, is also before us. Of the present number our limits forbid us to speak. As to the general character of the work, we cheerfully yield it the rank to which its age entitles it.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

'MORNING' was the emphatic salutation of a friend, the other afternoon, at a quarter past four, whom the Editors met as they were taking a stroll down street, having just completed a laborious college optional. Our friend looked as if he had just 'got up.' His greeting sounded like any thing but an anachronism. Moreover, his leaden visage and listless demeanor indicated little satisfaction now that he was up. His nose, that leading feature of the human 'face divine,' which profound nosologists assert to be an unerring index of character, was decidedly flat; it looked as if, ashamed of its conspicuous position in front, it was trying to bury itself in the adjacent cheeks. His body and limbs looked meagre and attenuated from the heat of the weather. His very smile of welcome was an awkward, irresolute, half-developed substitute for

a grin, an insipid, still-born smile, as though he were doubtful of the reception he should meet with after his protracted snore. To our tender inquiries as to the cause of the lateness of his appearance, he replied that he had lain the most of the day in the sheets, waiting for some articles of dress, which he had sent to the tailor who made them, to be cleansed, mended, and enlarged: that, having only one suit, he was compelled to await their return, before he could come out; and that, after all his efforts, he was ashamed of the shabby figure he cut, for he had some friends in town, who were anxiously expecting his appearance to show them the hospitality which his position in the community made incumbent on him. \* \* \* \* Kind Patrons! Arbiters of our fate! we have been 'speakin' in a figer.' To use plain college English, the Yale Literary Magazine slept over. We wish to be excused. Now we might put a bold face on this matter, and say nothing about it, since, by the college laws, we are entitled to nine '*semel abfuiti's*,' before you have the right to institute proceedings against us, or impeach the proverbial regularity of the Senior Class. But we will not pursue so independent a course. We ask your pardon. 'Twas not a case of deliberate defiance of the 'powers that be,' nor of overweening confidence in our proficiency at extempore lying, nor a conviction that do what we might, (or, rather, do not what we might,) you could not help yourselves. 'Twas an *unavoidable necessity*. Take our editorial word for it; do not look so incredulous; don't go that odious masonic; if you have prepared to pucker, for Heaven's sake do not pucker; dispense with any such question as, Were you able to be out to your m——? or other prescribed formula; do this, and we go the ice-creams you will be much better satisfied with the truth of our assertion. Moreover, a vindication of our course, and at the same time a compliment to our modesty, is found in the fact that an issue of the number at any time before Presentation Day, would have been a premature assumption of a right which belongs only to the Senior Class. You may thank your stars for our forbearance; for what could have resulted from a premature birth, but a miscarriage? \* \* \* \*

We had intended to introduce our readers into the abode of the Quintumviri, and to serve up some choice morsels of our editorial grub: but the Printer, who has all along been crying, 'give, give,' now cries 'hold;'; and we have room only for a couple of *judy spirits*, each inimitable in its way. The first is a genuine love-letter, every word of which breathes the inspiration of the gentle god,—first love embodied in a first scratch—like the phoenix, the only one of its kind. We should like to own the goose that furnished that quill. It is characterized by the true spirit of the age—not a stop in the whole production. Then that sublime poetry at the close! what a capital 'place to tie up tew!' If any one doubts its authenticity, let him try to write a sister to it. If that does not satisfy him, let him take a trip to Guilford, and inquire for the village schoolmaster; or let him come to us, and we will suffer him to thrust his hand into our editorial pocket, and put his finger on the identical

LOVE-LETTER.

Guilford M April the 2 1847

Dear frind N M bacon

inow have the oner of riting my complements of love to you and tel you that my helth is vary good and ihope mye-Dear is injoying the same it is but afue days sins we was to geather but it seems like months to me but have fuith and love til we met agan but inow wil tel you what iam doing iam now to my uncles and he wants me to stay hear this somer ande work onthe farm for him and for helth ithink ishal ande thay want me to have you come up hear and so you and iwork for them this somer ishal com down there in may if not afore () i forgot to tel you that ihave bin to Conway factory to se what thy wanted thy wanted me to take the cardin and spinning by the yarde and give I sent a yard or give \$150 aday and ithought iwood go thare to work but thay hung

sohard forme to stay with them so ithough it wod beformy helth so i did tel them to  
 foodnot com iwant you to tel oure folks hou and ware ibe and iwant you to rite wh  
 thy ore doing and ifel vary anxious to know hou you and youre folks git along the  
 tel evry particular about it but for your sake and mine to stay to oure home now like  
 the time that ihave spent in youre compeny was inplasure and ihope that you  
 have confidance in me to bleave that iam true O my love ifeal somtimes as if my hat  
 wold brake with greaf to think that emily wold try to make you think that i  
 never have you if i went of but O my love dont be trubld may you have trust in  
 hos hart is worm in love of you O maria that imite have the plasure of ering you  
 our inow that icold convinse you that imean as isay there is not one our but what kith  
 ofyou ande ihope that my absense wout lose your love from me O that imite so your  
 smiling fase of love it would give my tender hart grat joy O Maria it graves my hat  
 to think of the hapy oure that i have had with you in times past and now out of from  
 them but ole the consolaton ihave is to think if we live weshal met agin and my-Dea  
 that wil be hapy meting to met with one hos ilove so wel it is not eay thing to part  
 with one that ilove swel as ido you if it hant but for alitle while imust close Maria  
 Dorite son comes as if i cant wate for the anser iwant to here from you

N. M. b. Mr Sanford Culver

your smiling loks and  
 nothing vois wil mend one broken harted  
 hos hart is greived and meltid tears  
 for one lie loks and from ho he parted .S. M. C.

The other is a Sonnet procured from a friend, written in praise of that "vile, filthy,  
 abominable weed," to whose virtues such men as Hall, Lamb, Wayland, and Palmer  
 bear honorable testimony. The poetry is as sweet as the cloud-wafted fragrances of  
 one of Gorham's best:

Oh! Beauty's eyes may brightly beam  
 And Beauty's lips may smile;  
 But all her winning arts, I ween,  
 Can never me beguile:  
 For dearer, sweeter, lovelier far,  
 I deem my russet-brown cigar.

Oh! fill your goblets to the brim,  
 And quaff your ruby wine;  
 Delight like yours may do for him  
 Who never has known mine:  
 But would you learn what pleasures are,  
 Then come and smoke a good cigar.

The brightest eye will dim with age,  
 The moistest lip grow dry;  
 And headaches are the heritage  
 Of those who will get high:  
 But nature giveth nought to mar  
 The luxury of a good cigar.

Then let us smoke while we are young,  
 And smoke when we grow old;  
 Nor let its praises be unsung,  
 Its honors be untold,  
 Till all shall know, both near and far,  
 The praises of a good cigar.

#### The Literary Societies at their last elections, made choice of the following officers:

| LINONIAN.          | BROTHERS'.              | CALLIOPEAR.           |
|--------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------|
|                    | <i>Presidents.</i>      |                       |
| George White,      | Dwight Foster,          | Cyprian G. Webster.   |
|                    | <i>Vice Presidents.</i> |                       |
| Elias B. Hilliard, | Timothy H. Porter,      | J. Peyton Clark.      |
|                    | <i>Librarians.</i>      |                       |
| William Aitchison, | Samuel C. Perkins,      | Robert M. Richardson. |
|                    | <i>Treasurers.</i>      |                       |
| Elias B. Hilliard, | John P. Hubbard,        | Thomas C. Pinckard.   |
|                    | <i>Secretaries.</i>     |                       |
| William D. Bishop, | Bela H. Colegrove,      | M. Hall McAllister.   |

In the April number of the Yale Literary, appeared a copy of verses, entitled "Hazel Dell," which  
 now appear to have been purloined from the "Philadelphia Saturday Courier." They were sent anonym-  
 ously through the Post-Office, so that the perpetrator of this miserable larceny will escape the personal  
 odium which he deserves. We have made all the reparation in our power. It is of course impossible  
 for us to detect every such plagiarism, but we promise the utmost circumspection in future.

ERRATA.—On page 301, line third, read *anguibus* for *unquibus*.—On page 302 the sentence com-  
 mencing "The very ark of the Most High," should precede the one commencing "Thou shalt call his  
 name Ishmael."—On page 303 fourteenth line from the top, for *buckle read buckler*.—On the same page,  
 8th line from the bottom, for *stamp read stump*.—On p. 331, 18th line from the bottom, for *one read our*.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Translation of "Middleton on Latin Pronunciation" is not suited to the character of this work.

"The Yankee Pedler" has been returned, as requested.

"The Sea," and "Sublimity in Man and his Works," are on file for consideration.

☞ Communications for the next number must be handed in immediately.





PROSPECTUS

OF 1906.

TWELFTH VOLUME

OF 1906.

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

To be distributed by the Students of Yale College.

In presenting the prospectus of a new volume of this periodical, we take occasion to express our sincere gratitude for the generous support which has hitherto been extended to us, and also for the warm welcome we have already received at a number of the same kindly sympathy. We may also be permitted to say in this connection, that our efforts always have been and always still be confined purely to our own proper sphere; and that therefore while taking no part in College politics in any form or shape, we may fairly claim the benison of each and every man.

With such a course then, in view, we offer to the public a Twelfth Volume of the Yale Literary Magazine. We offer it not as a rival to the periodicals of the day, nor as an insert in any of the Departments of Science and Learning, nor yet as the oracle of our Alma Mater, but as a quiet companion for leisure moments, a mirror to reflect the humor of the hour. Our aim shall be to make it agreeable to all. We shall offer themes for the thoughtful, wit for the humorous, poems for the fan-loving. Whoever has a wish to offer, a verse to sing, or an interesting tale to tell, shall receive from us a hearty welcome and a just consideration.

A font of new type has just been obtained, which will greatly increase the beauty of the work, and with a faithful and personal discharge of our duties, we hope to make it both interesting and readable.

Three numbers of the Magazine will be issued every term.

TERMS.—\$2.00 per annum, payable on the delivery of the third number. Single numbers, 25 cents.

No subscriptions will be received for a longer term than one year.

Communications must be addressed (post paid) through the Post Office, "To the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine."

*Copied*

VOL. XII.

No. VIII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"*Teu meo gratia summi, nemini laudisque Yalestis  
Cantabrigie Summi, unanisque Patris.*"

JULY, 1847.

NEW HAVEN

PUBLISHED BY T. H. PEARSE

PRINTED BY YUCK AND STAFFORD.

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XII.

JULY, 1847.

No. 8.

THOUGHTS ON PHILANTHROPY.

There exists among many, at the present day, a sickly, superficial feeling, which, disguising itself under the name of philanthropy, comes no nearer the heart than the end of the tongue, and is exhibited principally in puerile complaints, and frothy declamations against man's treatment of his fellow-man. The boarding-school Miss who indulges in hysterical fits of grief, when contemplating the tragic issue of some love romance, where the hero or heroine throw themselves into the dock, or take a sip too much of laudanum, but passes by on the other side, when a suffering sister of real flesh and blood solicits her charity, is one of the so-called "friends of humanity."

The soft-hearted man who feels a wonderful affection for all notorious rascals, especially ill-used and persecuted murderers, and who raises a great hue and cry against the infliction of the punishment due to them, yet at the same time utterly disregards the safety of the community, is another. He who talks much and loudly of the famishing poor of Ireland, of the distressed and outcast about him, of the pitiable dupes of superstitious idolatry in other lands, and yet never purchases a loaf of bread, drops a kindly word of sympathy, or gives a tract or a Bible to end their wretchedness, belongs to the same category.

Many seem to have little idea of suffering, except as connected with romance or poetry; and their efforts for its relief, besides being romantic and poetical, are usually highly tinged with the ideal. They have in mind an imaginary world, peopled with the creatures of their own fancy, into which they delight to introduce, for example, a maiden fair as an angel, with auburn tresses, ruby lips, cheeks mantled with rosy blushes and sylph-like form, and then imagining her in jeopardy or distress, they fly to her assistance on the swift wings of thought. Does she, in an amour with some nice young cavalier, sigh for a confidante, into whose ear she may pour the tale of love, they instantly offer themselves. Is any one of their creatures in want, by an alchemy which is certainly as successful as that practiced by the sages of

the dark ages, they immediately pour out untold treasures for him. But to comfort and aid a neighbor, whose cheek is daily becoming paler by reason of grief, whose step is unsteady from the faint consequent on want, whose voice is stifled in the attempt to meet *actual* woes—this indeed would be vulgar, and with a stare the dagger to the suppliant, they turn away to give vent to their benevolent emotions over the latest novel. They are rarely found in the home of the virtuous poor, at the bedside of the invalid, or in the cell of the prisoner. Orphans learn not to love them as benefactors, nor does the needy beggar bear from their doors any proof of the abundance which reigns within. In short, they are influenced solely by sentiment, which can manifest itself as well in the richly adorned parlor, as in the squalid abode of poverty, which is content with *feeling*, and prompts to *action*.

Others again, by a strange law of metaphysical Optics, which seems to have no counterpart in the natural science, can see want and suffering when separated from it by oceans and continents, but to that which exists by their side, they are wholly blind. Far off they view it through the telescope of a highly exaggerating imagination, but near by they employ the microscope of indifference and contempt. They *cheer* the weep with those who weep, when nothing more is required, and *indignantly* send their responsive lamentations to any distance through space; but woe at hand has no influence to draw a tear from the eye, a wish from the heart, much less a copper from the well-crammed pocket.

Let no one suppose, from what has been said, that the benevolence we advocate consists merely in true and deep feelings, or in the gift of gold to the work; its perfection is seen in action—in a *life* devoted to the good of others. We may perhaps be able to conceive of a person having strong and pure feelings of sympathy for the miserable, frittering away his existence in sighs and empty expressions of remorse. We certainly can imagine a man distributing liberally to the needy from a well-stocked purse, filled, perhaps, by the toil of those who went to help him, and at the same time unwilling to lift a finger to aid in advancing the happiness of man. It is of course evident that he who acts from a pure motive—he who is impelled by the love of human affliction, the desire of a good name, or the fear of the stings of conscience cannot possess the noble trait under consideration. Those who are longest remembered and honored as the benefactors of the world were destitute of pecuniary means to a great extent, and manifested their zeal in the heaven-approved enterprises in which they were engaged, principally by mental and physical *efforts*. Philanthropy existed but in name until recently. Among the ancients it was rarely ever a ruling principle of life. It is true that more than one Greek, Codrus and Roman Decius in the thickest of the fight, courted death-dealing blows, on the supposition that the sacrifice of his life was necessary to the preservation of his country. It is true that the sentiment "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*" was embodied in the constitution of every state, lauded in the song of every bard, and trumped from the rostrum of every orator, but it was after all a mere *sensit*

The idea of sacrificing themselves for the *good* of others had no part in animating the ancients to deeds called godlike. They were boasted lovers of their country, but trampled in too many cases, with utter contempt, upon their *countrymen*. They worshiped patriotism as a mere abstraction, and prided themselves on the amount of this quality they possessed, while disregarding those plain principles on which the welfare of man rests as a corner-stone. They fought with the ferocity of Hyenas on the bloody battle-field, but when the fight was over they never rejoiced in victory as a means of good to man, or lamented defeat because of the stumbling-block put to human advancement. Indeed we doubt much whether a single man of the Spartan band that battled and fell at Thermopylæ, was animated to the charge, or nerved to the shock of arms, by the prospect of increasing the sum of human happiness.

The mass was but the "small dust of the balance." A haughty aristocracy, even in the best days of the old republics, lorded it over the plebeians, and the blood of the latter was spilt as freely as water to cement the tottering thrones of monarchists. To the conqueror the people were but the tools of ambition, and served but to swell the shout of praise, while following his triumphal chariot. In fact, there is scarcely a passage in the ancient annals, where it is intimated that the rabble could expect or deserve a better fate. Pericles might adorn his favorite Athens with the noblest specimens of Architecture, with statues, fountains, all that could please the eye and attract the heart: but the glory of himself and his country was the meed he sought, and not the best interests of the inhabitants. Even the sages who thronged the sacred shades of Academus, and wandered over the walks in the vicinity of the Lyceum and Cynosarges, rejoiced more while triumphing over a rival in the discussion of some mystified point in ethics, than when leading a fellow-mortal to the pursuit of what they were pleased to style the "summum bonum;" and the cynic Diogenes, apparently contented with his tub and sunshine, might have cared as little for the happiness of the world exterior to himself, as Alexander who was its conqueror. In short, battles were fought, distant expeditions undertaken, orations pronounced, poems recited, cities built and demolished, kings crowned and dethroned, treaties made and broken, whole nations enslaved or slain, for any other object than the elevation of man as man, with any other motive than that which ought to have existed. In the stupendous drama of the ancient world, with all its wonderful and varied scenes, we behold a *few* heroes and heroines, for whom the whole machinery of existence went on. Tyrants founded their despotic thrones on the invaded rights and wrested liberties of their subjects. Warriors strode to conquest and empire over the corpses of armies, and the sighs coming from the bleeding hearts of widows and orphans were drowned amid the din of combat and the shout of victory. Statesmen toiled and intrigued, planned and executed, with the sole aim of raising themselves to stations of honor, power, and emolument, utterly careless of the means of their elevation. Orators thundered and poets sung, not to add to the enjoyment and secure



the freedom of their fellows, but to court the favor of some kind Mæce-nas, and win the smile of royalty, or to gain for themselves the paltry reward of posthumous fame. Even their religion inculcated nothing akin to the sublime and ennobling precepts of the Christian faith. Virtue with them consisted in courage; not the high and praiseworthy quality which leads to the performance of duty under all circumstances, but mere physical daring in the hour of peril. The acme of heaven's bliss among the old German barbarians, was to drink ale from the skulls of their foes in the gloomy halls of the war-god Odin, and the man of blood among the more refined nations of antiquity occupied a conspicuous place in Elysium. When the very deities were represented as debased by every passion and crime that degrade the spirit, it is little wonder that their zealous worshipers had no stronger incentives to a better course of action. We see therefore that *self* was the supreme object of worship, and that all others were as though they had no being, except so far as they were subservient to this idol. So was it during the long night of ignorance and barbarism that followed the downfall of Rome, the gloom of which might still have shrouded Europe, had not the monk of Erfurth summoned to life and energy the spirit that animated the early fathers, confessors, and martyrs of the Christian Church. During those slow revolving centuries, feudal Barons swayed an iron sceptre over servile retainers, whose beck was law, yea, was life or death. For the castled noble and his hounds and horses, the starving peasant and his children toiled. The sinewy yeoman fawned like the dog upon his master, and crouched submissively at his feet. The princes of France, Germany, and England led their hosts to the Holy Land to fall by myriads beneath the scimitar of the Saracen, or sink on the sandy wastes unheeded and unwept. In perusing the record of those ages, humanity shudders, for man was not treated as man, but as a brute. With joy we turn from the sad contemplation of the past, to take a single glance at the present condition of our race, and the prospects that open before us in the future.

The years of human degradation, it is true, are not all told. The image of God has not yet taken the station it deserves in all lands, but we already behold the faint glimmer of a dawning day when earth's millions shall raise their bowed heads from the dust, and walk erect, clad in the consciousness of their true dignity—when man shall esteem no work so noble as that of blessing his fellow—when the note of gladness shall be heard, instead of misery's hoarse groaning, and heaven shall smile on a *happy* world.

What employment is more excellent than that of engaging heartily in laboring for the good of others! Channing divided greatness into three kinds—greatness of action, greatness of intellect, and moral greatness—and no second thought is required to determine which is most desirable. Genius deservedly commands our admiration, but not necessarily our respect or love, since it may be prostituted to subserve the vilest of purposes. Cæsar's achievements have spread his name through all the world—yet who would wish to be gifted with Cæsar's fame? Shakspeare (properly may every head be uncovered at the

mention of his name) stands alone on a dizzy pinnacle, but who would not prefer the reputation and the final reward of Wilberforce or Howard? Intellect is as often a curse as a blessing to its possessor and the world. Without soul it is but a cold abstraction, imparting no more of moral warmth than the iceberg does of physical. To be sure it is power; and so is the avalanche, the thunderbolt, and the whirlwind. Alexander, who wept that there was not another world to conquer, Tamerlane, who sat on a throne of two hundred thousand skulls, and Napoleon, the master of almost all Europe, were but pestilences sweeping over the nations of the earth—before them prosperity, behind them desolation and ruin. Such men, like the midnight meteor, flash on the world, but they do not, like that, purify the atmosphere through which they pass. They dazzle, but not enlighten for a single moment, and the darkness that succeeds is tenfold more palpable. The influence of some of them extends in a wide circle around, but only draws those who fall within the sphere of its attraction, nearer and nearer to the whirling vortex in which both are engulfed, leaving as a memorial of their existence and as a warning to those who come after, nothing but a magnificent wreck. The life of others, who do not labor for the good of man, is a mere blank. They slink through the world, groveling and devoted to self, and at the end of threescore and ten drop into the grave, and are forgotten.

Benevolence or philanthropy makes us differ from devils, exalts us among men, and allies us to angels and to God. It makes us differ from devils, for they are already all that we can be without it. The most correct idea we can form of Satan himself is perhaps to consider him a giant repository of intellectual power, controlled and regulated by no moral goodness—power exercised in direct opposition to the happiness of all other beings. While we admire the indomitable spirit that animated him as he writhed on the billows of perdition, after his expulsion from heaven, we cannot but detest his fiendish desire to crush all that bore the impress of virtue. The human being without a love for others, though powerful, learned, and famed, only approaches nearer in likeness to the Archfiend, the more power, learning, and fame he possesses, and he may rest assured he can never surpass him in either of these respects. This alone exalts us among men. I mean that by the exercise of this quality only can we attain that true exaltation which is worthy of the good man's desire. The warriors who tracked their course through the world in blood, are even now, or will soon be, the detestation of their species. The monarchs of antiquity who swayed an iron sceptre over millions of subjects, and raised heaven-high monuments for the purpose of transmitting their names to after ages,—who were they, and when did they live? The great men whose powers were employed only in advancing their own interests, or ministering to their own pleasure—fame's trump disturbs them not now in their unknown resting-places. If perchance the names of some who were great in their own contracted selfishness shall survive, they will survive as the remembrance of evil, and their possessors will enjoy an immortality in comparison with which utter oblivion were a

blessing. This allies us to angels and to God. The spirits that surround heaven's throne are there, because they resemble heaven's sovereign, whose essence is love. Possessing the quality under consideration, therefore, we shall be led to imitate them as well as Him who was "God manifest in the flesh," who in the manger, in the garden, and on the cross, shed a glory which is above every other on the work of relieving human woe.

Honor the painter who toils at his easel day by day till he brings to perfection some sketch from nature or from history—the sculptor beneath whose transforming chisel the rude block takes the form of life and exhibits in every feature the emotions of an animated soul—the poet who opens to your view the fairy regions of fancy, and leads you amid the fruits and flowers of an imaginary paradise; but honor him more who with heavenly tints adorns the soul, who carves the misshaped form of depravity into its original similitude to God, and leads wandering footsteps to a true abode of bliss.

Where will you find a better exhibition of moral grandeur than in the life of him, who, amid scorn and contempt, assailed by calumny and opposition, overwhelmed by the reproaches of enemies and jeers of friends, toils for the accomplishment of an object that is to result in good to others—who turns neither to the right nor to the left, but presses forward, insensible to the allurements of pleasure or the scourgings of pain? Such were the martyrs who labored for the spread of truth, and cheerfully encountered in its defence the dungeon, the axe, the cross, and the stake. Such were the batlers for civil liberty, who endured the frowns of royalty, and submitted to the loss of all things, in pursuit of their great object. Such have all those been in humble life who have patiently suffered, that they might advance the interest of man. Such we must be, if we would attain the highest dignity within our reach.

This subject is practical. Before us branch out different paths of action, all leading to different ends. With us lies the choice. Wealth, power, pleasure, invite us to join the ranks of their worshipers, and their syren notes have lured many to a life of ignoble ease or fruitless effort. Words cannot adequately express the contempt in which he ought to be held, who lives only to amass the dross of earth. Surrounded by an intelligent creation, he sees no one but himself, thinks of no interests but his own, and like the man Christiana saw in the house of the interpreter, rakes to himself the "straws, the sticks and dust of the floor," regardless of the crown offered him by virtue as the reward of a higher and more glorious course of action. Is power worthy of our pursuit? Let the tears of the world's conqueror, the dissatisfaction of all the sons of false ambition, yea, the experience of fortune's favorites in all ages, answer. The testimony of all the votaries of pleasure warns us to cease the pursuit of their phantom goddess. Those who have sought her most assiduously in all her boasted haunts, and as they think, found her, have expressed their disappointment and their wretchedness. Wealth is but a bauble—power a shadow—pleasure a mockery.

Let us then apply ourselves to that work which will ennoble ourselves and benefit others. The groan uttered by mourning nature on the fatal morning when Eve partook of the forbidden fruit, still echoes in every nook of earth, and appalls the heart of man wherever he roams. The cry of millions who are perishing physically, intellectually, and morally, constantly salutes our ears. If we heed that cry, and act as men, we shall receive a reward in our own increased happiness :—

'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold,  
Close to its heart the worm is wasting there  
Its life and beauty ; not when all unroll'd  
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair  
Breathes freely its perfumes through the surrounding air.  
Rouse to some work of high and holy love,  
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know—  
Shalt bless the earth, while in the world above  
The good begun by thee shall onward flow,  
In many a branching stream, and wider grow.  
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours  
Thy hands, unsparing and unwearied, sow,  
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

When summoned to lie down with the millions who have gone before us, we can then say, what few have been able to say, *We have not lived in vain.*

## JUMBLE OF SUNDRIES.

NO. II.

Omne Magus, continet in se minus.

LAW MAXIM.

Which construed in its application to "present contingencies," signifies, that  
Every "Maga" contains something—minus. e. g. (Example given.)

THE SECOND EPISTLE PROFESSIONAL OF RICHARD ROE TO HIS "BROTHER CHIP," JOHN DOE.

EJECTIONMENT PLACE, July 22d, 1841.

DEAR JOHN,

Since you devoured the "*jumble*" I sent you, and Oliver-like have "asked for more," I offer you a *roll* or two, which being of *lighter* material, you will find more easy of digestion, this warm weather.

No. 1 is a scrap from a billet accompanying a fan presented to a little favorite of the fairer sex.

In thinking what my boon should be,  
I had a little *fantasy*,  
The *phantom* of a fan you see :  
And if my *fancy's* voice be true,

I *fancy* 'tis *fantastic* too,  
 And will be *fancied* \* \* \* by you.  
 Its tinsel shades and shining hues  
 Are only emblems of my muse,  
 Its worthlessness betokens me:  
 Its native white and purity  
 Are all it bears to symbol thee.  
 Perchance it may suffice to show  
 The changes in affection's glow:  
 For when the air around is cold,  
 The *fan*, with eager hand, you *fold*.  
 So when the world around is chill,  
 And mortal tongues are colder still,  
 The generous heart, with love unknown,  
 Is folded in itself—alone.  
 But when the *warmer* pulses move,  
 And kindred spirits whisper love,  
 Then, like the fan, the heart expands,  
 And breathes its sweets at our commands.  
 But, if *fanatical* you find  
 This fevered fancy of my mind,  
 Why, fling it from you far and free,  
 And let the *fan* a *phantom* be.

## NO. II.

## A SIMILE.

When launching, forth upon the broad blue sea,  
 The shore, receding, sinks amid the wave,  
 With eager eye, still fixed upon the lea,  
 The Sailor stands, the brave amid the brave.  
 But when that eye, bedimmed by gushing tears,  
 No longer views the cottage or the dome,  
 When fade away the scenes of early years,  
 And the last, ling'ring traces of his home,  
 Then seizing with an eager hand  
 And to his eye his glass applying,  
 He sees, anew, his native land  
 In all its pride before him lying.  
 And while fond Fancy wings him there,  
 E'en to his own beloved cot,  
 His spirit breathes to Heav'n a prayer  
 For those who dwell on that dear spot;  
 And gazing there with wistful eye,  
 "Till Ocean, blending with the sky,  
 Beclouds his view and breaks the spell,  
 He turns away—and sighs, farewell!—

So when our scenes of joy are fled,  
 The friends we lov'd from Earth are gone ;  
 When sorrow-clouds the soul o'erspread,  
 And on Life's sea, we steer alone ;  
 Then Memory divine, in gentle showers,  
 O'er all that waste a dewy pleasure flings ;  
 She animates again those busied hours,  
 And friendships past in sweeter friendship brings.  
 Our times of joy, the smile, the tear,  
 And all that Hope and Love revere,  
 Come rushing back upon the view,  
 To live a thousand times anew.  
 Thus by her magic lens alone  
 We crowd a thousand lives in one.

## NO. III.

A nod from a sleepy page of my Diary. Read it after dinner.

I feel the hand of gentle sleep upon  
 My eyelids ; and her shadowy mantle thrown  
 Around my limbs, depriving them of action !  
 Her soft and balmy breath, inhaled, steals one  
 By one my senses, and I sink slowly  
 And helplessly, yet sweetly, in her arms.

No. 4 is a fore and back handed compliment to the girls. 'Tis the beginning of a juvenile poem—written ere the waxen wing of Pegasus had lost its plumage by abrasion with the Law.

## THE ORIGIN OF WOMAN.

Man rose to life in Eden's bowers  
 Amid the fairest fruits and flowers,  
 With " form erect" and noble mien  
 The Monarch of that new made scene,  
 Whilst all his humble subjects round  
 With bodies prone, survey'd the ground.  
 Of all God's works the last, the best,  
 With God's " own likeness," too, impressed,  
 He looks upon that garden fair,  
 Whose sweets, for him, are centered there,  
 Where'er he turns to earth or sky,  
 Some-new born beauty meets his eye ;  
 Ambrosial sweets, to calm and please,  
 Olfiant breathe in every breeze ;  
 The clust'ring fruit, the tinselled flower,  
 Enhance the charm of Beauty's bower ;  
 The fragrant shrub and trellised vine,  
 Encro'ling o'er his path, entwine ;

The rosy Morn and shadowy Even  
 Are gilded with the glow of Heaven ;  
 The dew-drop, sparkling in the sheen,  
 Begems the lawn of living green,  
 While showering mists refresh the scene.  
 All Nature *lives* : the sportive beam  
 Salutes the limpid, laughing stream :  
 Enwreathed in smiles, the azure sky  
 Is list'ning to the breezes' sigh :  
 The Sun, by day, unveils the grove,  
 (Where wooing myriads, whisper love,)  
 And pours on all the life that teems  
 A flood of liquid-golden beams.  
 The modest Moon, with softer light,  
 Enchants the mystic shades of night.  
 And syren Echo answers there  
 Each silver sound that strikes the air.  
 The gushing fount, the rippling rill,  
 The purple slope, and sweeping hill,  
 And smiling love in thousand forms,  
 And playful mirth, and music's charms,  
 And Fancy in her flitt'ring gleam,  
 Elysian sleep, and spirit dream,  
 And joyous Earth, and Heaven combine  
 To render Man's abode *divine*.  
 But though delight around him shone,  
 He dwelt—alas ! he *felt* *ALONE*.  
 For in Creation's varied round  
 No heart of kindred pulse he found.  
 Above him, Angels—and above  
 Them all, Jehovah—God of Love.  
 Below him, " beast and creeping things"  
 Submissive to him as their king.  
 But all above him, all below,  
 Had some to share the Spirit's flow.  
 For first above, sat Deity,  
 Mysterious Godhead—One in three :  
 The Father, Spirit, and the Son,  
 In pow'r, in love, in wisdom one :  
 Unfathomed Union—bound, yet free,  
 Distinct, Coequal Trinity.—  
 Next Angels round Jehovah there  
 Each other's thoughts and glories *share* :  
 While Earth-born brute in humble sphere  
 Hath, too, a *partner's* voice to cheer.  
 But Man—Creation's noblest son,  
 For whom the mighty work began—

Still vainly seeks, and he alone,  
A heart responsive to his own !  
The Maker saw, and then, to prove  
The riches of unfathomed love,  
Devised a plan, for man to woo  
A partner of *his bosom* too.—  
He buried Adam in a sleep  
Profoundly sweet—and yet so deep,  
So deathlike, that Elysian rest,  
That painless, from his open breast  
He took a *rib*—its place supplied,  
And closed again the sleeper's side :  
Of this he formed a being rare,  
Of all in Paradise most fair :  
In image Man—yet from her cheek  
The softer tints of beauty speak.  
Her eye, than his, more piercing seems,  
Yet with a sweeter brilliance beams,  
His, bold as Phœbus rolling far,  
Her's, gentle as the evening star.  
Her countenance more placid grew,  
Her form and feature finer too.  
Such spirit beauty charmed her now,  
Such radiant sweetness smoothed her brow,  
Such airy form and fairy grace,  
Such innocence illumines that face—  
Where phantom lilies chase the rose,  
And pulsing pleasure ebbs and flows,  
So pure her lip, her eye so bright,  
So vivid in its liquid light,  
So perfect all, form, feature, air,  
It seemed as in that wondrous Fair  
Heaven met with earth and *kissed* her there.  
And when beneath Eve's voice, that broke  
In silver sweetness, Adam woke,  
Such unknown beauty meets his gaze,  
Such unseen grace in all her ways,  
That she, upon his vision, seems  
A spirit from the land of dreams.  
And, oh ! what bliss, when that ideal  
Merged in the rapture of the real—  
When Adam learned from *where* she sprung,  
And *why* to him she fondly clung,  
And on his every movement hung,  
First Heavenward bent his grateful gaze  
With overflowing heart of praise,  
Then turning to his blushing bride  
He drew her fondly to his side,



And, in the pure ambrosial air,  
 Embraced his bosom partner there !  
 Then first—despite his former blindness—  
 Knew he the rapture of a *kiss*.  
 A *kiss* ! that joyous, fatal greeting,  
 Where passion'd souls through lips are meeting :  
 That, first enkindled glow,  
 Electric thrilled *his* bosom so,  
 Hath *sealed* for Men a world of wo !  
 He kissed her ! and because she came  
 From his own flesh, bestowed the name  
 Of Woman. Thus on Earth began  
 To live, God's brightest boon to man.  
 Alas ! he knew not *then* that she,  
 The *darkest curse* was soon to be  
 On him and his posterity.—  
 Oh, if one "spare-rib" from his breast,  
 Awhile the dearest and the best,  
 Should prove so soon a poison'd snare,  
 'Tis well he'd no more *ribs* to spare.  
 For howsoe'er her name we scan,  
 In action or *Orthography*,  
 The same result we still will see ;  
 For *Woman*, since her *pow'r* began,  
 Has only been a *wo* to *Man*.

No. 5 "And thus endeth the second lesson."

Yours ever,

RICHARD ROE.

#### SUPERSTITION AND INFIDELITY CONTRASTED.

THE principle of reverence is a constituent part of that compound of affections and dispositions which goes by the cant name of "human nature." Whether it was originally implanted in the breast of man by his Creator, and be consequently an innate moral faculty ; or whether as an acquired disposition in the ignorance of an uncivilized condition, it has since descended as a constitutional bequest from father to son ; or whether it be with each individual the effect of circumstances in the shape of the prejudices of childhood, or the impressions received from objects and events in riper years, are all questions open to interesting discussion. They are not embraced within our present province, which merely predicates the fact, without reference to its origin. But allowing that the influences, such as were last mentioned, do not actually give birth to this reverence that universally per-

vades the human bosom, surely they are *sufficient* in power and extent to be found capable of such agency. They at least deepen such marks as Nature's hand hath engraven on the soul.

Reflect, how mysterious and terrible all those objects and events must appear to the infant mind, which, however simple they may be after a half-score years' experience with the world, yet are to him on his first introduction here clothed with the same wonder and awe, that a miracle, or exhibition of magic, would be to the man. Every thing about him is a marvel, to which no past experience furnishes a key—a riddle which no reason solves, but which an even then developed sense of the terrible invests with awe. The child's mind goes forth through the avenues of perception and sense, to light upon nothing which it can grasp, and from which it can extract the nourishment of knowledge, and return with the *strengthening* feeling of *superiority*. All is too high for him to attain to, too deep for him to penetrate, too broad for him to embrace. He *feels* the fact. It leaves a deep, broad mark upon the tablet of his mind, now ready to catch any impression, and unoccupied by any former ones. It remodels his now pliant soul after a new form,—even the form of reverence for a *something* higher than what his self-consciousness reveals to him within.

When, moreover, this child goes forth into the world, and takes cognizance of the works of Nature spread out in such beauty and sublimity to his view, it is with feelings far different from us, in whom "custom hath made it a property of easiness" to survey such a scene with indifference; and they are different, perhaps, from any which we *remember* to have ever been sensible of. The manifestations before him of a design, power, and goodness, superior to his own, bodies forth earlier impressions into the insensible recognition of a great truth.—Call it a truth, a prejudice, or what you may, he has stamped within him for life and death the feeling, that there exists a Being infinitely superior to himself in all the qualities that constitute dignity. Only *modifying* views attend an increase of years, when education enables its subject to trace the laws of Nature, to mark the ways of Providence, and to observe the stately steppings of that Superior Being on this world's stage of action.

But we will not dwell longer upon these imperceptible influences at work upon the mind to convince it of a God and a hereafter,—so strong, indeed, that even the hardest infidel confessed his inability, at death, to shake off what he termed "the prejudices of early years." Let us next consider superstition, which is an offspring of this principle of reverence, with ignorance for its progenitor. We define it to be a reverence based on ideas prompted simply by the feelings, without those modifying views furnished by an enlightened reason. The three dispositions of the mind, fear, respect, and love, which combine to make up genuine piety, are here either not severally represented at all, or else not in their right proportion. Superstition, the vitiated substitute, knows nothing, to any extent, but fear, with reference to the Deity. It is the religion of an ignorant mind, as such, which admits facts, but draws wrong conclusions therefrom. Its subject observes a war of

thunder and lightning in the "elemental strife," and may notice that some disaster, public or private, occurs shortly after. He instantly connects, as cause and effect, that which merely stood in the relation of antecedent and consequent. Superstition erects a false creed on such facts. In her eyes, the former is the forewarning expression of divine wrath, and the latter, its dire fulfillment.

Such is superstition, the homage of an uninstructed mind, "leaping from Nature up to Nature's God," controlled by an active imagination, and acknowledging no subjection to reason.

Infidelity, on the other hand, has in some degree an opposite character. It is apt to be the belief of a mind which follows only the *immediate* dictates of reason. Does the infidel live in an unchristianized land,—he then turns away from the prevailing Deism, to the dark despair of the heart "without God in the world," because, perhaps, he cannot reconcile the existence of physical or moral evil with the idea of a Sovereign worthy of his worship. Or, have "the lines fallen unto him" in places rejoicing under the light of Divine Revelation, he will stumble into cold, lifeless Deism, over the doctrine of the Trinity or Election. Like some poor monomaniac radical, his mind regards every subject merely as it is in itself, and not as a part of a whole. We said that he follows the *immediate* dictates of reason, because it is, after all, by our reason entirely, that we know the truth of this same revelation, and hence, in an indirect sense, the truth of each thing contained therein. The conviction of his intellect furnishes the only ground for confidence to the believer in the Bible. But the infidel, deriding this faith-like "method of believing every thing by the lump," is too short-sighted to look back of the seeming inconsistency of several truths to those proofs by which we are bound to receive them as particulars embraced under an authentic general. His state is that of a mind lifted up in the conceit of its own powers, when he is unable to *understand* the growth of a simple blade of grass, and by his own rule should distrust his mind's existence, because he cannot *comprehend* how it acts through the body.

With these conceptions, then, of superstition and infidelity, we may be prepared to compare their relative effects on the world in times past, and also, to venture an opinion with regard to their future influence on our poor human nature.

Let us question the oracles of history on this subject, and they will give their response in accordance with the conclusions we might form from what we know of man's heart, and the nature of these, his two vices. We are assured that infidelity has never been the curse of our world. Men have been disposed rather to worship ignorantly the true God, to set up altars to His representatives, and to prostitute His revelations, than to deny His existence. To this fact witnesses the history of the Jews, ever prone to idolatry, but never, in their most abandoned periods, without the presence of altars, temples, and groves, throughout their land. The rude, ill-constructed mythology of the Norsemen, with its Odin and his beastly associate deities, held dominion in those Celtic and Gothic minds, which we might suppose too cold, ungoverned,

and ill-attuned to acknowledge and fear any superior. The classical system of the Greek and Roman, with the devotion of the one to external, and of the other to moral beauty, was never cast out from their minds in the midst of luxury and sensuality, by any of the physical influences at that time so prevalent. When the philosopher turned away from the grosser faith of the multitude to his own dreamy speculations and abstractions, he groped about in his darkness only to discover the Divine and infinite essence of all things. It will be remembered that he seldom disputed about the existence of the object of his search. He was accused rather of introducing new gods, than of removing from its place in the hearts of his countrymen the altar to the Unknown God.\*

When upon the ruins of these highly imaginative, sentimental, and sensual systems, was erected the Christian faith, it was but grafting truth upon error, rather than planting it in a virgin and unencumbered soil. The elements of the former superstitious character remained in a state only of temporary subjugation. They soon made their appearance by corrupting Christianity with materiality, by multiplying inferior divinities, by deifying abstract virtues as imagination gave them the concrete form in individuals, and finally by introducing debasing ideas of a future state. Scarcely five centuries had elapsed, and the woman of the prophecies, even Superstition, had under a new form reseated herself on the seven hills, and her garments were red with the blood of martyrs. As we turn over the voluminous accounts of the illegitimate offspring religions of the Gospel, since that time, page after page presents a series of disgusting pictures of the workings-out of the same disposition in half-enlightened minds and depraved hearts. In fine, so far as the light of history enables us to discover the features of the past, we see them rather swollen with the ignorance of bigotry, and lighted up with the excitement of fanaticism, than deadened with the cold, sullen aspect of skepticism.

One age there was, however, which forms an exception to our sweeping remark. Pardon us, when we call it by its popular title, the *Age of Reason*—a bitter satire on the times; times, forsooth, when SUPERSTITION built temples to the Goddess of Reason, PASSION lighted the fires on her altars, and BRUTALITY indited the prayers of her priests. Why! we will not call this an exception. Ignorance and frenzy had only cohabited to give birth to a monster, that we would call superstition, could we recognize in it aught of reverence. It was indeed an anomaly in form; but our old enemy had only put on a new mask, the mask of reason, itself. As it was, a perfect swarm of fooleries and puerile worships sprang forth to fill that chamber in the soul, which an utter Atheism would have an empty void. A few minds attempted with imperfect success to bewilder the age. The darkness speedily melted away, when they blessed the world by leaving it.

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\* Κάίνα δαιμόνια εισφέρων.—*Zenophon's Mem.*

Βεβητοῖς τοῖς ἑκτεγέγραπτο. Ἀγνώτω Θεῷ.—*Acts xvii, 23.*

Such was the character of infidelity then, and such, we venture to assert, it will ever be. There never yet existed a nation of infidels; there never will exist one. Infidelity can never be *popular* with such beings as men, and still less with men that live in such a world as ours. Turn where we will, there greet the philosopher's *eye*, pour light upon the moralist's *mind*, and strike home to the honest man's *heart*, such curious adaptations of periodicities, forces, and quantities, throughout nature, that the idea of superhuman agency is an image pictured on each of their minds with a daguerreotype indelibility, and in the several colors of *law*, *truth*, and *religion*. We have ever before us, "ten thousand vegetable and animal watches, as it were, which correspond with so many sun-dials in the astronomic periods."<sup>\*</sup> We tremble at the bare thought of an alternative, when we reflect upon the nice adjustment of terrestrial forces to that of gravity; so that, lived we on an earth greater or smaller, denser or rarer, than the present one, there would be required a change in all things, from the "structure of the footstalks of the little flowers that hang their heads under our hedges," to the other worlds, with which the present adaptation alone can safely connect us. But more than all this, and distinct from any special benevolent end, as the conspiring part of a related system, we sometimes observe among things entirely *arbitrary*, such a complexion and character preserved as forcibly testifies to their divine origin. We refer to such instances as the planetary distances, where by a certain law of increase by multiples and powers, a fixed series of distances from the sun is discovered to us, and for which no consideration of the utility or stability of the system can be assigned. The final cause alone appears, and becomes additionally strong, in our eyes, as it is the only one to support this remarkable arrangement. Can we forbear regarding such phenomena with the same interest that we do the hieroglyphic writing in the Egyptian pyramids, which, after the cypher is discovered, gives information of their ancient makers! It is as though Jehovah, in the midst of his works of benevolence and might, had traced here and there a line to tell of Himself, their Creator.

But why specify abstruse arguments that stand out before only the educated few? These are not the ones that deliver the mass of mankind from infidelity. They recognize God visible in Nature, without tearing away the veil of the seeming, and penetrating to the real. The Almighty's finger has written proofs of His Being on the *surface* of the earth, and no sophistry can wash them out. His representatives ride in the heavens, and will ever be there to pour light upon our minds, and direct our gaze upwards from the things of sense and sight, to something more elevated, mighty, and good, than any thing met with in the confined bounds of materiality.

We have thus, in a somewhat desultory manner, stated our ideas of two very opposite vices, and compared their respective prevalence in

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<sup>\*</sup> Bridgewater Treatises, Part III.

the world. Has not, reader, the comparison been a CONTRAST, in origin, character, and effect? Yet each have ever joined hands to enter the temple of Satan's worship, and stood shoulder to shoulder to do battle in his cause.

It will be seen that we have committed ourselves on the subject of their probable disturbing force on human nature in coming time. If our definitions be correct, infidelity will only be found as an unnatural, and consequently rare, distortion of the intellect,—a mental aberration, supplied by other means of vision than those of nature,—an artificial state that owes its origin to disease. But superstition is the tendency, and, when unresisted, the traveled course of man, fallen from his primitive condition. Are we sighing for the time when it shall no longer have its victims, let us remember that ignorance, its progenitor, must first be banished from the world. This, its offspring, with bigotry and fanaticism as sisters in its train, will continue to roam to and fro in the earth, until every nook and cranny in the human mind shall have been enlightened by a flood of light from on high, and every pore of the heart purified by spiritual religion.

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#### CREATION—AN ALLEGORY.

WE have a perfect evidence, from our senses, that the Universe exists; but how it gained existence, furnishes matter for second consideration. The man of reason and reflection never hesitates whose work to esteem it; but the sceptic, through ages, has loved to dwell on the possibility of another agency than the will of the Eternal. We behold the heavens spangled with glittering worlds, trooping, like a company of embodied spirits, in celestial symmetry, under inflexible laws. We behold the earth laden with countless objects of beauty and grandeur, that ravish our wonder, and exalt the soul. On every hand, we meet with matter of interest and surprise—tokens that declare, in more than thunder-tones, the finger of design. Consider the minutest animalculæ revealed under the microscope, and the leviathan of the seas—the ant's tiny bulwark which the heel demolishes, and the mountain, hoary by the lapse of ages—the grass-spear, which serves so humble an office in Nature's decoration, and the cedar of Lebanon—and the many and various orders, classes, and gradations that these limits encompass; then tell me, sceptic, tell me, worshiper of an unknown power, could anything inferior to a mind of omnipotence and supreme wisdom, have given being to such vast kingdoms of such startling wonders? Still, in the face of these great evidences, the sceptic, all clad in his flimsy armor of folly and infidelity, battles madly against the idea of a creative Intelligence, and builds a mountain of absurdities in his futile efforts to overthrow the castle of Truth. He upholds a creature of his own fancy, and places Chance on the throne of Cre-

ation. He deifies a conjecture, and resorts to arguments as airy to support its legitimacy.

I would convey my notions on this subject, and exhibit the aqueous style of argumentation in general adoption among these mad-brain empirics in the science of natural physics, and the being of the Universe, under the shape of an allegory, a style of composition of great favor in antiquity, and of all others the most delightful and entertaining as a carriage for ethics or didactics.

In the younger days of the world, Reason and Scepticism, two characters in parentage, in disposition and in ability most unequal, had a desperate wrangling in regard to the true theory of Creation. Reason was born of Understanding and Reflection, being esteemed a most profound philosopher and worthy sage. But Scepticism was the offspring of Darkness, having been begotten of the Wind, and, though he aspired to a philosopher's beard, could well be classed among those caitiffs of Athens, who would fain equal themselves with the Great Father of the Peripatetics.

Reason affirmed that an omnipotent Intelligence fashioned the Earth, and the gorgeous dome of the Heavens, and those larger and lesser lights that burn there; and, as an active, vivifying principle, ever pervades and governs the universal realm of Nature. It is invisible as it moves in its mysterious agency, but is strikingly manifest in its astounding effects. It guides the silent march of the spheres—it opens heaven in genial showers, and causes the hills and valleys, in the revolving seasons, to exult in their gay and various embellishments, and to glorify in praises the Great Dispenser.

This orthodox opinion of Reason, Scepticism was firm to disavow, inasmuch as it militated against his own more profound speculation, which, as he assevered on his honor, was unimpeachable.

And this is his fancy-child! Chance, the lord of the firmament and the hosts beneath it, no impotent nor phantom deity, eccentric in the full scope of his character, and supreme in the justice and perfection of government, of old was wont to relax himself amid his sterner avocations by blowing bubbles of chaos and night, which, floating into vacuity, and tracking out harmonious orbits, were, by a long concatenation of unknown principles, transformed into worlds, and stars, and suns. With so weak a weapon would Scepticism assail the strong philosophy of Reason!

Now it might well be doubted whether Chance, the natural seed, as many have testified, of Nemo and Outis, being of so obscure and questionable an origin, in right or reality possessed so lofty a throne; and consequently his capability for throwing off worlds at will and random could be called in question. But Scepticism had taken his ground; and since, in his opinion, it was a most ignominious disgrace ever to be in the wrong, and a greater to yield, though knowingly at fault, he determined to abide fastly thereby. Reason was filled with such a full consciousness of the truth of his own assertions, that he could not, without offence to his dignity and his inward monitor, abandon them. Unable, therefore, to come at a decision between themselves, they

agreed to refer the case to a supreme judiciary, constituted to decide all disputed questions in ethics and philosophy.

Straightway, then, they proceeded to the palace of Eternal Wisdom, that crowned the summit of the high hill of Knowledge. They came upon the immaculate Judge in state, upon his tribunal, and dispensing sentence with a righteous hand; whilst virtue, as a robe and diadem, covered him. Above him hovered the hawk of inflexible Law. On his right, Learning sat with heaps of ancient tomes and parchment rolls. On his left, Experience, with a golden harp, sang of the excellent results of previous judgments, confirmed the dictates of Wisdom, and bore exalted testimony to his penetration and worth. Behind stood the stern ministers of Justice, with the axes and the rods to enforce and complete the frequent decisions. Winged Dispatch, like a Cupid, pervaded the entire hall; whilst Desire, radiant with smiles and loveliness, offered sweet incense for the kind favor of Concord. The flambeaux of Truth beamed in every niche, and shed a dazzling lustre along the fretted arches and jeweled walls.

Our litigants approached, and bent with humility and reverence before the majesty of Wisdom. But before farther preliminary ceremonies could be offered, overstepping all restraints of etiquette and decorum, fearful lest Reason might anticipate and overreach him, supposing in his indigence of reflection that the first presented cause would meet with the most gracious reception, and most favorable judgment, and in order that he might convince the court seasonably of the utter contempt in which he held his antagonist, Scepticism burst forth in a rigmarole of import and style somewhat as follows:

"A lordly subject, I am present to present to your consideration—a majestic subject, not in the province of jest, but full worthy of the deepest attention of the highest of philosophers, of whom I am chief. Concerning it, I have, with some concern for my dignity, condescended to exchange a few words with this infamous paltroon, whose perception, however, was so petrified by obstinacy that my acutest arguments failed to make any breach. We all well know, that I could, without any labor, have belabored my sentiments into him, but, that the whole world may be conscious of what supermundane genius, and sagacity, and sapience, I am master of, I have concluded to refer the adjustment of the matter to you, which, I have all expectation and knowledge, will be decided in my favor. It respects this Universe that we inhabit, which this renegade of sense most ignorantly affirms was created, aye created, by an omnipotent Intelligence, deploying in his vain employ words beyond the limits of his comprehension. But I declare that it was not created—because it was not; that it wandered of itself into being—because it did. There nowhere exist more exalted and intelligent creatures than ourselves—because there are none; and it is clearly manifest that we could not have fashioned this great work—because we could not. Therefore, it must have come like all things else beside—because it could have come in no other way. Any opinion at variance with this, must, of necessity, introduce a train of absurdities of a most flagrant disposition. Such unsubstantial founda-



tion had it as this. The germs were begotten of Almighty Chance, who holds the sceptre of Nature, in the shape of airy globes or bubbles, confused, in truth, at first, and loose ; but by inherent power, all, by gradations, assumed a tone of harmony ; and thus, as I informed this wretched losel, by a long concatenation of unknown principles, they were in themselves transformed into these bright, rolling, concordant spheres."

The dignity of the Judge, and the majesty of the tribunal, were contemned and trampled on. Forbearance could no longer contain herself, and the egotist and reviler was compelled to silence. Reason arose ; and with such grace, and brevity, and power, did he present his doctrine, and the arguments of its foundation, derived chiefly from the internal evidences of nature, that the whole court was astonished and convinced.

After this manner did he conclude :—

" Thus, most reverend Power, have we seen that this vast system of orbs, this nice machinery of worlds, is of so great perfection and concord, as to evince, in every quarter, the impress of a designing mind ; and design implies intelligence and rational power. But Chance, if such an effigy of dominion ever existed elsewhere than in a wild imagination, from his very character, a character which he might neither change nor cast off, could have been the author of no work so complete and glorious. A ship without a helm must founder, and order, with no sustaining agency, must relapse into chaos. Let us avail ourselves, too, of the light of Revelation, by contemning which, many have wandered away into the by-paths of error, wherein, groping in utter darkness, they have stumbled, to their harm, upon the rocks of inconsistency that bestrew those narrow tracks, or have been engulfed in the many syrtes of folly. Guided by this, and the great truths it reveals, we shall ever be enabled to survey this vast " sensorium of the Godhead," which lies stretched out about us, with those sublime feelings which become men immortal, though destined to pass away."

Wisdom declared his decision. Chance, he judged to be an idle phantom, and delivered its caitiff devotee into the hands of the Ministers of Justice, to be cast headlong from the brow of the hill of Knowledge. But Reason he clad in purple and garlands, and received to a seat at his own right hand.

## THE TIME TO DIE.

I would not die when the sky is bright,  
And the world is bathed in golden light—  
When birds sing sweetly 'mid forest trees,  
And music floats on each passing breeze ;  
When cloudless suns in the distant West  
Calmly retire to their nightly rest—  
For, when all is gay with summer bloom,  
I would not lie in the lightless tomb !

Oh ! lay me not in the cold, cold ground,  
When Nature smiles in beauty around :  
When earth is deck'd with the fairest flowers,  
And youth is sporting in shady bowers ;  
While warm, soft zephyrs of gentle Spring  
From every clime their sweet perfume bring—  
When sunlight gleams from each dancing wave,  
Hide me not then in the silent grave !

I would not be snatch'd from scenes below,  
While on my cheek there is health's bright glow ;  
For I would wish to be useful here,  
And fill with honor some chosen sphere—  
While dreams of hope would lead me along,  
And I hear the syren's flattering song—  
While loving hearts with deep feeling swell,  
Let me not then with the earth-worm dwell !

Bury me not at the close of day,  
When the twilight softly fades away ;  
When a deathlike stillness fills the air,  
And goodness kneels at the place of prayer !  
Be not the church-yard my place of rest—  
Let no hallowed dust fall on my breast—  
Where sleep my fathers let me not sleep—  
May lov'd ones over my grave ne'er weep !

But let me die at the midnight hour,  
When winds howl loud and dark clouds lower ;  
With no friend near to close my fix'd eye,  
Or bend his ear for my last faint sigh :  
Let no speaking marble mark the spot,  
Where, 'neath the clods, my body shall rot :  
There let me rest from earth's toilsome strife,  
Till God shall wake me to endless life !

## SOCIAL EQUALITY IN REPUBLICS.

THE discovery, or at all events the first assertion of the truth, that "all men are born free and equal," must be ascribed to a comparatively recent date. Though no age has ever wholly lost sight of some of the most important principles of civil liberty, these have generally been confined to isolated spots, and considered by their fortunate possessors as wholly inapplicable to foreign or dependent nations. The ancients indeed rarely made use of general rules, and had no conception of the universality of truth. A conquered enemy reduced to slavery, as he was inferior *de facto*, was considered to be so *de jure*. His nature was believed as debased as his condition; the idea never entered into the head of the master, that his slave had an inherent *right* to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The same principles were introduced into their political institutions, and were recognized in the distribution of the powers of government. A difference of condition made a difference of rank and influence. Nearly all the artificial hereditary distinctions of society may be traced to the narrow-minded views of less enlightened ages. It is impossible to state with certainty how or on what grounds they sprung up, since they had their origin at a time farther back than the memory of Authentic History can reach: yet the changes of character they experienced, and the causes of these variations, may authorize us to hazard a conjecture in regard to the manner of their birth. We should say, then, that under despotisms they were established in a single generation, on the ground of superior ability and energy, and thenceforth maintained by authority thus acquired. In republics they were longer in coming to maturity, commencing with the qualifications just stated, and becoming eventually involved with that of wealth.

In the virtuous days of the state, these aristocracies, embracing as they did nearly all the citizens of superior intelligence and refinement, gave it dignity and character abroad, and magnificence at home; but in subsequent and more corrupt times, the distinction and power which the higher classes had gradually accumulated without opposition from the people, they persisted in holding in defiance of its wishes. The privileges formerly enjoyed as a favor came to be asserted as a right: from the character of patrons, the nobility assumed that of masters, their first care being to maintain their own supremacy. Possessed of all the reality of power, they next directed their efforts to surrounding themselves with its splendor; and thus were finally organized in the state those two classes, of the one of which tyranny seems to have been the asserted prerogative, and of the other, submission the expected duty—classes which continued to exist throughout antiquity and the middle ages, founded on no distinctions of merit, but on birth and condition, surviving all changes of government, all advances and retrocessions in civilization, found in nations of every character, everywhere and at all times, until men assumed as a settled axiom that which they

have but just begun to doubt,—that hereditary distinctions of rank and dignity are necessarily identified with the very existence of nations.

No one who has the least acquaintance with history, is ignorant that in these distinctions lay the great difficulty in the systems of the ancient republics. These governments, though perhaps better designated by the term republican, than by any other, had but little claim to the respect and confidence inspired by the family name. Their defects were not necessarily found in the republican features of the governmental system, nor did they originally spring from any growing degeneracy in the people. They were such as must have followed the same causes under any system short of a military despotism, in spite of any virtue less than perfection. They arose from the unequal distribution of wealth and power, and from the consequent abuse of these advantages by that class which held them, producing a total separation and alienation between the rich and the poor. We see the effects of these distinctions written on every page of their history. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," and in times of safety from external danger, the edifice was shaken and torn by the convulsions within. It was only in great and sudden emergencies, such as drove out all thoughts of private differences before the overwhelming sense of common danger, uniting all for the common defense, when they could not shut their eyes to the truth, that all classes must act in concert or fall together, that the old virtue and the true Republican spirit shone out. Such occasions were like the flashes of lightning to the benighted traveler, warning him of his danger and revealing the place of shelter; but no sooner had the storm passed, than, forgetful of the lesson they had received, they again set forth on the same hazardous course. Had they learned wisdom from experience, they would have abolished every feature in their social system, which recognized the existence of distinct orders, or which implied a diversity of interests among the people. The one party would have given up its improper opposition to popular rights, and the other its undue jealousy of patrician influence. Counsels of mutual conciliation would have prevailed—in short, the object of universal desire and action would have been to effect "*E pluribus, unum.*"

The changes which we have been considering, in the society of the ancient republics, were, from comparative equality, to the establishment of classes differing in influence, interest, and feeling. Somewhat similar, though in the opposite direction, have been the alterations in our country. Previous to the revolution, while under a monarchical government, the divisions in society were much more distinct than at present. There were regular gradations, from the Governor, appointed by the crown, and the brilliant circle of a few aristocratic families which composed his quasi court, down to the sturdy yeomanry, who formed the body of the people. Firm and durable as the granite hills, these sustained upon their surface a verdure which they did not nourish,—which never sprang from their own bosom, and which might decay and disappear in the lapse of time, or be prostrated at once by the hurricane of revolution, while the imperishable rock

beneath remained unmoved. In New England, indeed, this verdure was comparatively scanty, for here, there was but little superficial soil into which it could strike its roots; there were no gradual changes in fertility between the foundation and the exterior surface; there was the hard stone, and little else.

If we consider the manner of the early settlement of the New England Colonies, and the character and circumstances of their founders, it will not only not appear strange that the society of these should have been so different from that of the rest, but we shall see that it could not well have been otherwise. Their first settlers, whose habits and peculiar turn of mind were such as to prevent the mixture with themselves, of those of different dispositions, were united to each other by every tie which can bind heart to heart. Originally nearly equal in birth and fortune, any disparity in these respects, which might have once existed, had ever been overlooked in the entire devotion of all to the same holy cause, and was now forgotten in circumstances which rendered stout hearts and strong arms more valuable possessions than rank or fortune. The only differences they recognized were, in prosperity, deeper humility and superior holiness of life, and in adversity, a more unyielding trust in God. The past called up recollections of the same loved home, where all had alike suffered for the truth, and of the privations they had endured together in the wilderness; the present was continually reminding them of their dependence on each other, and on their common Father in Heaven; the future caused their hearts and songs to swell together, in thanksgiving for bright prospects of plenty and happiness, or humbled all alike when their God seemed to have hidden himself from their view. And when they had grown from feeble bands to strong and flourishing colonies, the sons were cast in the same uniform mould as the fathers. No laws of primogeniture, and no differences in education, had come in to give one greater influence or advantages than another. The social equality, and the freedom of government which the fathers had adopted from necessity as well as choice, were transmitted unimpaired to posterity, and maintained by them until the long experience of liberty had made it a part of their moral nature, something absolutely essential to their well-being. In such a society, there existed no germs of an aristocracy. It could not spring from a difference of wealth or education, for both were almost equally distributed. It could not arise from rank or influence in the government of the State, for the rulers were chosen from and by the people, and frequently changed. The Governor alone was appointed by the Crown, without the coöperation or advice of the colonists, generally unacceptable to the people, and continually involved in disputes with their representatives. Himself and his family, sometimes supported by a few friends, temporary residents of the colony, formed an aristocracy, for which few beyond itself had any sympathy or respect.

It was not so, however, in all the other colonies. In many of them the classes were almost as clearly marked and as readily distinguished, as though they had been different races of men. Virginia offers, perhaps, as good an example as any, of the prevalence of these distinc-

tions ; and the various features of its society have been thus delineated by a contemporary :

“ In such a state of things, scarcely admitting any change of station, society would settle itself down into several *strata*, separated by no marked lines, but shading off imperceptibly from top to bottom, nothing disturbing the order of their repose. There were, then, first, *aristocrats*, composed of the great landholders, who had seated themselves below tidewater on the main rivers, and lived in a style of luxury insupportable by the other inhabitants, and which, indeed, ended, in several instances in the ruin of their own fortunes. Next to these, were what might be called *half-breeds*, the descendants of the younger sons and daughters of the aristocrats, who inherited the pride of their ancestors, without their wealth. Then came the *pretenders*, men who, from vanity, or the impulse of growing wealth, or from that enterprise which is natural to talents, sought to detach themselves from the plebeian ranks to which they properly belonged, and imitated at some distance the manners and habits of the great. Next to these were a solid and independent *yeomanry*, looking askance at those above, yet not venturing to jostle them. And last and lowest, a *fæculum* of beings, called overseers, the most abject, degraded, unprincipled race, always cap in hand to the dons who employed them, and furnishing materials for the exercise of their pride, insolence, and spirit of domination.”

Such, in fact, or very much like it, was the state of society throughout most of the middle and southern colonies. It was, perhaps, partly owing to the influence of slavery, which there prevailed to a greater extent than in New England ; but it had grown up gradually, and was chiefly attributable to the difference in the standing, characters, and manners of the first settlers, together with various minor causes, which had been operating since the colonies were founded. Their governments, if not completely aristocratical, were administered by the upper classes almost entirely, and but little interest was taken, and not much more influence exercised in them by the body of the people.

Thus it continued until the revolution, which, when it passed off, left the face of society completely changed. In that mighty and protracted struggle, all the artificial distinctions which had previously existed, were proved but empty names. All classes united at once in support of the common cause. Unity of feeling, of object, and of action, swept away in a moment every nominal inequality, and the long period during which all ranks stood side by side in the contest, fixed them in that position. Had the war been a short one, whether it had ended in the establishment of independence, or had been but a successful rebellion, it would probably have effected no permanent change in the social condition of the people.

The discussion of the universal principles upon which the contest turned, brought into general notice those grand truths which form the basis of our political creed. It was necessary, in order to prove the justice of their cause, that the American people should declare it “ a self-evident truth,” that “ all men are born free and equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights ; that among

these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The new State governments were necessarily formed upon these principles; the democratic features, to which the people had always been accustomed, were enlarged and improved, to meet the more comprehensive views which began to be taken of popular rights. In New England there was little change. The people here knew no other state than that of social equality, and the new constitutions were mere modifications of the colony charters. Rhode Island, indeed, continued the administration of government under her original charter until within a few years of the present time.

We have endeavored to show by these examples—and we might have adduced many more—that republican principles, where they exist in their greatest purity, are inseparable from social equality. We think that no republican government can long remain firm or respected, after artificial distinctions of caste, whether founded on wealth, birth, or education, have effected a permanent foothold; and on the other hand, that when the true spirit of liberty has acquired a ruling influence over the minds of the people, these distinctions must speedily vanish. Whichever first makes its appearance, if it is not speedily and thoroughly eradicated, will eventually prove fatal to the other. The equality existing in the republic, therefore, is an index of its liberty, virtue, and consequent prosperity.

This state of society, free from all the gaudy trappings and the unnatural incumbrances with which it has been, in almost every age, invested, is that true republican simplicity which every people who would be free must attain to and preserve. To do this, however, requires a degree of virtue and intelligence in all classes which no nation has ever yet fully enjoyed. Perhaps the present age has seen in our own people the nearest approach to it, but there are evidences that we are deteriorating in this respect. It is not so much that a nobility is growing up amongst us, and placing itself over the heads of the mass, as that the dregs of society are settling down and forming a sediment below. There is a growing jealousy between the rich and the poor, fostered by unprincipled demagogues, and cherished more particularly by an ignorant and rapidly increasing populace, whose ideas of those above them, conceived, perhaps, with some justice, under other governments, are brought to exercise a strong influence in this. Envy and suspicion on the one side, have provoked distrust on the other, and the line of separation is becoming continually more clearly defined.

Under such circumstances, indeed under any circumstances, it is the duty of every citizen to exert his influence to soften down all asperity of feeling, and to remove, as far as possible, every thing which unnecessarily implies or suggests a difference of condition, whether dictated by undue pride, on the one hand, or by jealousy on the other. In this view of the subject, that despicable vanity, the unerring indication of a vulgar mind, which we sometimes see exhibited by would-be aristocrats, the aping imitators of European follies, and which gratifies itself by the display of gorgeous liveries, and the mushroom dignity

of family arms, appears more than contemptible—it is highly censurable. These affectations, ridiculous as they are, evince a longing for the empty titles and paraphernalia of aristocracy, which, if generally indulged in by those who style themselves the higher classes, would tend to excite uneasiness and discontent among that large part of the people who have too little good sense or virtue to despise such unmeaning trifles. If we must have an aristocracy, let it be grounded, as all other aristocracies are, on those qualifications which give to their possessors influence and station in the governments under which they live. If, as under a monarchy, wealth and birth are the most direct roads to political honor, let those who boast of these be ranked as they must be—the nobility of the land. But if our republican governments repose for the preservation of their freedom only upon their being administered by integrity and ability, let those be the higher classes who possess these requisites in the highest degree. Let us have, in short, an aristocracy in its only proper signification, the government of the **BEST**.

Republican simplicity, then, is not a mere abstraction—an unmeaning theme for demagogues to rant upon—the senseless cry of an ignorant and depraved populace. It is something real and important, the preservation of which is a solemn duty, binding not merely on the rich and the proud, but on all classes, high and low, alike. Forever may it be preserved among us, one of the highest glories of our free institutions, the true index of the virtue and intelligence of the nation. Long may our people, equal among themselves, be the nobility of the human race—“Freemen” their title, and contentment and prosperity their unvarying inheritance!

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#### THOUGHTS AND ARGUMENTS TOUCHING RICHES, PRO AND CON.

##### EXCURSATORY.

Give heed to my speech, and judge betwixt me and my theme;  
 Despise not its garb, as tawdry, and frivolous, and vain.  
 Though the inner soul of wisdom be immutably one,  
 Yet is her form Protean, varying with the hues of life.  
 Consider her teachings in nature, in the sombre shade, and the sportive sunbeam.  
 Not alone doth the solemn stern-browed cliff raise ever its voiceless monition;  
 But from the brook in its frolic, and the flower in its vanity, cometh the lesson of truth.  
 Wisdom openeth the lips of age, and serious and grave is her voice:  
 She lists to the follies of youth, and deigneth to speak in his fancies.  
 Give heed, if thou wilt, to the abstract, but scorn not the garb of the concrete.

##### FOR RICHES.

Many and very pleasant are the delights which riches vouchsafe,  
 Though faith rests on trembling wing, for the wicked perverteth the good.  
 They be swift-winged blessings, which, like the carrier dove,



May bear the full tale of thy sympathy, cheering the sorrowing heart,  
 For truly and sweetly saith one, that "gifts are the language of love."  
 They be keys, which rightly used, may open the heart's deep chambers,  
 And draw forth richer treasures from its kindly, gushing sympathies.  
 On riches hath the Deity bestowed peculiar honor,  
 For from the treasures of earth may'st thou reap an heritage in Heaven ;  
 May'st in the narrow scope of time buy boundless empire in eternity,  
 As kings in private conncil barter for distant realms.  
 Fools madly thought from the veins of the earth to fill the red beakers of lust,  
 But oft hath the man of God purged the stream at the fountain head,  
 Like the prophet of old with the healthful seasoning of prayer :  
 And the stream hath rolled gently on amid the dark vales of woe,  
 Where the daughters of misery weep in cypress shades :  
 But the gladdening course of the river hath waked a new minstrelsy there,  
 Even notes such as gratitude pours from her full-toned lyre.

Plant not thy riches in hope of the fruits of gain,  
 But cast them forth on the waves of affliction, seeking not a recompense ;  
 And after many days shall they return enhanced by the blessing of thy Maker.

AGAINST RICHES.

As heat to the air, so is wealth to the pride of man.  
 Who hath deeply drunk of that cup, it is said, swells with the fumes of conceit.  
 Tho' its hues may vie with the evening cloud, yet is wealth a foul, poisoned mantle,  
 Wherewith, if thou wrap thee closely, albeit thy strength be Herculean,  
 Yet thy good shall be deeply corroded, and weakness prevail over might.  
 The mariner voyaging by night on the deep, gently heaving in sleep,  
 Is amazed as he gazes, and deems every ripple to glitter with gold :  
 But beneath is the ravenous maw of the sea-monster, waiting his prey.  
 The sailor, on a broader ocean, sees the glitter of wealth dance before him,  
 (And verily it glittereth most by esteem, in the darkest night of ignorance,)  
 But beneath ruin waiteth his victim, whoso'er madly chaseth the bait.  
 Behold, there be thousands of shapes, in which riches appear to the view.  
 Not alone on the lawns of the great, where Idleness basketh in the sunshine of luxury,  
 But where'er to the squire in the village, coquetish Fortune hath cast a trifle ;  
 Or where the poor-rich savage hath a bauble more bright than his fellows,  
 There riches are seen in effect, for the lighter bark is wrecked by the lighter gale.  
 Wealth is the weeds cast up by the coast of the troubled ocean of life ;  
 And the reckless collector thereof must be soiled with the mire of pollution.  
 Wealth lies hidden deep, thou canst not obtain it by soaring,  
 But must put clogs on thy spirit, as a diver for paltry pearls.  
 The love thereof, saith inspiration, "is the root of all evil," and of many fibres,  
 Whereof only one, tho' the greatest, extends to the heart of the miser ;  
 But there be many, of lesser growth, which reach where thou hast not suspected.  
 If the leaves and the fruit of a tree cast shadow over the world,  
 Shall we not judge that the hidden roots have extended as far beneath ?  
 If thou hast heard of the contagion, let no hectic flush e'er deceive thee.  
 He that is journeying to a far country stoppeth not for the flowers by the way,  
 Knowing they shall wither long ere he cometh to his bourne.  
 Let not, then, these roses delay thee, for all but the thorns shall decay.

## THE REWARDS OF LITERARY MEN.

THE world has ever shown but small favors to its wisest teachers. Even *they* meet with poor encouragement, who come to enlighten and purify it. Poverty, neglect, persecution, the poison-chalice and the prison-house, are the rewards which it has bestowed upon its most learned and wisest benefactors. The philosopher may offer to the world precious truths, of diamond lustre, and like Socrates, receive at its hands, in return, a cup of poison. Copernicus leaves, as his dying bequest, to the world, "a glorious truth—his solar system," while he knows that religion herself will utter her anathemas over his grave. Galileo maintained the stability of the sun, and the motion of the earth, and was doomed by the inquisition to languish in a priestly dungeon. Milton lost his sight in liberty's defence, while his countrymen could coolly taunt him with his misfortune. His epics, worth all the merchandise of the Indies, could command no more than five pounds. These are extreme cases—perhaps some will term them exceptions—yet, we think they illustrate the truth, that learning seldom finds a due reward here—that literary merit meets with poor encouragement from the world.

The history of literature furnishes mournful instances of men of powerful minds, destitute of the comforts of life, even of the necessary means of subsistence. Tasso pined in the cell of a mad-house, while Camoens died begging in the streets of Lisbon. Savage was censured for not knowing when to retire from company—not, we presume, from any defect in his judgment, but in his fortune. He withdrew late and reluctantly, because he was frequently compelled to spend the remaining part of the night in the street or open fields, instead of the chambers of his friends. The "strength of his pocket" could procure him no better lodgings. Poverty and starvation drove the youthful Chatterton to the last act of desperation. Goldsmith traveled over the continent, and was often indebted to his flute for his meals and lodging. Johnson wrote his *Rasselas* to defray the funeral expenses of his mother. The literary productions of these men cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, yet the world denied them a decent living. Some will charge their poverty and suffering to their imprudence and excesses. We are disposed to regard them as men of flesh and blood, like the rest of mankind, and in common with them subject to the same wants, temptations, and sufferings. They have as keen a relish for the comforts and luxuries of life, as he who has them all at his command; yet so mean is the price which the world has set upon their labors, that they are compelled to forego all luxury, and even comfort. Disappointment presents itself in as agonizing a form to these men, as to him who loses his merchandise or his fortune; and, as sure in the one case as in the other, poverty and adversity prove the destroyers of all hope and happiness. Censure and neglect will only serve to aggravate these circumstances—be sure to sacrifice them

to their sensibility and independent feelings. Could the world be induced to treat such men with the consideration they merit, to attach to learning its true dignity—could their productions procure them an adequate support, and thus protect them from poverty and the contempt of mercenary men, the sufferings of authors and the misfortunes of men of genius would no longer form a prominent feature in the history of literature and learning. We do not believe that money can prove an incentive to genius. It can do no more than enable it to satisfy its natural wants, and maintain an honorable independence. Pecuniary motives should never be *the* motives to intellectual exertion, or the pursuit of learning. Indeed, learning is jealous of her votaries. Gold and silver she has not—gold she offers not. Her temple is situated upon a lofty eminence, and surrounded by the temple of Devotion—so that the former can be entered only through the portals of the latter. The mercenary and groveling can never pass her threshold. We believe, then, the condition of poverty for literary men, with all its disadvantages, to be preferable to that of wealth; yet there is a golden mean not to be despised.

The possession of learning is itself a sufficient reward for all the toil and privation necessary for its acquisition. The honest laborer looks with pleasure upon the price of his day's toil; the merchant reckons up his yearly gains with a degree of satisfaction; the rich man points in triumph to the princely fortune he has amassed by rigid economy and intense application to business; yet with what purer delight does the scholar look upon his daily acquisition of knowledge—with what joy does he hail the discovery of each new truth—with what exultation may he point to difficulties overcome, obstacles surmounted, the prize he has won? In the one, it is the refined and elevated pleasure of knowledge and the intellect; in the other, the low gratifications of the senses. The man of learning has in his own mind perennial fountains of pleasure in his materials for thought, in his power to use it to advantage. The man of letters finds an ever-increasing delight in the society of his books, and choice spirits of every age, and in his favorite themes of contemplation. Pure and elevated as are the pleasures of intellect—pleasant as are all the paths which lead to polite literature, and a knowledge of the sciences—delightful as is learning itself, she still offers noble rewards to compensate for the toil, the hardship and privation, by which literary eminence is won.

Posthumous fame is a reward to which no literary man can be indifferent. It is not the desire of unhallowed ambition to be famous, that we now speak of. It is "that last infirmity of a noble mind"—a desire to be remembered with veneration and gratitude—a desire that our memory shall be embalmed in the hearts of the great and good of posterity. It is a principle existing in our nature. This passion glowed in the breast of the youthful Chatterton, while even a child. It was a natural exhibition of it, when a manufacturer, having promised to make Mrs. Chatterton's children a present of some earthen ware, and being asked what device he would have painted on his, he

exclaimed—"Paint me an angel with wings, and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world."

The honorable ambition of the youthful mind of Milton opens itself without reserve to his familiar friend, when he writes as follows: "Hear me, my Deodati, and suffer me, for a moment, to speak without blushing, in a more lofty strain. Do you ask what I am meditating? By the help of heaven, an immortality of fame." And again, when he promises "to leave something, so written, to after times, as his countrymen would not willingly let die." A conscious feeling that they will live in the hearts of posterity—will be remembered by succeeding ages, while the present is indifferent towards them, may serve to neutralize the disappointment which they meet while living—may sustain them in their privations and hardships. They display a kind of heroism in thus trusting to posterity for a just meed of praise, while the present denies it to them.

A still more powerful incentive to literary effort, should be the desire to benefit mankind, and a consciousness of having so done, is the noblest reward of all.

We are wont to attach great importance to princes and rulers of states. Authority is deposited with these men—the people obey and pay all the respect due their preëminence. There is no usurpation on their part—Providence has assigned them this station. It also regulates rank in talents and knowledge, and gives to some the faculty of investigating and deciding the most difficult truths—the power of controlling the opinions of society and the world. Their proper domain is the empire of truth—their sway is coëxtensive with the existence of mind; it is not limited by the boundaries of countries, to the people with whom they associate, nor to the age in which they live. The works of these men perish not with themselves. They may be long neglected; they may be forgotten awhile, with the names of their authors; they may be buried; the envious deluge of oblivion may settle over them; yet they are not injured, their resurrection is sure. "Books," says Milton, "are not absolutely dead things; they contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are. The precious life-blood of a master-spirit, treasured up to a life beyond life; they preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them."

They live with each succeeding age, and become the fountains of truth and knowledge to all mankind. Their influence flows onwards, as in a living, ever-widening stream. The poems of Shakspeare have found their way to almost every dwelling in our land; and as long as the passions of hope and fear, of love and hate, of jealousy and ambition, agitate the breast of man, so long will they be read with profit and pleasure.

The world does right in paying its homage to the poets, the orators, the historians and philosophers of antiquity. They left the world precious truths, of diamond lustre. These have stood the test of time; upon them rests the sanction of ages. They have faithfully preserved and transmitted to us, all that there was of their own times; all that

remains to us of the past, is embodied and embalmed in their works of genius and art. We are admitted into their presence, and with them live in the very world in which they lived. We become witnesses of the deeds they have recorded, of the scenes they have described—acquainted with the men they have celebrated, and approvers or condemners of their actions.

We gaze with delight upon the canvas and statues which present to us the forms and features of great men; we admire monuments reared to commemorate the deeds of individuals and nations; but we peruse with still greater delight, and much greater profit, a faithful record of the deeds and characters of men and nations.

It is, then, the *service* which literary men do the world, the good they accomplish, for which we honor and reward them. The reflection that this life is given to the service of their fellow-men—that their influence is to flow onward for all time—that they will live in succeeding ages, and become the dispensers of light and truth to other nations and other people—that there is a tablet sacred to their memories, which shall stand among men forever—must afford them a higher satisfaction than any earthly reward.

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#### THE TEAR.

THE sun had gathered in each straggling beam,  
And in the western caverns stalled his team;  
In dusky streaks along the heavenly vale  
The birds of night began their lonely sail.  
Now round the zenith, night's black-armored train  
Deploy to sweep the earth from mount to main.  
Startled, they shrink—for o'er the eastern steep,  
The silver smiles of Luna 'gin to peep.  
The white-veiled Goddess now her car prepares.  
And rides unclouded 'mid the dim-lit stars.  
No purer night, more sweet, was ever given,  
More picturing earth with semblant scenes to heaven.  
I stole me forth beneath a stream's wood fringe,  
That threw along the wave a darker tinge,  
And rustled music to the evening breeze,  
As it played gently through the stalwort trees.  
Such times we launch th' unfettered thoughts on high,  
In meditation's car along the sky;  
Pore worlds unnumbered in their shining train,  
The central, utmost orbs of God's domain;  
Hear notes ambrosial, heavenly harpers sing,  
And pierce the presence of th' Eternal King.

I wandering mused; when lo! a fairy maid  
Broke on my sight, upon the green moss laid;

Celestial beauty breathed full radiance there,  
 Streamed o'er her face, and through her silken hair,  
 Lit up her form beyond an earthly glow,  
 And made love's fountains in my bosom flow.  
 Soft I approached. The wind's excursive tread  
 Moves not more softly o'er the flowery mead.  
 Entranced, I gazed; for there the lunar sheen,  
 In glory bursting through th' embowering green,  
 Upon the sleeper slumbered passing clear,  
 And on her cheek revealed a pearly tear,  
 Which just had left the crystal fount within,  
 And slowly crept along the rosy skin.  
 I could not break that sleep; I turned again,  
 And wondering Fancy led her wandering train.  
 A tear! a tear! what volumes there lie rolled,  
 Mayhap of sorrow vast, of pangs untold!  
 How long conjecture bade my fears arise,  
 And made the fount o'erflow my moistened eyes!

A tear oft comes, by anguish forced to flow,  
 To common mortals in this world below,  
 A weeping messenger of pain and woe.  
 But say, can Beauty weep? Can heaven's impress  
 Of holiest touch be robed in humid dross?  
 Can angels weep? Does sorrow's dusky train  
 Of fell-armed sprites career along the main,  
 The mount, the slumbering vale, the plain, the air,  
 And pierce their darts through *all* things living there?  
 Aye, she can weep, and must, while here below  
 Her footsteps press wide earth's purtious of woe.  
 The purple monarch on his golden seat,  
 With trembling nations prostrate at his feet;  
 The prince, who sleeps in luxury's lap of ease;  
 The mariner, who treads the circling seas;  
 The husbandman, who digs his food from earth;  
 The careless youth, o'erfraught with windy mirth;  
 The warrior, staggering under honor's load;  
 The student, slowly creeping learning's road;  
 The poet, lit with heaven's ethereal fire,  
 And beauty enchanting like the siren choir;  
 All, all must wind the penal note of woe;  
 All through the scowling glooms of anguish go;  
 All chide the hoarse-toned sighs to brittle rest,  
 That moan around the cloister of the breast.  
 Heaven gave the law—and Fate unsheathed her power—  
 That man should wrestle in Grief's mournful bower.

## RACINE.

WE have often regretted that the great writers of the Augustine age of French literature receive no more general attention in this country. The language which those writers employed is now studied by every boarding-school Miss, and in every Boys' Academy. Too generally, the knowledge there acquired is left behind, when the youth enters upon the duties of more active life; or is half remembered, only to enliven the drawing-room with a few insipid and pedantic phrases, or, by an extraordinary rise of ambition, to make out a few sentences from the original of Eugene Sue or Paul de Kock.

Now a little painstaking, after the rudimental instruction of the Academy, would open an extensive and noble field of thought, introduce to some of the best dramatists and pulpit orators of modern times, and furnish some of the richest and purest of all human pleasures,—that arising from converse with virtuous souls and exalted intellects. No years of heavy mental toil are indispensable, preparatory to tasting of these pleasures. They may be acquired without a "liberal education." Readers who are now content to surfeit their minds with newspaper gossip and scandal, might hold communion with the great minds which sought for truth and found it in the cloisters of Port-Royal, might listen to the "delicious irony" of Pascal, to the dramas of Corneille, Molière and Racine, to the holy eloquence of Bossuet at Meaux, of Bourdaloue at Paris, of Massillon at Versailles.

The age of Louis XIV is the most celebrated in the history of French literature, as is the contemporary reign of Elizabeth in that of the literature of England. The most illustrious men of letters which France can boast, will be found enumerated in Voltaire's list of the writers of that age, in his "Siccle de Louis XIV." It is delightful to consider that the noblest among those noble minds were chastened and adorned by piety, and consecrated to the promotion of human weal. If, by the hasty sketch which we propose to draw of one of the chief ornaments of the court of Louis, we shall incite in any a desire to hold personal communion with those minds, we shall not be without an additional recompense for a labor which is its own reward.

Jean Racine was born at Ferté Milon, December 21st, 1639. He was an orphan almost from his birth, his mother dying in 1641, and his father two years after. His love of letters became apparent at an early age. He studied Latin at the college of Beauvais, and Greek with the celebrated Claude Launcelot, at that time Sacristain of Port-Royal des Champs. This celebrated monastery, founded by Philippe Auguste, contained for a time within its walls some of the purest hearts and the loftiest intellects of which France could boast during the reign of Louis le Grand. The moralist Nicole, the learned and eloquent brothers Arnaud, Le Maitre, the author of the best French version of the Scriptures, Pascal, of whom we need say no more than to mention his name, all retired to this secluded retreat, and there, in a delightful

and tranquil communion of learning and piety, they studied the sublime mysteries of science and theology, a full century in advance of the noisy disputants in the world without. Here Racine appears to have received that religious bent which, nearly half a century later, drew him to desert the drama for the life of pious meditation led by the noble recluses who had instructed his youth.

It was while at Port-Royal that his ardent admiration of its beautiful scenery, rather than a refined taste or vigorous imagination, dictated the seven odes on "Le Paysage de Port-Royal des Champs." His extreme youth is a sufficient excuse for their feebleness.

His progress in Greek, while with Launcelot, was rapid. He appears to have arrived at an understanding of the great classic dramatists for whom he showed through life the deepest veneration. His love of poetry and romance was manifested at an early age. Having, while at Port-Royal, procured a romance in Greek which delighted him, Launcelot, more cautious than wise, took it from him and burned it. A second copy having shared the same fate, Racine procured a third, and, having committed its contents to memory, carried it to his teacher, telling him he might burn that likewise. After acquiring some knowledge of the Greek tragedians, it was his constant delight to wander to some secluded wood, and there, in solitude, to feast his imagination and form his taste on those imperishable models, to which the modern drama owes its all.

It was not long before the young enthusiast began, himself, to cultivate the Muses. An ode, published in his twenty-first year, on the marriage of Louis, carried off the palm from all rival lays upon the same subject. The successful poet obtained something more substantial than the mention of his name at court. The literary taste of Versailles was at that time controlled by Chapelain, a man, as Voltaire says, of much learning and a good connoisseur, though destitute of poetic genius. His recommendation of Racine to Colbert, the minister of Louis, procured for the poet a pension of six hundred livres.

So flattering success turned his attention to poetry, as the business of his life. Gibbon, with his characteristic scorn of the clergy, remarks in his Autobiography, "The law requires some *abilities*, the church imposes some *restraints*." He therefore shunned both. It was from no such motive that Racine avoided the sacred office. His temperament, earnest, enthusiastic, and romantic, was as ill suited to grope through the barren disputations of scholastic theology, as it was to thread the tedious labyrinths of jurisprudence. He followed his natural disposition, and we cannot doubt that the excellent moral influence which his dramas are adapted to exert may amply atone for many a subtle disputation on Original Sin, and for many a specious argument against Protestantism, like those on which Bossuet wasted his noble powers. He would not have been the last man with a disposition and a profession at utter variance. It cannot be doubted that the continual clashing between his sacred duties and his inclination occasioned not a little of the gall and bitterness of that snarling cynic, Jonathan Swift.



Racine was, however, led by the wishes of an uncle, an old general of the order of St. Genevieve, who had determined to leave him his benefice, to engage for awhile in the study of theology, without however abandoning the Muses. Between his inclination and his appointed task, his studies became as desultory as Johnson's. His daily reading was a grotesque melange of poetry and theology. Now gravely consulting Chrysostom, now feasting on the odes of Horace; admiring the thunder-storm in the first Georgic, then pouring over St. Augustine on the doctrine of predestination, his life was as ludicrous a mixture of incongruities as that of Frederick the Great "bearing up against a world in arms, with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other."

From this profitless employment he passed, in 1664, to Paris, having nothing in his pocket but a tragedy, founded on the Greek romance which had suffered so much from the zeal of Launcelot. He there became acquainted with Molière. That veteran of the stage was now drawing towards the close of his career. Glad, however, to encourage the young adventurer, he exhibited towards him three several kindnesses. He advised him to throw his tragedy into the fire, he suggested a better subject for another trial, and he loaned him a hundred *louis*, on the credit of the future tragedy. A slight difference which arose between them, ruffled somewhat the tranquillity of their friendship, though each ever after maintained a high esteem for the merits and abilities of the other. When the tragedy, *La Thebaïde*, the subject of which Molière had suggested, was ready for the stage, it was given to the actors whom he had usually employed. They succeeded so wretchedly with it, that it was transferred to another theatre, where the representation to some degree answered the expectations of the young author. This procedure, hardly delicate, if we consider the encouragement which Racine had received from his friend, irritated the temper of Molière, who was, about the same time, grieved by the loss of his best actor.

*Alexandre*, Racine's next play, raised his reputation; but it was not till the appearance of *Andromaque*, that he reached the rank to which his abilities entitled him. He had hitherto only imitated Corneille, and had acquired the reputation of a clever imitator. He now appeared as the founder of a new school. To his great model he had now become a formidable rival. He had challenged and taken a seat on the dais, side by side with a veteran dramatist, whose plays had delighted Paris years before he was born.

The remark is as true, as it is trite, that no man ever gained an enduring reputation in authorship, by imitation alone. If a writer has not original power and energy enough of his own, to render him peculiar and distinguishable in many respects, from others, he has not enough to serve for the foundation of a lasting posthumous fame. If he *has*, he will be as unable as unwilling, *always* to stoop to imitation. Voltaire would never have won his present reputation as a dramatist, had he not left following Racine, and written *Zaire*. Milton, himself, only partially succeeded until he abandoned Euripides for Milton.

With a reputation now established, Racine devoted his attention more exclusively to the stage. It appears to have been at this period that his adopted profession brought him into collision with his old friends at Port-Royal. Desmarets, a writer of farces, had exhibited his taste and wit by introducing into a play some of the sublime scenes of the Apocalypse. Nicole attacked the blasphemous comedian with all the zeal of Jeremy Collier. But, not content with inflicting a chastisement in this single case, he had extended his strictures to dramatists in general, and even declared that a stage writer is "un empoisonneur du public, non du corps mais des ames." In the intemperateness of his righteous indignation, he had fallen into an error which has waylaid many a good man since, in his career of reform. He had confounded with its abuse, a noble and useful department of literature. Racine chose to bear the brunt of an attack to which he was exposed, only in company with his two great fellow dramatists. Conscious of perfect freedom from the impiety and buffoonery of Desmarets, he was indignant that a writer, whose productions were hardly inferior, for pure moral influence, to the sermons of Massillon, should be classed in the same category with a scribbler who supplied by blasphemy his want of genius, and by immorality his want of wit. He replied to Nicole in a letter which exhibits the finest powers of irony, and had prepared a second to follow it, when Boileau remonstrated against so unnatural a conflict with his old friends. He instantly ceased in his attack upon the Port-Royalists, and called in and burned the copies of the second letter, which had already appeared. Twenty years after, a copy of this letter was found and published. It now appears in the editions of his entire works.

Having for some time enjoyed a benefice on the strength of his theological studies, Racine was, about this time, deprived of it, after a tedious lawsuit. In revenge, he wrote *Les Plaideurs*. This amusing comedy seems to have failed at its first representation. But soon after, the quiet inhabitants of the little street in which the poet resided, were alarmed by the clatter of chariots. When they stopped at the door of Racine, his fate was regarded as fixed. He trembled for his own hardihood, in ridiculing the judge who had deprived him of his benefice. But he was relieved from his apprehensions, when there descended from the chariots, not the officers of police, but the actors of *Les Plaideurs*, at its second representation, at Versailles, exclaiming that the play had delighted His Majesty and the Court. Molière, who had not attended the first representation, did not hesitate to say that whoever ridiculed that play, deserved only ridicule himself. Racine, on his part, hearing some one who had witnessed Molière's *L'Avare*, disparaging it, replied, "I have not, myself, seen it; but return, and see it again. It is impossible that Molière should have written a poor play." It was thus that those two noble men took their mutual revenge, after the difference between them which we have mentioned above.

The next play of Racine was *Britannicus*, founded on the account given by Tacitus, of that admirable young prince. *Britannicus* was

succeeded, in 1670, by *Bérénice*. Henrietta, sister of Charles the Second, of England, and sister-in-law of Louis, willing to test the powers of Corneille and Racine, set to them the same task. She proposed a tragedy on the separation of Berenice from Titus, soon after the accession of the latter to the throne of the Roman empire. Corneille was now far advanced in life. So delicate a love-affair was ill adapted to a man of letters who had long since passed the period of the passions. Racine, of course, triumphed. Indeed, he seems to have excelled all writers of his time in the delineation of the tender passions. Whether this is very high praise for a great dramatist, we shall not, at present, delay to inquire.

*Bérénice* was followed, in 1672, by *Bajazet*, which was succeeded in the following year by *Mithridate*, and, in 1674, by *Iphigénie*. The reputation of Racine was now established, apparently beyond the reach of detraction. Of an agreeable figure, and an easy demeanor, he enjoyed, at the elegant court of Louis, attentions which were accorded as much, perhaps, to these external graces, as to his dramatic talents. Among the elegant men of letters who thronged the palace at Versailles, he was received with every mark of favor. His fortune was easy, though not great. He was welcomed to the levées of many distinguished personages. At the house of the Prince of Condé, he was a constant visitor. Madam de Sévigné remarked to Ninon of the company who assembled at her son's suppers: "The Racines and the Boileaus are among them."

But the same ability which had established the reputation of Racine, had exposed him to the envy of inferior wits. In 1677, appeared *Phedre*, "chef d'œuvre," as Voltaire declares, "de l'esprit humain." The high moral tone of this noble drama is said to have reconciled to the theatre even the rigid recluses of Port-Royal. But an organized conspiracy was now prepared to blight the reputation which *Phedre* would be sure to secure. It was necessary to find a rival. At length a scribbler by the name of Pradon was brought forward, who produced a thing which he called a play. This thing, which was forgotten before Racine was in his grave, was pitted against one of the best two dramas which ever appeared in France. The case is soon settled, when the judges are determined on their decision before coming into court. Pradon was triumphantly successful. Louis Racine declares that the clique, which had conspired against his father, bought the best boxes in the theatre, that they might be left empty during the acting of *Phedre*. However this may be, that admirable drama failed on its first representation.

The spirits of Racine were crushed. He was wont to tell his son that he had always been more affected by the lightest censure than by the most extravagant praise. His chagrin must then have been deep, indeed, when he was, in one night, thrust below the feet of a fellow who would not have been worthy to draw the curtain for his actors. In the next century, Voltaire was similarly abused, when *Cataline* was placed above *Zaire*. He lost all regard for his dignity, and engaged in a miserable competition with the scribbler who opposed him. Ra-

cine was as deeply wounded as Voltaire. He had a high opinion of *Phedre*, and declared that if he had written any thing perfect, it was this. But he engaged in no quarrel. He made no public parade of his indignation. He was now bitterly attacked by a throng of those miserable creatures which have their delight in crushing a falling reputation. To add to his chagrin, he was menaced by the Duke of Nevers, for a satire which some wit had perpetrated against his Grace, and which was charged upon Racine.

Wearied and disgusted, he determined to retire from the theatre, and to give himself up to a more quiet and congenial life of pious meditation. He even seriously thought of a convent. But at length he adopted a wiser choice, and married Catharine Romanet, daughter of a treasurer in the bureau of financiers at Amiens. She appears to have been a woman of devoted piety, and of a mild and retiring disposition. Entirely devoted to the happiness of her partner, her kind attentions were well adapted to soothe his wounded spirit. She was a person of no literary taste, and is said to have never read a single one of the dramas which had immortalized her husband. This was anything but irritating to Racine. He was heart-sick of the theatre, and wished never to see one of his own plays again.


Having turned away from the busy world, he was well persuaded that the intercourse most congenial to his present disposition could be enjoyed only with his old friends of Port-Royal. The difficulty which had arisen on the subject of the drama, had never yet been entirely and formally settled. He went, attended by Boileau, and, in presence of a large company, cast himself at the feet of Arnaud. The reconciliation was complete. When Port-Royal was proscribed, a short time after, Racine ever continued its faithful friend.

About this period, he was appointed, in company with Boileau, historiographer to the King. The narrative of the reign of Louis, which they undertook, is said to have perished in a conflagration, at the house of a mutual friend. *Impartial* history has probably suffered little by the loss.

Racine after this wrote twice more for the stage. But it was with a motive far different from that by which he had formerly been incited to the same work.

Madame de Maintenon, foundress of the religious house of St. Cyr, desired him to write a sacred drama, to be acted by the young ladies under her instruction. The result of this request, was *Esther*. Racine declared that he intended the piece merely as an amusement for the young pupils at St. Cyr. It was very differently received by his Majesty and the Prelates who flocked to its representation.

After the success of *Esther*, the author, at the age of fifty-two, resolved to write one more drama upon a sacred theme. He produced *Athalie*. When this piece was read to Voltaire, he could not restrain his admiration: "What a style! what poetry! and the piece maintains its excellence throughout! ah, sir, what a man was Racine!" But the merits of *Athalie* were not generally acknowledged till its author was in his grave. Owing to some ridiculous scruples, *Madam*



de Maintenon would not consent to its representation at St. Cyr. This gave the first stroke, which others were glad to redouble. *Athalie* was hissed from every stage. It was to no purpose that Boileau assured his friend,—“It is your best tragedy; the public will find it out.” Racine abandoned stage-writing forever.

His death, which took place a few years after, was owing partly to the rudeness of the King, and partly to an indiscretion of his own. The kindness of his heart led him to contrive a scheme of finance which should relieve the people from the intolerable burdens which oppressed them. The paper was foolishly exhibited to the King by Madame de Maintenon, who, still more foolishly, revealed the name of the author, which she was under an injunction to conceal. Louis was very naturally irritated. He was vain of his supposed political abilities, and felt little flattered by the officious proposals of a man of letters. “Does he think,” cried the King in a passion, “that he knows everything, because he can make good verses? and does he wish to be minister, because he is a good poet?” Madame de Maintenon, to cap the climax of her folly, reported this petulant exclamation to Racine. He was cut to the heart, and never recovered from the stroke. His grief, on account of the entrance of two favorite daughters into a convent, conspired to hasten him to his grave. He survived but a year after, and on April 29th, 1699, left the world in which he had filled so large a sphere.

We have purposely avoided any comments on the works of our author, hoping to make them the subject of future consideration. Here we conclude our hasty and inadequate review of the life of one of a triumvirate of great minds, who furnished France with nearly all that is valuable in her dramatic literature; who purified the taste and exalted the sentiments of the court and the people; who, while the stage on the other side of the channel was given up to the miserable drivellings of polluted hearts and feeble minds, instructed their countrymen and the world in the important truth, that the finest mental abilities are exalted and refined by an humble piety and a pure morality. †

---

#### SONG OF THE RAIN DROPS.

We fall upon earth, on viewless wings,  
And waken and gladden all living things;  
We raise up the flowers from their leafy beds,  
Falling so soft on their fragrant heads;  
And the tall trees hail us as on we move,  
And their leaves dance together for joy and love.

We come, bringing gladness and joy in our train;  
Men rest from their labors, and bless the rain;  
The trees bow low our gifts to receive;  
With every thing living our favors we leave;  
And all things unite with harmonious voice,  
In the life-cheering, joy-giving, rain to rejoice.

## PATRIOTISM—ITS SOURCE AND SAFEGUARD.

GIBBON, the historian, has somewhere made the assertion, that Patriotism, after all, is only Self-Interest. Moral persons would perhaps shudder at what they might consider such a profanation of one of the emotions of the human heart; doubtless comparing its author to the Goths and Vandals of the ancient world, in that he would thus despoil of its choicest treasures the sanctuary of the soul, and replace the pure gold by a base alloy. Yet it may be, after all, that a sentiment which so justly and so universally exalts its possessor in proportion as he is under its influence, is not so far removed from one that we are wont to consider more debasing in its tendency. There can be very little, we think, if anything, like *abstract* emotion in the human heart. Whatever feeling is there excited, whether of pleasure or pain, preference or repugnance, must have an object,—a direct, definite object; and there must likewise be connected with that object some moving cause for its existence. A principle like this, no one who recognizes the relation of cause and effect, and the universal necessity of such a relation, will be disposed to deny. And from this principle it is—not by any long-continued process of reasoning—that we should derive the basis of the resemblance between Patriotism and Self-Interest. Far be it from us to decry the exalted character of that emotion which has swelled the breasts of Earth's noblest sons in every land; nor would we for an instant desire to degrade a sentiment so elevating, by comparing it with the sordid spirit which would bend all things to its own base and selfish aims. Yet to some extent the love we bear our country must have its origin and dependence on the personal interest we feel in its welfare. Gratitude for the blessings it affords us, desire for the continuation of those blessings—a desire to be gratified only by its continued prosperity—and the kind feeling towards all around us which must ever accompany prolonged associations with them, all combine to form it; and acting each in a separate current, yet all to the same end, swell out into the mighty stream of true Patriotism, bearing ever onward purest blessings in its course.

If, therefore, love of country to some extent depends on the interest its possessor feels in his native land, though such interest alone cannot always ensure a patriotic feeling, yet his love of country is far more likely to be real who feels it, than that of him who has it not. All the motives which have been mentioned here act in their full force. Does he enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty, and an assurance of the peaceful possession of his rights? Surely his country has claims of gratitude upon him to which he cannot but respond. His interest too pleads for her, since with her destruction must come the loss of all these, the dearest privileges of a freeman. Bonds of association year after year enclosing him in soft and sweet embrace, now hold him as in the grasp of a giant, and if even the affections and sympathies now so inwoven into his very being are uprooted, it must

be that like the spears which the horror-struck Æneas plucked from the mouldering corse of the Trojan hero, they will bring with them the very life-blood of the soul.

“ Nam quæ prima sole ruptis radicibus arbor  
Vellitur, huic atro liquuntur sanguine guttæ  
Et terram tabo maculant.”—

—— ‘ Hic confixum ferrea texit  
Telorum seges, et jaculis increvit acutis.’—ÆN. I. 3.

And if in view of these influences a deeper and more powerful love for his native land spring up within his breast, who shall condemn him as actuated by unworthy motives, or doubt that he will undergo as great hazards—aye, and sacrifice as much, as the *purer*-minded man who knows no such ‘ sordid reasons’? Out upon such sneers! Is that love, if warmer, less pure, which is increased by the beauty of its object? Is a friend less faithful who has received benefit at our hands, than if he were more *Platonic*, more spiritual, more ethereal, in his affections?

Believing, then, that love of country not only can, but will exist in a higher degree where it is based to some extent on personal interest, let us examine the practical influence this principle will exert. In a country like our own, whose form of government is so totally different from every other, and where the direction of the government, depending on so many wills, is so much more liable to be injuriously inclined by the improper action of any of them, all will perceive the absolute necessity of each being influenced aright. In a monarchy, or even an aristocratic oligarchy, did the latter exist, a less exalted patriotism would be counterbalanced by the individual responsibility resting on the rulers. The Magna Charta no less surely guaranteed their rights to Englishmen when fear affixed the craven monarch’s signature, than if the most generous love for his subjects had prompted the act. But with our rulers no such responsibility is felt. They act literally *for* the people—as the people themselves would act. Few public men in our day—far too few—act save as the organ of the party which gave them power; and whatever influence is to be exerted for the wise direction of that power, must be exerted among the people themselves, which alone can guaranty the propriety of the measures they support.

Some precaution, then, must be taken to ensure the spirit of patriotism among the people. Will general diffusion of knowledge have this tendency? Will it suffice that the standard of information throughout the country be raised—the intellectual resources of the people developed—and capacity thus given them to decide upon the value of any course of policy? This will certainly be the effect of a diffusion of knowledge; for every new enlargement of mind thus attained, every fresh accession of intellectual power, will be applied as a new test of every political theory. Yet even this will not suffice. The power thus gained will not be all that is needed; the inclination may still be wanting. Power in the hands of those who are not persuaded that

it is their interest to use it aright, may become as dangerous as it should be useful ; and if misguided inclination control it, the consequences must be even worse than if it had not existed. Intellectual improvement, therefore, is not the sole desideratum ; of itself it is insufficient to give assurance of that deep, permanent spirit of patriotism, which is of such vital importance to the well-being of any country.

What is there, then, to supply this deficiency ? What is there to ensure that lively interest in the prosperity of our country, which forms at least one important element of patriotic feeling ? We answer, the personal interest of the *property-holder*. This is the only tie upon which sure reliance may be placed. All are under its influence in some degree, according to their individual character. Those whose minds are open to no noble emotion, it inspires with at least a pseudo-patriotism, teaching them to wish well to their country, if only for their own interest. A sordid motive, truly ; nor do we advocate it as the spirit which should prompt any to action ; but is not this even better than utter indifference ? He who would be thus influenced by a personal interest, without it would be inert and indifferent—or worse ; fit stuff to make a traitor of. But the heart that can feel and cherish those noble emotions which so adorn and elevate humanity, by this very bond of interest will be brought under their influence. A lively gratitude for his privileges, warm friendship and long-cherished associations, cluster around his own interest, and soon surpass in strength the feeling that gave them birth. His own welfare and prosperity are bound up in that of those around him, and he learns to consider himself as but one in a great family of brothers, all loving, honoring, cherishing their native land as their common parent.

Such are a few desultory thoughts—suggested partly by circumstances, partly by reflection—upon a subject well worthy of more serious consideration. The day may not be distant, when they whose lot is cast in this land shall be compelled to give it their attention,—when the practical workings of this or some other similar principles shall force themselves upon their notice. It has been already mentioned as a prominent feature in our political organization, that upon the intelligence and patriotism of *the people* depend the success and perpetuity of the government ; and the day may ere long arrive, when that patriotism shall be put to the trial. The result of that ordeal must decide the future fate of America.

H.



## ANCIENT AND MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

LITTLE more than three centuries have elapsed since the human mind awoke from the long and profound slumber of the middle ages. Since that period the progress of man in the career of improvement has been rapid beyond all previous example, and has far surpassed the fondest dreams of Philosophers in past ages. Should an inhabitant of the ancient world return to earth, and view the triumphs of modern Philosophy, we can conceive the mingled emotions of wonder and admiration with which he would contemplate them. It would seem to him that the scene presented to his admiring gaze was no longer the abode of man, but of beings of a superior rank, who had converted the resources of earth and the powers of nature into the instruments of their pleasure and happiness.

To two events, ever memorable in the history of our race, do we owe this waking of the human mind—this triumph of human intelligence over the material world—the Reformation of Religion under Martin Luther, and of Philosophy under Lord Bacon. To the former of these events indeed are we chiefly indebted for those glorious results; for the reform of Philosophy was the natural and almost the necessary consequence of the reform of Religion. They are related to each other as the effect to its cause. The spirit of inquiry which dared to enter the sacred pale of the Church, and ask for the reason and foundation of its religious faith, soon entered the precincts of Philosophy, and questioned the authority and the dogmas of dynasties that had ruled the intellectual world for two thousand years. The great moral battle that secured the freedom of man's conscience, had just been fought, and with glorious success. The next step in the career of liberty was to disenthral man's intellect; but while Luther had an infallible Teacher to direct him in the great work of religious reform—while he had the steady light of revelation to guide his steps in the great moral darkness of his age—Bacon had no light to guide him in the reform of Philosophy, but that of his own vast understanding—no teacher but his own wide experience—for to which of the great schools that preceded his own could he look for light? Not to the East, where Philosophy first dawned, for there, as a system, it had no independent existence. It was but the reflected light of religious mysticism. The Oriental philosophy, as well as their religion, was wrapped up in dark allegories or inexplicable hieroglyphics. Should he look to the earlier ages of Greece, he would find the same blending of religion and philosophy that characterized the Oriental systems. There Philosophy was but the handmaid of Religion, and performed the subordinate office of explaining its sublime mysteries. The idea of Religion was the great idea of the earlier Grecian states. Their laws, their institutions, their arts, even their states themselves, tended to religion, or were entirely merged within it. In the corruption of their religion and in their absurd mythology, how could their Philosophy be either

pure or true? In the Socratic schools, indeed, he might have found sublime speculations about the dignity of man as the offspring of the Godhead, about the importance of self-knowledge and the perfectibility of human nature, about the power of human reason—the best mode of developing it, and the proper object on which to employ it. He might have found an abstract contemplative philosophy, which disdained to enter into the common pursuits of life, or to be affected with the common feelings of humanity—a philosophy that despised the useful arts as unworthy of man's proper dignity—that left the process of invention in the arts to mechanics and slaves—that disdained to arrive at truth by the slow and vulgar process of observation and experiment; but boldly cut the Gordian knot of scientific difficulties by assuming plausible hypotheses—to explain particular facts, instead of proceeding from particular inductions to general truths. In the scholastic Philosophy he would have found, instead of the clear light of Science, nothing but interminable disputes and verbal subtleties between the Nominalist and Realist—between the advocates of abstract terms and the champions of eternal essences—a philosophy of words without ideas—that valued victory more than truth—a captious, quibbling, dogmatic philosophy, that ended where it began—in mere definition.

All the systems which preceded the Baconian, had either mistaken the proper object of philosophy, or proposed objects absolutely unattainable. The glory of discovering a new end, and a new path to attain that end, is the glory of Bacon; and that glory, despite the sneers of some modern philosophers, is all his own. That, then, which chiefly distinguished his system from all that preceded it, is the end at which it aims, and the means through which it proposes to attain that end. Unlike that of the ancients, who regarded philosophy as the science of causes, and wasted much intellectual strength in a fruitless attempt to explain them, the Baconian philosophy chiefly contemplates effects—tracing the connection of events in their established relations. Its object is not, like the Platonic, so much to elevate the mind by the contemplation of abstract relations, as to exercise the understanding in the pursuit of physical truth, to be applied to useful arts and sciences. It is not, like the Aristotelian, to penetrate the recesses of human reason, and to discipline this faculty, regardless of the practical tendency of the objects on which it may be exerted; but it penetrates the recesses of Nature—observes her secret processes—and brings to light her hidden wealth and boundless resources. Its object is not that of the Scholastic philosophy, to invent arguments to confound an opponent; but to invent arts for the benefit of mankind—not to triumph over an enemy in the arena of debate; but to triumph over nature herself, by the power of mind. Its object is not victory, regardless of truth, but victory through the truth. In short, the great end at which it aims, is the subjugation of the material world to human intellect, in order to increase human happiness. It is by keeping this object steadily in view, and directing all the powers of the mind to its attainment, that it has already accomplished so much. It is this, which has given to the chaos of nature the impress of human intelligence. It is this, which

gives to the mind the victory over matter, and makes man, as he was designed to be, the lord of the terrestrial creation. But the best, and perhaps the only way of judging of the Baconian, as of all other systems, is to consider its results. This is the great criterion that the father of modern philosophy has himself laid down, in the sixty-third aphorism of *Nov. Org.*, in these remarkable words: "Wherefore, as in religion, faith is proved by its *works*, so in philosophy, it were to be wished that those theories be accounted vain, which, when tried by their fruits, are barren; much more those which, instead of grapes and olives, have produced only the thorns and thistles of controversy." What, then, are some of the grapes and olives of the Baconian philosophy—its grapes and olives even in its infancy? How do they compare with the thorns and thistles of Greece and Rome, and the schools? How would Plato, himself, the Homer of Grecian philosophy, if permitted to return to earth from his fabled elysium, admire the triumphs of the Baconian school? He would everywhere see the results of an arithmetic more wonderful, of a geometry more sublime, than that required of those who were admitted to the mysteries of the Academy. He would see mathematical and physical science trace the wild comet, at which ignorance and superstition long trembled, in its eccentric flight through the abyss of space, and foretell, with unflinching accuracy, its approach to earth, hundreds of years after the prophet of science was laid in his grave. He would see the satellites of Jupiter made the satellites of man—kindly and surely guiding his path on the trackless ocean. He would see man, himself, armed with the dread thunders of Jove, and the forked lightning descending harmless to earth, under the control of human will. He might ride the waves with the speed of a dolphin, or fly on the wings of the wind with the velocity of Boreas himself. He might descend to the depths of the ocean, or penetrate the bowels of the earth, to reveal the dread secrets of both. He might see the darkness of night converted to the brilliance of noonday, and find triumphantly solved the famous problem of the schools, the annihilation of distance and space, and with it almost the annihilation of time. He would feel as if some mighty enchanter had come to earth from another sphere—had drawn around him a magic circle—had thrown within it a blaze of light, and entranced his senses with the most gorgeous visions. Such are some of the fruits of the Baconian philosophy, which is to the world not so much a philosophic system, as a philosophic spirit; which numbers among its disciples a Newton and a Locke, a Boyle and a Davy, and a host of others, little less celebrated—a philosophy adapted not so much to the contemplative few, and to the cloisters of monks, as to the mass of mankind, and the busy walks of life—a philosophy destined not to have its day of popularity, and then, like its predecessors, to be consigned to oblivion, or the history of the past, but to be as extended in its sway as the empire of reason, and as permanent in its existence as the laws of nature.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

POEM, by Emlen Franklin, and the VALEDICTORY ORATION, by Thomas Levingston Bayne, pronounced before the Senior Class in Yale College, July 7th, 1847.

As *under graduates*, we would not presume to *criticise* the performances of Presentation day. We can only express the great pleasure we felt, in common with an unusually large audience, in listening both to the Orator and the Poet. The subject of the former was practical, and was treated in a practical way. The subject of the latter was—really we cannot say what; and in this respect it was like *every* other production of a similar character. The speakers, in closing, were able to say “farewell” to *all*, since they had been “called to mourn for no brother at the grave.” The members of few classes before them have been thus preserved.

The Parting Ode, by Charles T. H. Palmer, as sung by the Beethoven Society, to the music composed for it by J. M. Hubbard, produced a deep impression on all who heard it.

REMINISCENCES OF SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN COLLEGE: By a Graduate of Yale, of the Class of 1821. New Haven: Published by A. H. Maltby. 1847.

The above is the title of an interesting volume of more than 200 pages, which has just made its appearance. It is written in a familiar, conversational style, possessing no very conspicuous merits or defects, being neither remarkably racy or remarkably dull. A better book might have been written, we think, on the same subject, though we do not know that a better one has been written. In fact, the Author seems to have aimed at nothing astonishing, since he informs us in the introductory chapter, that the production is partly the result of an accident. He sat down to pen the “reminiscences and reflections that had been awakened” in his mind by a participation in the scenes of Commencement week, 1846, and these, before he was aware of it, grew into a book. To each of the following topics, among others, a chapter is devoted:—“Admission to College,” “Freshman Year,” “College Honors,” “Societies,” “Tutors,” and (forgive the Zeugma) “Matrimony.” The book is well worth the attentive perusal of College students in general, and will be found to contain many valuable hints both to them and to the “powers that be.”

THE PARTHENON, for July 15th—two numbers under one cover—was received a day or two since. Its outward appearance has been materially improved since the last number was issued, so that it *looks* almost as finely as our own “Maga.” It is filled with well-written articles, that are highly creditable to the editors, contributors, and College, none of which we have space to notice particularly. With the present number, the editors for the past year end their labors, and retire laden with honor, but somewhat light, no doubt, in purse. “Ex uno disce omnes.” Our hand is cheerfully extended to the new editorial corps, and we hope the friendly relations hitherto existing between the Parthenon and Yale Literary, will continue.

“THE LITERARY RECORD AND JOURNAL,” of the Linnæan Association of Pennsylvania College, for August, has been for some days on our table. To us, there seems to be more talent than taste displayed by its conductors. This is, however, perhaps necessary, as it is the organ of a scientific, rather than *literary* association, as its name would seem to imply. The author of the “Epistle to Students,” on visiting the ladies, may thank his stars that our limits forbid extended criticism; for, while handling the pen in defence of the fair and the *weak* sex, he would find us a second Aristarchus.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

We had rather be commissioned to “collar” Cerberus, take a peep into the throat of Scylla, cut off the head of Medusa, grapple with the Chimera, explore the ramifications of the Labyrinth, solve the enigmas of the Theban Sphinx, and perform the twelve labors of Hercules, than be compelled to be—be what? *funny*. Even in these latter days, we never attempted a pun but once, (a *funny* attempt it was, too,) and

then the faces of all present immediately lengthened to the dimensions of a horse's head, a flour barrel, or a piece of string. However, like the loafer, who was "*draw*" to do a deed his soul abhorred, viz: "to *rork*," we, in sheer desperation, had nerved ourselves to the perpetration of some things which would, no doubt, have led "Punch" to "hide his diminished head." In dreams by day, and visions by night, we saw our readers rolling on the floor, in perfect paroxysms of laughter, holding their aching sides with both hands, and desiring to be "carried out" lest—but hold! We have only to say that a press of matter necessarily excludes the gems we had in readiness, and we have only room for two more "judy spirits" which have come into our possession, and which, we trust, will please the mirth-loving. The first is from our facetious friend, E. Whether it be a romance, a history, or a drama, we are unable to say, not having studied it with sufficient attention. The characters are distinct and strongly marked; the plot, though somewhat complicated, will be fully understood in the end.

## CROSS READINGS.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he is now opening a large assortment of tin whistles, and other articles of jewelry; among which may also be found a valuable collection of silks, raisins, and dye-stuffs, which often prove very essential to the village blacksmith, who very unceremoniously left his anvil early this morning, from whence it proceeded across a vast extent of territory, with a rich-toned Boehm flute, blowing down houses and ditches; dashed upon an old man seated in the shade of the bridge, was not perceived by the engineer till the locomotive will accompany the procession, drawn by a pair of canary birds, and the most disastrous consequences ensued. Being under the necessity of inviting him home to spend a few hours of extreme toil and animalcules, we at last succeeded in gaining the highest point of honor, and gilliflowers was decided in behalf of the Royal Duke de Vergennes and warranted to cure the worst forms of apoplexy, tic dolor—and twenty-five cents will be paid to any man born in the south part of Scotland, where travelers regain their strength by eating hardware; may also be found at our store, which is third door from the chimney blown down yesterday morning will be opened probably in a day or two previous to the last Presidential election of monumental importance in every severe gale of wind, who having eaten too freely of unripe fruit was flung into a paroxysm of oxalic acid which lasted until the "Rough and Ready" society meets every Wednesday evening except Mondays, each state convention transmitting to congress Doctor Paris' celebrated soothing syrup, where hundreds of certificates has commenced grandeur in all the splendid changes of sunshine with the best Spanish sole leather in the new concert and lecture room just imported direct from Kamtschatka, and all along the eastern coast of Siberia, when the procession will be formed in front of the Hiale Monument Association, as all accounts will be left with the constable for collection, together with various other articles too numerous to mention."

The second is a record of many a poor fellow's experience and will speak for itself:

## SONG OF THE HENPECKED HUSBAND.

## A PARODY ON THE "SONG OF THE SHIRT."

With a worn and sorrowful look,  
With dim and sunken eye,  
A Benedict sat in his old arm chair,  
Wishing that death were nigh.  
"It's scold! scold! scold!"  
Said he, "from day to day,  
And now she's got so savage and bold,  
I wish I was far away.

"It's scold! scold! scold!!  
When the morning sun doth rise;  
And scold! scold! scold!!  
Till sleep hath closed my eyes.  
She says I am stupid and silly,  
That I'm worth just nothing at all,  
Till I almost fear her step to hear  
Loud echoing through the hall.

"It's scold! scold! scold!!  
Till my brain is all on fire;  
And scold! scold! scold!!  
Till my heart is filled with fire.  
Its fool and rascal and rogue,  
Rogue and rascal and fool,  
Till my soul is sick and my peace is gone,  
'Neath the might of her iron rule!

"It's jaw! jaw! jaw!!  
Morn and noon and night;  
'You naughty man! you silly fool!  
You can't do anything right!  
Come back! you sha'n't go out;  
Now leave me if you dare—  
Till I close my eyes and fold my hands,  
In a fit of deep despair!

"It's jaw! jaw! jaw!!  
From darkness until light:  
'Tis ' what d'ye mean, you ugly wretch,  
And where was you last night,  
You cross old rascal, say!  
Do you think you'll escape unhurt,  
When you walk across my floor so clean,  
With your boots all covered with dirt!"

"I dare not talk of rest,  
For I never shall know any peace  
Till I haste away from this scene of woe,  
To Texas or to Greece.  
And oh! I long for the time  
When her lecturing all is o'er,  
When scolding and jawing are bygone things,  
And I never need cry any more!

"But it's jaw! jaw! jaw!!  
From weary day to day;  
And jaw! jaw! jaw!!  
Till I know not what to say:  
My cup of sorrow is full,  
No power my life can save,  
Broomsticks and bootjacks will send me soon  
'To the still and silent grave!"

With worn and sorrowful look,  
With dim and sunken eye,  
A sufferer sat in his old arm chair,  
Wishing that death were nigh.  
"It's scold! scold! scold!"  
Said he, "from day to day,  
And now she's got so savage and bold,  
By Jove! I'll hasten away!"

We have no room for the usual chit-chat with contributors.

VOL. XII.

No. IX.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Hanc imaginem prout, prout habebat Yalem  
Universitatem, imaginem Pyrami"

AUGUST, 1847.

NEW HAVEN

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VOL. XII.

AUGUST, 1847.

No. 9.

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TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS.\*

[Our readers are referred to No. 9, Vol. IX., of the Magazine, for the history of the Townsend Premium.—Eva.]

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IMPORTANCE OF METAPHYSICS TO THE STATESMAN.

BY JAMES THOMAS HYDE, COLCHESTER, CT.

THE consummate statesman is, and ought to be, a thorough philosopher, a profound metaphysician. To one who looks upon him as the mere mouth-piece of a clamorous constituency, as a successful candidate for office, as “a great and good man,” and “the man of the people,”—or who honors him chiefly for his public benefactions, or his external accomplishments—who knows him because he is known, and trusts to him because he is devoted to public life, jealous of his country’s honor, and ready to “spend and be spent” in her service, this may seem a comparatively unimportant, if not a gratuitous assertion. With the multitude, who claim that their suffrages are the ground, and their favor the standard, of all political distinction, it would meet, doubtless, with the frown of silent contempt. We maintain, however, that it is true, both theoretically and practically; not, indeed, that by wandering in the labyrinths of metaphysics, the youthful aspirant will discover a “promised land” of political wisdom, nor that politics is not, in itself, a distinct science, to be acquired by peculiar methods of its own; but that a deep and patient study of the human mind is as valuable, even to the statesman, as any other qualification; valuable, we say, not only for the mental discipline it affords, but for its practical bearing in the administration of national affairs. This will appear, if we consider the peculiar sources of error and perplexity in political life.

Granting all sincerity and faithfulness to the statesman, it is evident

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\* We regret to say that we are compelled to defer the publication of one of the Townsend Prize Essays until the next term.—Eva.



that mal-administration can arise from only two sources, viz.: from an injudicious selection of ends to be gained, and from the use of inappropriate or inefficient means. To propose such ends as can be compassed by no available means; in the wild love of theory or enterprise, to decide upon practicability without any deliberate estimate of means; to insist upon immediate utility, and thus to prescribe all vigorous and far-reaching policy; to forget that labors and hazards must attend every successive step of national progress, or wrapped up in the impatient desire of some ideal possession, to overlook all that belongs to "connection, gradation, and harmony," in its attainment; nay, sometimes even to blindly trust to mere casualties as "efficient causes"—such, and such-like, are the blunders of politicians in almost every age.

First, therefore, we are bound to ask, how shall the best ends be chosen? And here, of course, we refer to laws and institutions, which, from the nature of the case, are mere forms to successively express the different phases of public sentiment and public spirit, as they herald forth the "onward march" of society. For these are arbitrary and inviolate, only as a willing people make them so. We answer, then, that to do this intelligently implies two things, apparently unappreciated by the egregious triflers of our day.

1st. A knowledge of society, as it is.

2d. A knowledge of society, as it should be.

Each merits a particular consideration.

What, then, is a better clue to a knowledge of society, as it is, than a sound philosophy of mind? We would not undervalue a wide observation of men and nations, nor a long experience amid the trials and emergencies of public life. But surely, these will not suffice the statesman. He must have certain principles, by which to interpret his observations, and to determine the bearings of his experience; else, while his eyes see, and his ears hear, he will really understand but little or nothing. Now what is plainer than that these principles must be drawn from liberal and enlightened views of man, as man, and corrected by a deep insight into his nature and habits, as a moral intelligence, if the conclusions formed by them are to correspond with the good and evil, as they actually exist in society? Hence the results of observation and experience must be subjected to the ordeal of a thorough philosophy; and mental philosophy affords that delicate, *vernier-like* instrument, by which they may be reduced to the greatest degree of accuracy.

Thus, then, the statesman may compute the relative intensity and extent of existing evils. Suppose the body politic to be diseased. He may judge (if we may so speak) how strong, or in what quantity, to mix his medicines; perhaps, also, the particular part, or parts, where they should be applied. But something more is wanting. He is not merely to compare evils, nor to arrest their progress; but, if possible, to eradicate them forever from the system. He must, therefore, be able to trace their legitimate causes; to know their specific nature and inveteracy, to administer the most effectual remedy. Now it is enough to know that these causes are endlessly complicated and deceptive.

As many dark and deep passions as wage perpetual conflict in the human soul, so many active ministers of corruption insinuate themselves into the bosom of society, tending both to destroy its vitality, and to disturb its peace. They do not appear vividly upon its surface. From the nature of the case, they are not to be detected by experiment. Silently and secretly growing in the veins of fondly-cherished institutions, insidiously lurking in the chambers of constituted authority, they gather to themselves unsuspected strength, till sooner or later the social fabric is shaken with innovation. Who, then, shall assign to existing evils their real causes? Or, who shall discover the germs of future evil in the tainted breath of popular caprice? Who shall unravel the artificial texture of national existence, and follow each deteriorated thread through its tortuous windings? Or, who shall expose the knavish sophistry of ambitious intriguers, or the excessive credulity of the gloomy alarmist, as they strive to fill society with alternate hope and despair? Surely he, if any one, who has the nicest and quickest perceptive power,—the power to draw close distinctions and analogies—to discern, as by intuition, the exact proprieties and relations of things. Let him sound the depths of the human mind—let him define, compare, and analyze its successive phenomena, to become familiar with every secret spring of thought and action—and he, of all others, must be fitted to study and understand the present state of society.

But, secondly, a sound philosophy of mind is requisite to understand society as it should be. By what ideal model, that is, by what principles, should the nations be fashioned? Now in the outset, we aver, that society was made for man, and not man for society. The prosperity of the commonwealth, and the perfection of the social state, are to be sought not merely in themselves, but as auxiliary to the development and improvement of the individual. The wants and aspirations of the human soul, therefore, should be the supreme object of attention, as well to the statesman in his governmental policy, as to the theologian, in his art of persuasion. Not, indeed, that they have a similar part to act. The one bears upon its welfare *indirectly*, the other *directly*—the one by show of power and sovereignty, the other by moral influence; the one appealing only to self-interest, seeks to check the passions, and to constrain the will; the other, awakening both love and fear, to purify and elevate the heart. The one, perhaps, is felt more widely, the other more deeply; yet both are felt upon the same mysterious human soul, with equally constant and abiding effect. Now it is this permanency of effect, which ever makes it so seriously important in any profession, to know or care precisely what one is doing. Must not, then, both need the same clear and critical knowledge of mental facts and phenomena—the theologian chiefly as an aid, the statesman as a counselor and guide?

Or, look more particularly at the principles by which society ought to be shaped. To preserve the balance of power, amid jarring interests and stormy factions—the tendency to consolidation in equilibrio with the tendency to dissolution—the spirit of reform, uncorrupted yet

vigorous, in spite of artful radicals, or bigoted conservatists—to enjoy enterprise without the blight of avarice, and emulation without bitter rivalry—liberty without licentiousness, and magnificence without luxury; in a word, to enthrone the “Golden Mean” in the bosom of society, around which, as a “centre of motion,” all its affairs shall revolve, without fear of flying off into desperation, or of settling into untimely stupidity—these are summarily the abstract principles, of which each nation should be one grand embodiment. Now who has any just or definite idea of what they mean? Surely, not the demagogue, who has an eye only to shifting majorities and party policy; not the visionary enthusiast, who talks so loudly of his country’s glorious prospects; not even the patriotic and philanthropic statesman, when barely conscious of the high dignity and destiny of the human mind. Nay, as well might the same man appreciate the great moral rules by which he is to govern his own conduct, without self-examination, to show him their adaptation to his character, as to hope to understand those deep principles, which depend for their fitness and significance upon the human mind, as the source of all moral differences in society, without a sound and discriminating mental philosophy.

How, then, shall the statesman, at any given moment, decide what to advocate, and what to oppose? How shall he so trace the bearings of his plans as to provide against the “wear and tear,” the strifes and jostlings of a busy, fearful future? How shall he discern, with a prophetic eye, that peculiar conformation of parts, so simple, so beautifully exact, and yet so wonderfully complete, which distinguishes every master-piece of policy? And how shall he appropriate it to every darling foster-project of his own? Just and clear ideas of society as it should be—an accurate and comprehensive knowledge of society as it is—these are the two requisites. The one fixes his aim directly in the line of national perfection, lest, by the slightest deviation, he cause his country, in the lapse of years, to wander far away into irretrievable, yet unforeseen, disaster. The other points out precisely her present advancement, that his plans may neither go beyond his available resources, nor stop short of the full extent of his privileges. Yet both are indissolubly bound to the central rock of metaphysics, whose waters gush forth only at the magic touch of the profound statesman.

We come to the second division of our subject, which respects the means to be employed. These, of course, must be nicely adjusted to the ends proposed, with no violation of the relations existing between them—with no oversight, and consequently no rational fear of derangement. The very selecting of the best practicable ends, implies that they will thus harmonize. But this is not all. The statesman is to institute a system of subordinate means, “linked together and confederate,” a series of petty contrivances, by which to enlist the sympathies of the people in his favor, to rouse and unite their energies in his support. The great problem is, to draw these sympathies, as by a secret attraction, to the desired object, and to strain these energies to the utmost tension, without impairing their elasticity, or hazarding reaction. Here, then, is room for the exercise of the most exquisite skill.

Here is work for the acutest and subtlest metaphysician. What reckless trifling, to unwittingly tamper with those tender chords, which vibrate from heart to heart throughout a whole nation! How easy for a statesman to fret and inflame the very passions which he so nobly seeks to regulate—to cramp the very energies he would fain employ to the best purpose—to embitter the very cup of rejoicing which he would wish to sweeten forever! How easy to entangle the delicate chain of a people's confidence, which he may never clear again, or harshly and hastily to do violence to some inveterate prejudice, or hoary superstition, and thus unpardonably to shock the moral sensibilities of the community! In short, how few public men there are, who do not either ensnare themselves, or defeat their own ends! Look, now, at the keen and calculating statesman, trained in the school of patient reflection. He sits, watching the transitions of society from one state to another. He knows how to take advantage of the infinite and rapid changes of emotion, the warm gush of feeling, and the sudden burst of passion. He can detect each gently agitating excitement, as it is wafted by, and anon the nobly repressed feelings "visible only in the resolve of the soul." With these subtle influences, thus opening to his vision, and rallying around his efforts, how shall he not the better adjust a system of ends and means? How shall he not elude disaster and baffle opposition?

It remains for us, in conclusion, to answer an objection by which some would undermine our whole discussion, viz.: that we cannot trust to "general reasonings," of any kind, about society. Philosophy, say they, respects "causes," but implies that in their operation they conform to certain "general laws," whereas society is almost entirely subject to chance. Forsooth, there is a great game between the nations, and statesmen are called to throw the national dice. But we are not to deny the existence of order, method, and uniformity, because there is perpetual change. We behold a broad ocean, whose waves ripple, and foam, and toss, at the mercy of ever-varying winds and storms; yet, neither waves, nor winds, nor storms, are without their laws. So, too, society has its laws—none the less real, because less obvious, to the superficial observer; none the less fixed and constant, because they relate to restless elements, which acknowledge no control; often more intricate and obscure, yet none the less to be sought after, and when ascertained, none the less to be practically relied upon, because, in their mysterious supremacy, they still leave room for an almost endless variety of phenomena. As we go on, reasoning from the particular to the general, from the individual to a multitude, and on the scale not of a single life, but of national existence, we may be even more severe and refined, more sure and exact in our conclusions. Call them abstract, if you will. They hold to true philosophy, and the philosopher can make them applicable.

But is this philosophy the philosophy of mind? The statesman is officially concerned with only the outward conduct. Now men seldom act as they think. How, then, say they, can you reason from thoughts to actions? We reply, that, for all this, there is no way of anticipa-

ting men's actions, so safe as by their thoughts ; for action is one appointed mode of expressing thought. And if it be true, that you can reason from actions to thoughts with more safety than from thoughts to actions, this only shows that the statesman needs a subtler mental philosophy, in so far as he must consider, not merely the intricacies of thought, but the "specific difference" (if we may so call it) between thought and action.

Away, then, with your blustering patriotism, and titled nobility ! Away, even, with your elegant and persuasive oratory, with all its richness, and fullness, and earnestness of illustration ! Its soul-stirring appeals may charm and render enthusiastic the assembled people ; an admiring populace may run to do them homage, and a grateful posterity be dazzled by the lustre of their fame. But better be without them, and the power which they confer, than to be without that sound philosophy of mind, which is so essential to the safest and most intelligent administration of national affairs.

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### ANCIENT AND MODERN REPUBLICS.

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WHEN we scrutinize the universe, we observe that all things have their proper modes of action, and that all, with the exception of man, spontaneously obeying these rules, easily and happily attain the development of their being. The little nut decays, germinates, sprouts, and spreads great and graceful branches in the sky, naturally ; and the globes above us trace their mazy orbs, without discipline, in harmonious measure. Man alone seems prone to oppose the laws of his being and the conditions of his weal. To resist the ruinous effects of this tendency, political government has been instituted. That species of it termed Republican now attracts attention, and the object of this essay will be to contrast ancient and modern Republican governments in the main principles on which their strength depends, and in their democracy itself.

Rome and Greece on the one hand, and America on the other, will be the representatives of each.

The Roman united all the attributes of sovereignty, people and laws, in an Ideal, which he recognized distinctly in the symbols of its existence, and embraced in one comprehensive term—The State. This he invested with an awful and holy character. Its origin was shrouded in the mysterious and impressive gloom of a high and mythic antiquity, and it was presumed to be ever under the protection of the gods, who were constantly propitiated by the offerings of devotion. On its high altar smoked the quenchless fire, a certain token that the Divine Afflatus had never deserted it. In its secure archives were the incomparable Revelations of Sibylline Inspiration. In its service ministered the hoary and holy men who, full of the curious lore of Etru-

ria, practiced a prescient craft, and seemed to stand between the heavens and the earth. Its laws—that is the decrees of the people—the moment they were legally adopted, became a component of this sacred State. Its high offices were the shadows of Jove's majesty, and the longer a law endured the more it was hallowed, for they fancied they heard the voice of Heaven speaking in the records of the Fathers. The sanctity attaching to the law, however, withdrew attention from its object. For *it* the citizen lived, not it for him; and thus it too often happened that the Comitia inquired if the proposed measure was demanded by the State, and approved by the Haruspices, rather than examined its bearing upon the fortune of each citizen. Thrice in one century did a Decius, in the unsullied apparel of the victim, and with unearthly imprecations, devote himself, in obedience to an unnatural sentiment. Thus, even under the Empire, the shadow of the old Idea remains, and the rescripts of the Emperor are called "The Sacred Constitutions."

In the Grecian States of Athens and Sparta, a similar veneration for the State, as partaking of a higher than human nature, and not to be approached profanely, is apparent. There seems to have been, however, a natural spring of religious feeling in the breast of his neighbor across the Ionian Gulf, to which the Greek was comparatively a stranger; and we think his reverence for the State was nourished by the paramount influence of great men. The principle of the slavery of the individual to the State was virtually inculcated by Solon, and clearly by Lycurgus; and when Demosthenes, in full court, utters his opinion, that the citizen is born not only for his own happiness and that of his relatives, but for the State, he only echoes the sentiment of Simonides in his renowned Epitaph upon the Spartan Dead, which bids men "Tell it at Lacedæmon, We lie here," not because we deem it noble for Liberty, but "in obedience to her Laws."

But while the Roman State drew new authority from new prodigies, while every flash through the dim religious light of the Capitoline was an injunction to the people, the self-recruiting power of the Grecian was more limited; for, as they receded from their original Lawgivers, their principles would grow less effectual, and this decay of opinion was chiefly counteracted by the influence of great and wise men among them, who, at various times and in various ways, re-animated the drooping State spirit whose value they were sagacious enough to perceive. Systems thus constituted, however, could not endure the steady strain of ages, though they might survive the concussions of a few centuries. For more than four hundred years did the Roman defy the storms and the thunders of popular and personal rage, attaining during that period the genuine magnificence which has provoked the admiration of ages. But long before the close of that period, a political infidelity had gradually crept in, which was silently undermining the hollow buttresses of the State.

Amid the affluence and dignity which rolled in upon him after the close of the Samnite wars and the discomfiture of Pyrrhus,—a dignity and honor accorded no less by the expiring umpirage of Greece

than by the consideration of the rising Courts of the Ptolemies,—with the hills of his mighty city all capped with Temple trophies, and his Forum filled with the deputations of dependants and supplicants,—the Roman spirit swelled and struggled to burst all bonds and be a god unto itself and to the world. More than once did the Flamens hear with dismay of daring Generals who had crossed arms with the foe, and won victory in defiance of the omens. More than once a proud band of Patricians virtually denied the sole supremacy, in matters perhaps of trifling import in themselves, but all-important as regarding the principle. And after her own and her colonial ports were crowded with trireme prizes and the costly cargoes of Carthage and the East, Luxury and Sensuality joined in the attack. Then, immersed in voluptuousness, other influential houses slighted and neglected, rather than contemned, until the time came when, from the influx of foreign philosophy and letters, and the native intellectual growth, theoretical infidelity began to prevail. And when the most cultivated mind in Rome expresses his surprise that the soothsayers do not laugh in each other's faces,—then the imposing fabric falls.

In Greece, where the various hateful passions, which the critical observer distinguishes constantly burning under the showy exterior of Beauty and Heroism, were restrained from tearing out the vitals of the Body Politic, by their training to a blind homage to the State, the process of destruction would be analogous to that of Rome, and would attain its consummation whenever the race of great men should become extinct, or whenever the progress of ideas, or the haughtiness of power, or the depreciation of character, resulting from license and excess, should sap the authority of their opinions. All these circumstances conspired about the time when Rome's star was culminating, and the agonizing plea of Demosthenes is at once the testimony of their degradation and the crowning monument of their expiring glory.

We say, then, of the Democracy of the Ancient, that to preserve any part of his own legislation, he limited that participation by a blind reverence for the Decretals of ancestors, the Declarations of auspices, and a superstitious regard for his own Law; and it resulted that besides being conservative to the last degree in one, he legislated in both the countries we have been considering, rather for the State than for himself.

In the forgotten folios of old writers there is a picturesque description of a famous battle between the Emperor Constantine and his rival Maxentius; for the chronicles tell how a cross, flaming on high, heralded the victory and converted the victor. However this may be, the event of that day gave the grand impetus to a Religion which, though of very humble origin, was destined to intermingle with all Political Economy, and to be conspicuous in the unwonted Fashion and new Strength of Republican Institutions.

Former Political Theories had endeavored to repress the *expression* of evil; but here was something which, when pressed into the service, struck at the origin and root itself. Instead of building a stout wall against the waves of Passion, it lulled the winds to render the waves

gentle. Henceforth the seat of the contest so often waged in the Forum and the Agora, between selfishness, lust and rage, on the one side, and a factitious awe with venerable names upon the other, was changed. The battle was not to be joined in public, amid the excitements of the crowd, but each man alone in his closet was to labor with the evil that was in him. The Holy Scriptures laid down general principles of self-government, in accordance with which the ends of life could be attained. These it enforced by appalling threats, while it recommended them by the proffer of ravishing rewards. These principles were such as daily experience affords testimony to affirm are calculated to produce happiness. Inculcating a higher and purer morality than had ever been aspired to, and a far more full and complete adherence to justice in reference to others, and finally embracing all in the extensive precept, that whatever, in the partial court which each one for himself set up, he judged the world should do to him, that he was to assume as the description of his deportment to his fellows, it would, in proportion to its adoption, relieve Government from the pressure of men's evil and violent passions. Thus, as its sphere widened, any system of Government which was resolved upon would have less to encounter.

Not very long ago a Statesman in the British House of Peers made use of the significant phrase, "The Schoolmaster is abroad." This simple statement was the recognition of another grand Principle which, advancing hand in hand with Christianity, tended to the same end,—the connection and consolidation of Popular Institutions.

The influence of Modern Education in relation to Government is to contribute to give right Principles and right forms, and then to promote subordination to them. Embracing a political Experience of ages, as it were, in himself, an Experience crowded with varying Principles and varying Forms to which the same Principle has given rise; the Modern can trace their operation, mark the reasons of their decay; distinguish the elements of their prosperity, and comparing, selecting, and compounding, his work should rise massive with the solidity of every element of durability which time has in any way approved. A correct system, in unison with the interests of those on whom it acts, is sensible of a quickened vitality from every accession of popular Intelligence. Not only is the Law-making machine, if we may venture the expression, one which generally turns out sound articles, but the recipients set a due value on them. Interested and Factious Demagogues cannot delude the well-informed: though particular interests may sometimes seem infringed upon, reason will yet bear sway; and when, notwithstanding the general tenor, unhappy wrong is committed, the necessity of Government and the imperfections inseparable from it will receive a proper attention. Education coincides with Religion, too, in its harmonizing and softening quality, widening the sphere of being, and inspiring self-respect, while directly or indirectly it affords occupation to vast numbers of the very persons whose neglected activity might prove formidable. It also throws back new light upon



Religion, for usually as men become enlightened they admit the excellence of Christianity.

In estimating abstractly the efficiency of Religion and Education in affording stability to a Government, it is also to be remarked that it is not essential to its security that all its subjects shall be good and intelligent. Every established Government has an advantage over all that threatens it; for these antagonistic elements are rarely concentrated in one attack, and its own energies being always at command, they are encountered in detail. These influences, whose legitimate action we have pointed out, nominally exist in all their efficiency in America. A nation, however, may be distinguished by a rare elevation of moral purpose and a superior intellectual cultivation, yet if suddenly released from the restraints which ancient usage has rendered familiar, they will be disqualified from using their power and applying their knowledge. France, the allusion to whose Republicanism summons up sad visions, possessed intelligence and virtue enough to manage the royal gift, if she had received it gradually. But it came upon her at once, in all its terrible beauty. It appalled at first, then it intoxicated; and whether shrinking from the strange responsibility, or bewildered by the delirium of Freedom, she proved alike unworthy of the dower.

We shall not do right, then, to count the crosses towering above the cities of America, the little spires dotting lowland and upland, and the modest school-house belfries clanging their rustic summons through myriad village circles, but we are to observe her History if we would estimate aright the supports of her Polity.

On the sloping plain of Pevensey, in England, where "Battle Abbey" now stands, in commemoration of the day, a people accustomed to the unshackled license of Feudalism were many years ago reduced to the subjection of a vigorous Foreign rule. But the field of Hastings was only the most unfortunate in a series of efforts. Arbitrary demands on the part of the monarchs, and disputes between them and the children of the great chiefs who had coöperated in the invasion, constantly reinforced the resolute yeomanry of the malcontents, and the close of a little more than a century saw victors and vanquished arrayed in unbroken line against the Throne. "Magna-Charta," its ratifications, and the more complete and accurate Declaration of Rights, are the autographs of the Progress. It was a succession of steps, and Religion and Education advanced with and prompted every movement. Then, in the wider latitude just gained, they exercised their Religion, applied and augmented their knowledge, and the result of each stand for more liberal concessions confirmed their propriety. Finally, to crown this arduous discipline, a portion of these people separated themselves by thousands of miles from the scene of their labors, and like the dwellers in the Wilderness, entered upon a continent whose climate and soil were so congenial to a high intellectual and moral development, that it seemed a promised land. Escaping from the clinging relics of Institutions as unfit for them now, as the nest of the eaglet bird for the Eagle, and from the mani-

fold dangers of a neighborhood of despotisms yet flourishing in their prime, they had opportunity on this fresh earth, untouched and untainted, to assay the grander reach to which their genius prompted many before they left the mother-land, and all, ere many years of absence and neglect, had suffered their souls and minds to ripen and mature.

The Declaration of Independence was one more step. It was assuming the *toga virilis* of their national manhood. Nor is their practical Education ended, for every year they stretch their free limbs and gain their use more fully. The influence of Religion and Education, then, whatever it is, both in founding and forming and in preserving a State, we are authorized to infer, must be in healthy activity in America; although it does not come within the scope of our design to appeal to minute particulars. The influence of Education in the *creation* of a State is so palpable that we have not tarried long upon it, and that of Religion we dwell upon only in its conservative relation to Government.

We now speak of the operation of Religion on the *Constitution*, a consideration which has been deferred till now, because it is desirable to have in mind the influence of Education in examining it, and its development may serve to present the leading characteristic and excellence of Modern Democracy.

The Christian Religion, in all its annunciations, refers directly to the individual. To him it promises pleasure, or threatens pain, for his acts. To gain the former, no nation can assist him, nor any ægis shield him from its wrath. It recognizes no partial privileges or immunities, but views all as upon the same footing, being throughout instinct with a spirit of perfect equality. Its immediate influence, therefore, naturally is, to render man indisposed to allow others to interfere at all in his direction, because he is to stand or fall by himself, and Pride revolts with Reason, at the first suggestion. In short, he would be his own sole lawgiver, with the right he has from Heaven. All the associations which, in various periods, have sought to establish a pure Theocracy, exemplify this tendency. The system of chivalry threw every knight on his own resources for support and consideration, and was at the same time such as, for the moment, to obscure his perception of the inflexible necessity of government, and consequently the tenure of authority was never so frail.

But the all-sufficient counteractive now to this tendency, is Education, and every intelligent and informed person sees that national Government is of primary importance to his well-being, if for no other reason than to protect him from the ill-disposed, and the good man accords no other veneration to it, as a Divine Institution, whose laws are but the resolutions of (a majority of) a People, than he would to that body of his own private rules or resolutions, which every reflecting man finds it advantageous virtually or formally to draw up in the calmness of reason, to correct his demeanor in the excitements of life.

While adopting this view, different opinions might be entertained upon the extent of governmental authority, according to the Dogmas of

Moral Philosophy, which any one held to, but all would concede sufficient respect to counteract the disorganizing effect which we have been alluding to. Nor are the ideas of man's personal accountability and dependence on himself for his happiness, at present and hereafter, in the least shaken, since he only yields any portion of his free agency, in order to procure a more general obedience to the principles of that Supreme law to which he is accountable, and to promote that happiness which is its end.

But having now his happiness for the object, and the principle of the equality of all in view, he relinquishes his individual, uncontrolled action, only so far as the clearest necessities of his united condition demands, and these necessities are far less exacting than of old. For the ancients recognized a divine nature and origin of government, and though they might legislate for themselves, they kept up the idea that it must be done through a prescribed and Heaven-favored plan. Personal accountability and happiness, easily, then, became merged more or less in that of the State. The Roman felt his pulses throb with the grandeur and felicity of Rome, and cherished the belief, that from the prodigal incense of her countless altars, any one of her children would be welcomed to Elysium by her patron Deities. Nor was the principle of perfect equality by birth, caught sight of by them, as the aristocratic features in their original constitutions are sufficient to show. Such principles prompted and reconciled them to yielding what their circumstances demanded. Their low degree of moral discipline and scanty political information, particularly in reference to Republics, demanded that the Government should be hedged in by a sort of Divinity, lest every wave of bad or mistaken impulse should bury it. We have contemplated this splendid, but infirm apparatus. Under it, many laws remained after a change seemed desirable, because the auguries favored them; many more, because the sacredness which had been thrown around the white stone Tablets of recorded law, forbade them to be tampered with, but in the last extremity; many were unproposed, because it was whispered that they would shock that mysterious thing, the State, and all were, of course, obeyed in the "bitter letter of the bloody Book," while the aristocratic features were never entirely obliterated.

But the Modern, beholding no Divinity-encompassing Government which shall swallow up his individual responsibility, or interfere with the principle that his happiness is dependent upon himself, and keeping in mind the perfect equality of all, cannot grant such concessions as these to any Government. Nor do the exigencies of his condition demand it, for we have seen how his education and his religious subordination fit him to make law for himself, and to control the subsequent action of that law. Accordingly, there are comparatively but trifling difficulties interposing between his wishes, and their expression as laws. He is driven through no tortuous processes—no labyrinth of means confuses and withdraws his mind from the proposed end, and all the Divinity attaching to Government being, at best, of an oblique, indefinite, and not indisputable character, never threatens to engross atten-

tion. So that it results from religion, that in America the vital principles of the happiness of the individual is never, for a moment, lost sight of, inasmuch as the first effort of Religion is disorganizing, and upon a conviction of the necessity of Government forcing its way into the mind, it prevents any concessions of authority, beyond what that necessity demands, while it modifies the necessity itself, by its action on the soul or nature of man.

Starting, then, under the auspicious lead of Religion and Education, it is by the latter that the American has shaped the particular form of his Constitution—a Constitution where all the constituents, fitly framed together, conduce to the security and aggrandizement of the whole—a system whose checks and balances, working without jar, operate beneficently—where hasty, incomplete, and inaccurate legislation is prevented by the mutual action of bodies, diverse in the number and age of their respective members, no less than in the duration of time from the commencement of their service—where, in this way, the ardor and vigor of youth imparts an energy which is tempered and steadied by the calmer discretion and fortitude of manhood, and the counsels liable by a protracted separation from the constituency to assume an aristocratic hue, are regulated by the ever-recurring participation of the Electors in the composition of the Councils; and finally, this admirable offspring of the mind of God and the Intellect of man acts so easily upon the national body, that instead of shackling, it stretches with its growth.

If we are now called upon to condense our general view of the strength of the two systems, our response will be something like this: The one left all the passions of mankind, rampant and storming, to set upon it. This onset it was ill calculated to sustain, since, owing to unsound religious views and limited political information, the expansion of mind continually discredited, and at last disowned it. The other soothes these passions in the breast, while it presents to the hostile front, which it is unable to disperse or destroy in the inception, a structure based upon a true and immutable Religion, and fashioned and trimmed by the dictates of a consummate Political training, so that the growth of Piety and the enlargement of mind alike respond to and confirm it.

And if we consider the Genius of the Democracy of each, we conceive it to be, that although both profess an identical object, the happiness of the subject, in the one it was received at second-hand, through that of the State, in the other it flows full and fresh to the individual himself. We may add, also, that the whole philosophy of the discrepancy can be traced in the difference of the supports on which each is seen to rest.

We will not seek, with intense Divination, to work out the Destiny of our own country, but we contemplate, with tranquil satisfaction, that Destiny as linked with the glory of God and of man, with the spread of pure religion, and the evolution of ever-growing mind; and we are conscious of a pride higher than that which the citizen of antiquity derived from any source in his most palmy days, in knowing that,

whether we pierce the bowels of the earth, or walk, with science, in the golden paths of the stars, our State grows stronger in the verification of our religion.

And we cherish a fond belief, that not until that blessed time when men, in pristine purity, in the millennial hour, which the good love to dream of, shall act spontaneously in accordance with the truth and the right, and harmonize with all the visible creation, will the Temple of our National Honor be thrown down ; for then all human regulation will fade into the Regimen of the Supreme.

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### THE INDEPENDENT THINKER.

BY LEWIS H. REID, NEW YORK CITY.

THE Independent Thinker, as the words imply, is one who thinks for himself ; one, whose opinions are emphatically his own. He adopts not other men's sentiments, until he has subjected them to severe tests ; and then accedes to this or that belief, not because others accede to it, but because he himself is convinced of its truth. He looks not to others, but confiding in himself, goes back alone to the fountain-head of truth, uses his own powers of thought, and comes down to only such conclusions as patient investigation and honest conviction may lead him. He will not be governed by other men's opinions ; he seeks to know things for himself ; and if there be any slavery which he despises, it is the slavery of the mind. Now there are some persons who, mistaking the name for the reality, fancy that to be independent thinkers, they must think differently from every one else ;—a very erroneous opinion, since nothing can be more natural than that two individuals, in the investigation of the same truth, should arrive at the same results ; so that they may think alike, while they think independently.

It is, no doubt, from this love of the name of independence, that young men are sometimes led to discard the opinions of their fathers. They would be called independent thinkers ; and hence, if their father is of this political party, they will be of that ; if he is of this religious creed, they prefer the other. And why is this, unless it be to show that they have opinions of their own ? But how great the difference between changing our views to be independent, and changing them because we are independent ! If men act from the former motive, they may be despised ; if from the latter, they are worthy of respect. The man who changes from one party or creed to another, to show his independence, only shows that he has it not. He is a base deserter. But the man who seeks to do that which is right ; who, from a sense of duty, changes his party, deserves no reproach. He is an independent thinker,—a man of honor. He endeavors to keep near the truth ; and, as parties are fickle, it is as likely to be the party which

deserts him, as he who deserts the party. It is difficult, however, to determine what are the motives which really actuate men ; and hence we generally ascribe every change of sentiments to fickleness of character, or to purposes of a sinister nature. But whether men agree or disagree in their opinions—whether they hold correct or erroneous views—how few there are, who may properly be called independent thinkers ! Go ask the great mass of mankind why they believe thus and so, and they have no answer to give you—they must at once appeal to their authorities. It is the few who do the thinking for the many. Most of our ideas are borrowed—our opinions are second-handed. As a general thing, we follow in the footsteps of our fathers ; think as they thought ; live as they lived ; and as they were gathered to their fathers, so will it be with us. In the same way one generation follows another, and it is only here and there that some bold spirit dares arise to assert his views and to challenge opposition.

Here the question naturally arises, Why do we find no more really independent thinkers ? One reason, no doubt, is, that a proper course is not taken with the young mind at the outset. The old maxim, " just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," applies as well to the mental constitution, as to the moral. It is just as easy to form opinions in the mind of the child, as it is to implant moral principle in the heart. Now parents naturally think that they alone hold correct views ; and hence they are exceedingly careful to teach their children to think as they do. So that at the very birth of the child, his subsequent course of action, the opinions he is to hold, the doctrines he is to promulgate, are all marked out for him. He is no sooner able to receive impressions, than he is told that he must choose this, and reject that ; that such and such views are correct, while others are erroneous.\* Placing, as we do, all confidence in our parents, believing that what they say must be true, as a general thing, we receive their doctrines as our own, grow up with our views all prematurely formed, and when we arrive at the proper age to investigate truth, and to form opinions for ourselves, behold we have nothing of this to do—it has all, forsooth, been kindly done for us. Thus, in a certain sense, we come into the world already members of this or that religious sect, or supporters of this or that political party. Prejudices strengthen us in our belief, and independent thinking is out of the question. But I am asked, What would you have us do ? Neglect the young mind entirely—leave it to adopt any sentiments ? I answer, no ! I would watch over the youth with the utmost care. I would give them all possible instruction ; but in so doing I would teach them principles, and not an outward conformity to principles. I would plant the truth in their hearts, but would leave them to act it out as they might choose. I would teach them pure religion, but would trouble them not so much with the claims of any particular sect. I would strive to make them lovers of their country, but would allow them to serve their country in connection with the party most accordant with their own feelings. In short, the great object which I would keep before their minds, should be, instead of a particular sect, religion itself ; instead of a party, their

duties to their country. I would teach them the great end of all sects and all parties. I would give them the substance, and not the form. Now I have no doubt that many fathers are more anxious that their sons should belong to some particular party, than that they should be men of enlarged views—men of philanthropic and patriotic sentiments. And, what is more, I believe it is a possible thing that some parents should feel more solicitude about the creed which their children may profess, than about their hopeful conversion to the Christian religion. Is it not natural, then, that the young mind should be early biased, and do we not here find one reason why there are no more independent thinkers?

Another reason which I offer, is the fact, that there is, on the part of so many, such a propensity to imitation. Indeed, so far as our own country is concerned, imitation is one of the great faults of the present day. Our country is new, and our resources are limited; but we put on the appearance of age and wealth. Most of our styles of architecture are borrowed from the ancient models. We make no pretensions to originality, and the fact that anything is new or is American, is enough to subject it to condemnation. Moreover, for solid stone, we often substitute the stucco; a great deal of our mahogany is made out of pine; and much of our marble is nothing but white-wood. Thus in many things has American economy led us to substitute the artificial for the real. The cheapness of the one more than compensates for the costliness of the other. In all this, considered in one sense, there may be no harm; and yet no one can say, that matter does not influence mind—that outward circumstances do not affect our mode of thinking. But leaving this out of account, one thing is certain, that when you bring imitation directly into the province of mind, and make men alike in their habits of thought, their opinions, and their feelings, you destroy originality, you put an end to independent thinking. To be independent thinkers, we must hold converse with our own minds, must isolate ourselves, in a measure, from the rest of mankind, and think for ourselves. There can be no doubt that we look too much to others. We forget our individuality,—the peculiar constitution of our own minds. We overlook the great fact, that to succeed in the world, a man must be himself, whether it be in thinking, speaking, or acting. But so natural is it to do as others do, that we throw away our own standard, and adopt theirs. Fixing our eye on some one who stands high in the world's esteem, we determine our progress by the similarity of our course to his. The very boy reads the history of some hero. He discovers the great outlines of his character, and finds that when he was a boy he was of a bold, romantic temperament. He loved scenes full of terrific grandeur, and when the clouds gathered blackness, the thunders rolled over his head, and the lightnings flashed along the sky, he, it may be, would perch himself on some eminence, and admire the sublimity of the scenes around him. The thought strikes the mind of the young reader. He looks out for the first shower; then posts himself, it may be, on some old fence or shed, dares at least the first flash of lightning and the first peal of thunder, but

soon skulks into the house, and imagines himself a second hero. Two Christians, the one exceedingly ardent in his temperament, the other quite the opposite, read the memoir of some departed worthy. The one, all enthusiasm, exclaims, "Oh! that I were like him." The other, slow and lifeless, breaks out into the same exclamation. Both would change their natures, and become like each other. But this is impossible. Here, then, we see how much men are inclined to imitate one another. It is true there can be no objection to our imitating the good; but the difficulty is, we strive to imitate them, rather than their goodness. All such imitation is servile—contrary to every just view of our duty as independent thinkers.

Another great obstacle in the way of independent thinking, is too great a regard for public opinion. All know what an iron sway public opinion holds over the minds of men. In all we do, the question ever stands prominent, What will men say of us? We dare not differ from the mass. Should we not think as others do, we are behind the times. Should we not dress as others do, we are out of the fashion. Should we not act as others do, we are strange, eccentric beings. To avoid such observations, we fall in with the multitude, and conform our lives to theirs. But would we be independent thinkers, we must put away the fear of man. It chains the mind down to old ideas, prevents its exercising its own powers, and holds it back in its progress towards truth and knowledge. If we have any views of our own, we should not fear to expose them, especially if those views are founded upon patient thought and a sober judgment. No matter whether men receive your doctrines with willing minds or not, they may be founded upon the immutable truth; they may contain much for which future generations will rise up and call you blessed. If you have views of your own, bring them out; let them be tried. If they are wrong, let the public show it, and then you have only taught men how they may the better discover error a second time. But if your ideas are worthy of notice, you certainly need not then have any fear of the public. Men will think well of you, regard you with affection, and honor you for what you have contributed to their advancement in knowledge.

Let us now consider, as briefly as possible, some of the more apparent reasons why men should be independent thinkers. In the first place, it is only when men make opinions their own, that they are able to advance them with any degree of force and spirit. They then feel as though they had a cause of their own to defend. They urge their views as though they alone held them—as though all mankind were to be convinced of their truth. Hence, they enter into the work with all the zeal and ardor of new theorists. They become strong men—men of influence; they effect great good in the world: while, on the other hand, the man who has no mind of his own leads a tame and listless life. He borrows all his thoughts, and never knows whether he is right or wrong. Such a man does comparatively no good, makes no impression upon the minds of others, and, if he is not despised, is regarded at any rate with cold indifference.

Again, true dignity requires that men should be independent think-



ers. What more disgusting than to see one person aping another, copying his styles of expression, his gait, his habits, his opinions! How belittling it appears! How contrary to the very idea of man! Made in the likeness of God, stamped with immortality, do we seek our models in this world? How slavish must he be who does it? Bind the body, if you will, but spare the mind. Enslave not opinion; let thought be free. The slavery of the body I can bear, but the slavery of the mind I cannot. It destroys all my ideas of man's true dignity. It is out of character with his high origin and his future destiny.

Still further, independent thinking tends to develop our national characteristics. Nationality is nothing but individuality on a larger scale. It is the nation's acting out itself, just as we would have the individual act out himself. If now as a nation we do not thus act out ourselves, but set up some other country as a model and copy after it, we become as slavish as the individual who copies after his model. We must, then, set the national mind at work—set it to thinking, not to copying. It is only in this way that nationalities will be developed; and among them, that which is so much talked of and so much desired—a national literature—a literature made out of American ideas, embodying American thoughts, American feelings. We must give up aping English customs. Foreign notions must be banished. Our writers must withdraw their thoughts from foreign associations, and look about them for their tropes and figures. The Poet must contemplate the beautiful scenery of his own country. He must look to the green hills of his native land—her sunny plains, verdant lawns, majestic rivers, and gurgling brooks. Here let him draw his metaphors. Our writers of prose must study American history, American institutions, American peculiarities. They must become thoroughly imbued with American prejudices. In short, our thoughts must become entirely our own, independent of other nations. When this is the case, we shall find that there is in us and of us the elements of a literature peculiarly our own. Till then, we cannot expect a National Literature, nor the full development of national character, however considered.

Once more, the fact that so much remains to be discovered, is another reason why men should be independent thinkers. Can we suppose that there is no more room for inquiry? Have we reached the acme of knowledge? Are the arts and sciences brought to the highest degree of perfection? Are the great principles of truth all known? Not at all. The world is ever advancing. The march of mind is onward. The thread of mystery is constantly unraveling; and so many new things are continually brought to light, that we are encouraged to believe, that what we now know, compared with what we may know, is but as the first faint streaks of morning light compared with the effulgence of noonday. Who, then, will enter the field of investigation? Shall we leave it to the few? Shall we sit down in indifference, when truth is to be discovered? Let men enter the field; let them engage in the search; and since they are searching, let them not keep together, nor follow in the path already traversed. They must separate. If they would accomplish anything, each must take his own

road, independently of the other. Each must branch off for himself, search for himself, and then may he hope to return to the point from whence he set out, bringing the reward of his labors with him.

In conclusion, if there be any to whom our subject appeals, it is to the educated—to those who have cultivated minds, and who know how to use them. It appeals to them as men of thought, as men of influence in the world. If the educated do not think for themselves, who shall? To whom shall we look for the great principles of truth? To the ignorant? Not at all. It is the educated, who alone are qualified to enter into the field of investigation. They are the persons who give character to the age, who form the public mind. They are the beacon-lights to a misjudging world. From them issue the great conservative principles of society. Let them, then, realize the responsibilities resting upon them. Let them feel that they must not look to others, but that they have each for himself a work to do. And as a debt which they owe to the public, let them withdraw to the secret chambers of their own minds, and there seek to individualize themselves with the progress of knowledge. Let them strive to bring to light hidden truths, or to throw new lustre on truths already known.

The subject appeals to all who are in a course of education. It enjoins upon such, in view of what they are to be, to think for themselves. Let them, therefore, not yield a slavish assent to the opinions of others; but whatever sentiments they adopt, let them always "be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them." Let them also remember, that as educated men they will soon be called upon to think for others—to guide their minds in the way of truth. Should they not, then, feel their true importance, act in view of their coming responsibilities, and train up their minds to such habits of thought as will enable them to be of the most service to the world? Or should they rather rest satisfied with being mere *antomata*, acting a borrowed part, and contributing nothing to the advancement of knowledge? No! They may, they should strive to become prominent men in the world's history. If they do not succeed, it should be no fault of their own. Let them therefore not sit down in idleness, when so much is to be done. Let them put forth all their powers, wake up the slumbering energies of their nature, and they will not have lived in vain. To each, in the poet's words, I seem to hear a voice saying,

" In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb-driven cattle ;  
Be a Hero in the strife."

Would that from every heart there might go forth the answer—felt, acted upon, carried out in life—I will do my duty. Would that mind might awake from its lethargy,—discover its omnipotence,—put forth its powers,—and a new day would dawn upon the world of knowledge.

## SECRET INFLUENCES.

BY JOHN DONNELL SMITH, BALTIMORE, MD.

ARISTOTLE enumerates Chance among the efficient causes of events. Nor was this belief peculiar to that philosopher. Previous to the light of Divine Revelation, the generality of mankind invested chance with an imaginary importance, which has since happily vanished, though the word itself has continued in unimpaired use. But a sounder philosophy has retained it only as a term expressing the operation of *unknown secondary* causes; and a truer religion, though it frowns upon its ancient sense, as arguing an unconscious or at least indifferent Ruler of the Universe, yet sanctions its introduction in modern vocabulary, when employed in this, its more correct signification. Its use, when attended by this idea, obviously involves no impropriety, and is required as a convenient mode of speech, where we would refer to events, whose causes are either hidden in mystery, or operate contrary to expectation.

Such causes as the above constitute no small portion of those that act in the world. Reason and observation will support us in affirming that the greater part of the machinery connecting cause with effect, is hidden from the scrutiny of human eye; and, as a consequence, that the change, of which the world is one mighty system, takes place more from chance than from causes, of which man does or can take cognizance.

Let us, in the first place, observe the finite nature of those powers, which man brings to this investigation of the numberless influences at work around him. His mind is so constituted, that it overlooks in its widest scope a space which is but a point in the boundless infinity of Truth; and yet so imperfect is the mental vision, even when employed upon this extremely limited field, that both the largest and the minutest objects almost entirely escape observation. A clear image is formed on the mind's retina of those only, that constitute the medium between the two extremes. Reason is neither sufficiently comprehensive to grasp a truth of extreme magnitude, nor nice and delicate enough in its texture to seize upon the exceedingly minute. We have heard it likened, by a homely though truthful comparison, to a pair of tongs, whose arms open not wide enough to comprehend a house, nor fit together with sufficient accuracy to pick up a needle. Such being the very limited nature of the human mind, inadequate, indeed, are our powers either to embrace within our vision at a bird's eye view, the *whole* of that field of influences, which by an universal sympathy encircles the entire world; or to survey very minutely any part of it. Here is represented the tendency of every event that has occurred since events first began to be; and every day, we may say, renders tenfold more intricate those lines of influence, infinite in number and qualities, that connect the present with the past. Indeed, how futile

must be our efforts to trace down through the vale of succeeding ages the true and entire consequences of one single event in antiquity—take what one we may! These individual influences, moreover, become compound: no longer acting as *single* forces, they produce a *resultant*. This caps the climax of our confusion. What was before a mystery, now becomes perfect chaos; and we are compelled to acknowledge, that the whole world, ourselves included, is under the control of causes unknown to all but God. We relinquish our claim to that which is the distinguishing prerogative of the Deity.

Obviously, then, our acquaintance with the operation of cause and effect is extremely imperfect. Being limited by the boundaries of observation and experience, its character is simply empirical, and bears, as we have seen, but little relation to the actual. Reason drawing aside the curtain of the empiric, penetrates within the veil. She teaches us, that in the history of both nations and individuals, various *circumstances* continually enter in as essential conditions for the occurrence of events, and thus become invested with all the reality of efficient causes. Of these, man is to a vast extent the necessary, though unconscious creature; and it is in this view, more particularly, that we will consider the wide play given to Chance in shaping our destiny, both collectively and individually.

History is but the development of certain causes set on foot at the creation of the world by the great First Cause, and since modified here and there in their series of necessary sequences by immediate acts of His will. Supposing the Supreme Ruler to retain the same plan of direct interference in the government of this His province, we may say, that were the world to live over again from the first hour of its birth, its condition under the administration of secondary causes would remain the same at corresponding periods in its existence. But depose from its sovereignty one of these His viceroys, and an ever-widening element of discord is introduced to mar the first plan. Change one event, and you plant a different seed for the growth of a thousand others. Those coincidences of little circumstances, which so often generate momentous results, are broken up, and a new order of them instituted. There will be found no arrow, that “at a venture shall smite king Ahab between the joints of the harness;” no Tiber overflowing its banks in season to preserve the germ, whence shall spring the Eternal City; no spider to weave a web, that shall bar the entrance to the cave of Mohammed’s concealment. These were circumstances trifling in themselves, but of inconceivable importance, when viewed as so many connecting links in Destiny, without each one of which being supplied, the rest of the chain, however perfect, would have proved unable to sustain the fate of the world. A minute examination of even the outlines of history in our possession, will not fail to detect many similar instances of great events originating in “small things.” Some little incident, serving as a drop of water on the incipient flame that would otherwise wrap a city in conflagration, may prove a more powerful conservatist than an emperor’s decree.

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"certamina tanta  
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent."

Or, on the other hand, like a spark falling upon a magazine of powder, one equally trivial in itself has often created mightier upheavings in the elements of society, than the most successful radicalist. In the first case, man does not recognize the preventive, because the fires were checked before they burst upon his view ; and in the second case, he attributes the world-rending consequences to some favorite theory of "general progress," that he would hug in his conceit of mind.

How false a test, then, do we apply to the importance of circumstances ! We call them great, when their effects are immediate ; God judges of them by their relations with eternity. We turn our eyes toward those that glitter on the surface ; He regards them as important instruments of His will, none the less, because they operate under ground. It is His high prerogative to connect trifling causes with momentous results, and thus overwhelm the vainly-aspiring mind with confusion, and inculcate in all a sense of utter dependence.

Situations are frequent, where the future being involved in mystery, we act indifferently, like men groping about in the dark, though on the one side be a precipice, and on the other the haven of our hopes. From the nature of the case all forethought is here useless. If the step is to be made in utter darkness, an hour's reflection can inform us no better in what direction to make it, than the impulse of the moment. In cases like this, circumstances supply the impulse, and under their influence we unconsciously act. Yet how momentous are often the results, into which we thus heedlessly plunge ! How "big with fate" those disregarded trifles of dust, that turn the balance in our minds ! How heavily may the destinies of unborn nations rest upon our heads, and our hearts beat none the quicker ! A few days before the discovery of land by Columbus, one or two birds had been observed to fly in a southwesterly direction, and he was reluctantly induced by the prayers and threats of his companions to change accordingly his course, which had hitherto been due west. Had this course remained unaltered, it would have carried him, under the influence of the Gulf-stream, at once to the eastern coast of Florida, and the whole course of Spanish discovery have been changed : in all probability it would have taken a direction along the Atlantic shores of North America, and a Spanish population have inherited the present territories of the United States. It is impossible to conceive of the particular results ; but most certainly the history of America, so far as dependent on local causes, would have been altered, and the history of the world, so far as shaped by America, would have experienced a radical change. And owing to what ? The chance flight of a few birds ! A trivial cause, truly, on which to hang such heavy consequences ; but trivial only in *our* eyes, from not perceiving with prophetic ken its legitimate results in Futurity. In the view of the Omniscient it is one of the grandest causes that He has ever made use of in the dealings of His providence with our race.

This is not an isolated instance of the kind; history is full of similar examples of causality, though, from their apparent insignificance, they too often pass by unnoticed and unrecorded. Doubtless, if we could trace events to their true origin, we should there discover some unheeded circumstance, upon which hinged the whole issue; while all the fine-spun theories and philosophical speculations of our historians would dwindle down into mere modifying circumstances. The Pilgrims—men destined to become in after ages the leaven of the Western world—were nearly equally divided during their deliberations in Holland, as to embarking for New England. The majority of a few votes among those world-despised men, has set a ball in motion, that shakes thrones, overturns nations, and sheds a hallowed influence of education and Christianity upon the remotest parts of our globe. The historian refers not these effects to the *immorality of the Dutch nation*, which, we are told, (Gov. Bradford,) turned the balance of divided opinion, and brought about this majority; but to the development of some general principles that he sees at work in the world. And it is proper that he should do so: since it is impossible to know all the ten thousand circumstances connected by a positive necessity with the occurrence of events, he must therefore search for causes of a different character. The justice of such theories is founded on the probability that, in the long run, the *casual* influences will nearly balance each other. Nature presents an analogy here. How irregular among themselves is the growth of the branches that compose the stately oak! How liable to perturbations in their minutiae are the causes of the rains that fertilize the earth! Yet out of confusion arises symmetry, and out of disorder, uniformity. In like manner, the system of "equal chances" puts the world in a state, as it were, of inertia, to be acted on by any original tendency in society to civilization or improvement. Yet the consideration of the above truth should take off the air of dogmatism, that so often pervades histories, in assigning general causes to particular results.

It is a matter of frequent occurrence, that the deepest-laid plans of an energetic statesman come to nought, and the measures of blockheads meet with success. Wisdom must often "to the kennel," while stupid effrontery "stands by the fire." This results from the impossibility of making calculations to meet the actions and reactions in that invisible chain of influences which interlinks all things together, without either our knowledge or will. Thus is a connection established between the prince on the throne and every beggar in the streets. Political events are more or less attributable to the vibrations in this concatenation of society so unseen as to baffle all human prudence. Cardinal Bernis, on being asked the cause of his banishment, is represented as philosophizing in the following strain on the instability of Fortune: "I have traced to its source the stream that swept me from the throne; and at the source there sat a common sutler-girl, the arbiter of my fortunes. The displeasure I chanced to incur with her, communicated itself through a variety of secret channels to the King, from whom it descended upon my head, in the form of a gracious letter, in which it was intimated that I might change my abode in France

for whatever country might be most agreeable." In ancient times it was said, that Athens was the mistress of Greece, Themistocles governed Athens, his wife ruled Themistocles, and his son his wife; so that a youth's whims were felt throughout the length and breadth of Greece.

The truths with respect to casual circumstances, which have already been commented upon, obtain also in the lives of individuals, and present themselves the more clearly, because each man has only to consult his own experience, in order to realize the fact. Indeed, so forcibly is the mind struck with the extreme latitude of the principle of "secret influences," that judging from the effects of *known* causes, it becomes a question with many, whether the whole difference in mental and moral organization among men cannot be accounted for as the result of the comparatively infinite number of *unknown* causes. It must be granted, however, that though this be adequate to produce the variety in mind and character, yet has it no power to create that corresponding variety in physical development, which is more or less attendant upon the former. So far as we credit phrenology, we acknowledge an original difference between men, as they come from the hand of their Maker. The tell-tale face discloses the workings of the soul behind it, as with but half-smothered light it illumines the features with animation, and betrays its character in the countenance, through which it would find expression. The expansive or low forehead; the eye—deep set, and flashing the transmissions of the gem within, or mild, tender, and blue; the mouth—"wreathed in smiles," or curled with a perpetual sneer; lips, compressed or vacillating with every feeling; are all indices of innate qualities of soul, and types set up by nature, faintly to shadow forth the veiled realities within.

But, whether or not the influence of circumstances be sufficient to account for the *whole* of this difference we observe among mankind, certain it is, that in this way can be explained a *great part* of it. The original, individualizing principles of our nature, if such indeed there be, must necessarily become so thoroughly remodeled by a life-time's subjection to the action of this all-pervading power, that when an old man comes to die, it appears as though no traces would be found of his primitive cast of mind. One of the broadest channels through which change pours a torrent of influence to effect this, consists in our chance associations. In each one's world of thought, but few ideas stand distinct by themselves. The rest, in the origin and course of their existence, have become involved in some tissue of accompanying thought; and so general is the action of affinity, as they repose together in the brain, that when we would draw forth one, we almost invariably find it connected with a long train of others. The process of this connection is unseen, and made manifest only by its effects. The consequence is, that a multiplicity of ideas—in the selection we have no part—enter the mind, by a kind of necessity. When we reflect, then, how large a proportion of our thoughts visit us through this inlet of association without the promptings of our wills, we must be struck with the broad sphere here given to chance in determining human character.

When reverting to our previous lives, we recall to the memory how from causes either utterly beyond our control, or esteemed trivial, as acted upon as such, have emanated consequences involving our well-being in both this world and the next, the mind feels crushed under sense of its dependence on what is extraneous. Few are the friendships formed by any previous determination; yet the mutual influence of two persons, living each with open confidence in a moral atmosphere of the other's creating, passes all our conception. To some unlooked-for incident does well-nigh every one trace having caught in his heart the seeds of Divine Truth, which shoot up and put forth here the leaves of holiness—whose fruit hereafter is life everlasting. All the objects of sense and sight in the "world without" leave each their own mark toward writing out final character. The circumstances of climate and natural scenery are rife with influence, either to freeze up or open the wells of feeling in the bosom of man—either to smother or enkindle the sparks of grandeur in his soul. No event is so fleeting as not to cast an abiding image on the mirror of his mind—no influence so slight as not to touch strings in his heart that will vibrate through eternity. What these events and influences are, accident *must* greatly determine. Man's part is passive—often unconscious. Sleeping or waking, he hears not the airy footsteps of the secret influences that like so many ministering spirits of His will, the Superintending Ministry employs to do His bidding. They whisper in our ears the "startling secretaries of dreams," and conduct us through the "mysteries of waking vision." At one time, as the Phantom of Wealth, they throw a golden hue about us; at another time, assuming the form of Love or Ambition they bait our propensities with an object, and lead us captives in the pursuit of it. But from the falling of a sparrow to the judgment upon Herod, all things are but links in the great chain of cause and effect which originates in the will and terminates in the glory of Him that sitteth on high. What a glorious day will that one be, when, with a vision refined from the grossness of materiality, we shall be permitted to see the entire field of influences,—God shall justify His providence to the minutest event,—and the whole assembled universe will break forth in one burst of admiration and praise to the Omniscient!

In fine, so hidden from our eyes are the undercurrents that toss about on the ocean of life, that many, feeling their inability to control their destinies, have subsided into the listlessness of Fatalism. That is the religion of despair. But how cheering is the thought to the Christian, that there is a Divinity which "shapes our ends," whose intelligence hath numbered the hairs of our heads, who *impersonates* infinite power employed by infinite goodness, and causes all things to work together for good to them that love Him! Though circumstances weave the woof of fate, yet is it but a spindle in His hand forming the checkered web of life as He has predestined. Our duty and the true philosophy of living consist in this, that guarded alike from the rock of presumptuous self-reliance, and the mazes of desponding Fatalism, on the broad sea of life, we choose the midway path of *energy, temperance, by humility and trust.*



## STANZAS.

I've been on the lee,  
 Of the billowy sea,  
 And I've heard the wild waves' rolling roar;  
 And I've seen their fierce rage,  
 As they lashed in their cage,  
 And struggled to dash o'er the shore.

Then I heard the wild cry,  
 That went up to the sky,  
 From the mariner struggling for life;  
 And that shriek of despair,  
 Soundeth still in mine ear,  
 Which arose when he ended the strife.

But the sailor went down,  
 When his spirit had flown,  
 To his ocean-bed, ever to rest.  
 While the white rolling surge  
 Sang his funeral dirge,  
 As a shroud it encircled his breast.

In the ocean-cave deep,  
 Doth his manly form sleep,  
 And he heeds not the roar of the waves;  
 But he waiteth in peace,  
 Till the archangel's voice,  
 Shall awaken the dead from their graves.

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 THE EFFICACY OF CRIMINAL LAW.

CRIMINAL law, by some writer, has been compared to a spider's web, which catches and holds fast in its meshes the weaker insects, while the larger and more powerful make their escape. This apparent inefficiency, has been one of the causes of the prejudice which exists in the minds of many against the practice and profession of law. They have seen the guilty escape punishment, through some technicality of the law, and not understanding the necessity for this strict adherence to forms, they charge the blame upon the profession, forgetting that the great object of law may be gained, although the offender escape; for the infliction of pain is not the design of law, but merely one means towards the attaining of that design.

Is, then, criminal law as faulty as many assert? Is it the spider's

web, entangling and destroying the weak alone? In reply to this question, it will be necessary to show what is the object to be gained by Human Law, and also, that Criminal Law gains its proportion of that object.

Man is the subject of two kinds of Law. The one is the Moral Law, and is implanted in, and given to us, by our Creator. Its authority is derived from the simple fact, that our Maker has made us under its power, and its design is to bring our souls into perfect conformity to His will. It governs our actions by regulating our desires and feelings, the springs of those actions, and it offers, as inducements, the reward of eternal happiness, and the punishment of eternal misery to each soul born into this world.

The other is the Human Law, and is commanded us by the government under which we live. It derives its power from the necessity which exists among men to protect the weak from the strong, the good from the bad, and its design is to give to each person, that degree of liberty, and freedom from injury, which is consistent with the welfare of the whole. Human Law takes no cognizance of feelings or wishes not expressed in actions, since they can have no effect upon our fellow-men; and for illegal acts it threatens punishment.

The former deals with man, as the subject of God; the latter, that of the State. The administrator of one is the Almighty; that of the other, weak mortals.

Though the one is much inferior in scope to the other, yet its authority is derived ultimately from the same source; for, since laws are necessary to the existence of that human society, which is in accordance with the will of God, they must rest on His will, and the Moral Law stands on no higher ground, although the Human is, indirectly, derivable from the same source as the Moral Law, and the strictly obedient to the latter need fear nothing from the former; yet these two Laws, which many confound, are entirely distinct, so that either could exist without the other; for we should be under the Moral Law, though we lived where no Human Law had jurisdiction; and necessity and expediency would teach us a Human Law, were no Moral Law known. Criminal Law, being one branch of the Moral Law, whose design is the welfare of the citizens, must have some particular division of this subject in view, and its duty is to protect from bodily injury.

No man, wishing to judge of the efficiency of a machine, would care to scrutinize each separate part, minutely noticing each irregularity and imperfection; but he would look at the result of its efforts, and see if its end were gained as cheaply, and with as few drawbacks as possible. If it served its purpose, he would overlook its faults, knowing that no work of man can be perfect. Thus should we judge of Criminal Law. If it gains its end, and that end is of more importance to Society than the evils resulting from its failure are injurious, justice can ask for no more. Does it gain its end, which we have found to be the protection of the citizens from bodily damage? Who, when leaving his home for distant lands, feels any doubt that the law will cover with its shield those remaining behind? Who, in this country,

where the greatest freedom of action is allowed, stands in jeopardy of life or limb, through the weakness or inefficiency of our Law? Who considers it requisite to carry about him those weapons of defence so common, and so useful, too, in countries not blessed by such a guardian power? So completely are we surrounded and defended by Law, and so silent but powerful is its exercise, that like the air we breathe, not a thought is ever given to its great benefits; but let its influence for one day be withdrawn, and our land would weep blood. The best men, and the greatest minds, have not been laboring for centuries in vain, to discover those immutable principles of justice, and the proportionate criminality of offences, upon which good Law must be founded; but they have bequeathed to us the truth, which we possess, drawn from the deep wells of antiquity, and destined to continue pure, till the millennial hour shall bring all mankind under one Law and one Administrator.

True, in the execution of this Law, many criminals escape punishment, through some want of form, or mere technicality. All that can be said, and all that need be said, is, that it is necessary to the firmness and immutability of Law, that its forms should be rigidly observed. They are the securities which all possess against its unjust administration. But let no one fear that disobedience to Human Law will ever go unpunished. Though the guilty escape here, there is a Court that knows no technicalities, is governed by no forms, calls upon no advocate, asks a verdict from no jury, but where Justice, all-knowing and all-powerful, presides.

"There, is no shuffling, there, the action lies  
In its true nature, and we, ourselves, compelled  
To the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence."

Before that Tribunal, let us be willing to leave all those whose punishment shall be sacrificed to the necessities of Human Law, contenting ourselves with the assurance, that it gains its great end by protecting those under its care.

W. B. H.

July 2, 1847.

#### TRANSLATION FROM ALCESTIS.

DAUGHTER of Pelias, royal one,  
With joy may you in Hades dwell,  
In lightless mansions, where ne'er fell  
The beams of Heaven's bright sun.  
And now let dark-haired Pluto know,  
God of the dreary realms below,  
And him who seated at the oar,  
Convoys the dead to hell's dark shore,  
That he o'er Acheron's sullen wave,  
Has borne a woman none could save,  
A woman best of all.

These shall bards, a tuneful throng,  
 Whose souls are touched with sacred fire,  
 Praise on the seven-string'd mountain lyre,  
 And in the simple song—  
 At Sparta, where Apollo's priest,  
 With garlands crowns the solemn feast,  
 When through the night Heaven's starry queen  
 Lights up all earth with silvery sheen.  
 At Athens, too, with wealth and power,  
 So great a theme hast thou this hour,  
 To minstrel's genius left.

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#### JEALOUSY—A FACT IN FICTION.

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."—*Byron.*

BURDENED with cares, I slept, and while "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," "knit up the raveled sleeve of care," an angel whispered in my ear the following story:

"In a certain city of the Pilgrim Land, amid a choice collection of kindred flowers, there bloomed, in modesty, a sweet violet—a *little maiden* of some twenty summers. Attracted by her charms, a stranger, skilled in the fascinations of the world, had won his way into the good graces of her family, and entwined himself around the affections of the guileless girl—like a wild brier, winding itself around the delicate petals of a summer flower, at first to shadow it from the sun-beam's heat and the violence of the storm, but eventually to smother its bloom, and, piercing it with hidden thorns, to steal away its beauty and sunlight forever! Obediah Intrigue—for such the appellation we bestow, the first part of the name indicative of his worth, the second expressive of the leading characteristic of his life—had for some months reveled in the confidence of little Carola, and was fast moulding her heart to his own wishes. Her parents, too, pleased by the charm of his seductive and plausible address, had extended to him the fullest hospitalities of their generous family circle. Her brother, alone, of all, perceived the dark features of Obed's character; but his voice of warning was so improbable, as to pass by them, as the idle wind, unrespected. Associated with Intrigue, as a companion of his leisure hours, he soon discovered the hypocrisy in which he veiled himself. Dark, scheming, and selfish at heart, without magnanimity of soul, or even talents of importance to sustain his narrow ambition, he wore, over all his wiles, a garb of smooth complacency and seeming frankness. A narrow stream is often deep. Cunning in his demeanor, he assumed, ever, a kind of eccentricity, which he well knew had a charm for woman, and while it excited curiosity, veiled a thousand faults and follies. Concerning

himself, his family, and home, by mingling truth with equivocation, he infused a mystery, and while professing to lift this veil, to unbosom all to Carola and her friends, took care to leave the impression that he was really *more than he seemed* to others. By a thousand artful devices, he had gained an intimacy in that peaceful family, and how did he use it? You shall hear, in part. Gradually, for some months, had he been gaining an ascendancy, and assuming the direction of Carola's actions, when her brother formed the friendship of Francis Farmer, and introduced him to the family. Charmed by the artless graces of Carola, and a stranger to the other ladies of the place, Frank was soon fond of the society of his fair acquaintance, and knowing little of the strategy of society, or the position and character of Obediah, the simple youth thought it not wrong to enjoy frequently the banquet of her presence. Conscious of innocence and honorable motives, he imagined the world around him composed of the same elements, and actuated by similar impulses. Alas, he was too soon and sadly undeceived. The small, quick, black eye of Intrigue, so keen, so furtive in its glance, was not long in perceiving the presence of the intruder; and fancying him a rival in the regards of the maiden, marked him as the victim of his jealousy. Innocence is ever unsuspecting and unwary, and Frank received, without a shadow of distrust, the hand of fellowship so cordially proffered by the heaven-robed fiend; and unbosoming his real sentiments in regard to the fair creature to him, avowed his admiration for her character, but disclaimed all pretensions to her affections or her hand, and declared himself a visitor at the house only in the capacity of her brother's friend. Thus he laid himself doubly within the power of his secret enemy, who, judging Frank by himself, considered his professions but a pretext, beneath which to conceal his increasing passion. But professing to be pleased with the explanation, and to admire the honorable candor of the other, the wily intriguer, even while the smile of seeming friendship overspread his face, resolved his ruin in his heart. Frank shortly discovered that evil was brewing, and consulting Carola's brother Henry, or "Hal," as he was better known, was soon convinced that the "green-eyed monster" was lurking in the bosom of Obediah. He resolved at once upon his course. To avoid all shadow of misinterpretation from his visits, Frank sacrificed every personal motive of pride or diffidence to his honorable impulses, by explaining his sentiments fully to the mother, and intimating the same to Carola herself. Candor is the breastwork with which innocence fortifies herself against invasion; yet, there are enemies, that overleaping or subverting for a time, this parapet, may wound the defenceless garrison within—but it mostly happens that the weapons used against that wall rebound, at last, and crush the invader. Will it be so in the present case? Listen further.

"One Sunday evening, Frank invited Carola to Church, and she accepted his company. Intrigue entered before they left—perhaps on the same destination—and learning the arrangement, seated himself in a corner without a word, but in the pale cheek and bloodless lip, the restless flashing of his eye, and his uneasy manner, one versed in such

things might have read the curses of the fury that maddened his very soul. When they were gone, he rose from the chair, gnashed his teeth, stamped upon the floor, and with clenched fist gestured to the mother and brother of the girl, to this beautiful and polite expression,—“By —, I won’t be bearded by that fellow.” Frank was not aware of what transpired, and had only sought this walk to inform Carola that she must not construe his future reserve into disrespect, but consider that he was only denying himself the happiness of her company to avoid the contemptible jealousy of Obediah, and thus to secure the peace of her family. She understood him, and remarked that she should henceforth, as before, regard him not as a visitor, or admirer, but a friend. Obed called on Frank that night, with resolves which he dared not execute. He found his companion prepared for him this time. Cool and unruffled, yet resolute, plain, and positive in his manner, Frank met him on every argument and suggestion, and the false-hearted wretch, foiled in his purpose of ensnaring or intimidating, after again disclaiming any interest in Carola, left in a rage, feigning sickness from the fumes of a cigar.

“Frank now knew, not only from inference and the information of others, but even from Obediah’s own lips, the hypocrisy and danger of his character. He had listened with disgust at his narratives of adventure with silly and unsuspecting females, and marked his expatiations upon the general weakness and corruption of the whole sex. Virtue he considered but another name for successful dissimulation, and chastity as evanescent as a morning mist. Such sentiments avowed, startled the unsophisticated Frank. He thought that the waywardness of youth might occasionally give the rein to propensity, and lead to dissipation and deeds of immorality; but it must be a soul far lost to the nobler and better impulses, that could boast of its unholy conquests, and ungratefully reveal the faults and misfortunes of families, whose kindness alone had placed such knowledge and opportunities within its reach. What bosom, then, with one glow of honor or honesty yet remaining, could look in silence at the wiles of a person holding such opinions, to win the affections of a beautiful and confiding girl, for whom he was witless enough to confess he felt no real attachment, or abiding interest? Not Frank’s, indeed. He well knew that Carola, beguiled by his sweet words, had centred much of her affection and happiness upon Intrigue, and he could not reflect without horror, that the wretch might be but wooing her tender heart, in order to blight its affections, or rob it of its happiness or virtue. Conversing with Henry, he found his views had long been the same; but so powerless was his influence with the family, against the fatal charmer, that his assertions were treated as timid and unfounded vagaries. Frank, therefore, took occasion, on his next interview with Carola, to inform her of his professed feelings toward her, and, without discussing his character, to intimate the danger of his deceiving her. She understood his allusion, but mistook his *motive*, and wanting the inclination or discretion to conceal the conversation from Obediah, soon gave him reason to repent this noble, but unappreciated act of gener-

osity. [I asked the angel what motive Carola supposed had prompted Frank to this—but he answered only with a meaning smile, and thus continued.] Meeting Obediah the next day, and perceiving that he knew of the conversation, Frank told him candidly why he had told her, and what were his own convictions of his course. Obediah (perhaps for a good reason) concealed his hatred, and passed it all over with complacency and seeming good nature. But this time he could not deceive his companion, who saw at once that he must either drive this serpent from the fair garden where he was concentrating his poison, or himself leave its precincts, where he was liable at any moment to feel the venom of his fangs. He had warned the warm-hearted proprietors of the danger of this crawling visitor, and therefore he determined to pursue the latter course. Accordingly, he called to make known his intentions. Intrigue was with the lady of the house, in the parlor, at his entrance. He inquired for Carola. "She will be down in a few moments," replied the mother; "be seated, sir." Obediah sat pale and silent, but quite uneasy, and after sundry ahems, and manifold spiteful contortions of his nasal appendage, withdrew from the room, and met Carola before she entered. They conversed together a few moments, and then retired to an adjoining room. Her mother, sooner than Frank, discovered the affair that was enacting, and went to request the young lady's presence in the parlor—but returned, with a look of chagrin, to inform Frank that Carola had refused to see him. Stung at an insult so undeserved, he rose, and was bidding adieu, when she requested him to call soon and receive an explanation. He promised, but in the meantime saw Obediah, and demanded of him the reason of his conduct. The cowardly miscreant resorted to falsehood, and positively denied having the slightest instrumentality in the matter. He swore, in fact, that he had never, in any wise, exerted his influence against him, but on the contrary averred that he had always regarded him as a gentleman and a friend—had ever spoken highly of him to Carola, and was ready to do any thing to oblige him. Frank replied, "I do not contradict what you say, but I wish you to meet me to-morrow evening, at half past seven, at their house, and make the same assertions." Obed, in all the insincerity of his little heart, answered with an earnest manner and an oily lip, "I will meet you there by all means." Frank did not believe him, but could demand no more. Entrapped in his own toils, Obed found he must make a desperate effort, or fall, and thus he had recourse to a noble stroke of his own magnanimous policy, viz.: he resolved to screen himself behind the fears of the ladies! Mark the method. Frank received an invitation on the following day, *to take tea* with the ladies, and to have the matter all explained. The invitation was special and pressing. He read its meaning, but could not refuse. The Madame met him at the door, and welcoming him to the parlor, told him it was all the result of a misplaced jealousy in Obediah; that he had acquired an unhappy and dangerous influence over Carola; and begged he would forgive the thoughtless girl and the young man, for her sake. She regretted deeply that such an unfortunate affair had occurred, and said

she had requested him to come to tea, as she feared the consequences of a meeting between him and Obed; that such an arrangement would be too much for her feelings, and she hoped he would bury all the past for the quiet of the family. The appeal was to motives which Frank could not resist, and he submitted to injustice rather than be ungallant. Carola entered with a blushing countenance, overcast with sorrow, and greeting him kindly proffered her hand, which he received. Then tracing in pencil, what she could not venture to speak, wrote, "Will you be so kind as to forgive me, and forget what has transpired?" He wrote, in reply, "It is sufficient, we will bury the past." Frank subsequently learned that the reason of Carola's refusing to see him, was a menace of the black-hearted Intrigue. He told her, if she saw Frank then he *would kill him*. The timid girl shrunk at the thought, but concealed the threat, perhaps for a double reason, and chose to bear the blame herself, rather than hazard a friend's security. What *heroism* is mingled with the *fear* of woman! Obediah was soon after discarded, and Frank received "with a welcome warm as ever."

But the demon foiled was not destroyed. Maddened by jealousy and stung at defeat and disgrace, he thirsted for revenge. Frank was shortly beset by a host of troubles. Secretly and magic-like they sprung around his path. He knew the cause, and his spirit was awakened. As a lion roused by wound of secret arrow springs madly forth upon the foe, so sprung his chafed soul to meet the lurking villain. They met—one would have fled, but flight was disgrace—they fought—I drop the curtain.

"What think you," whispered the angel, "Obediah is again folded within the bosom of that hapless family! What secret spell hath wrought the change, I may not tell—to men it seems a mystery. Frank has found a happier spot, where honor has a home and worth is rewarded. Carola admires too late—*another loves him now*."

The voice had ceased. I woke, and beheld the vanishing form of the angel. "Stay," said I; "what means all this—concern it me or those I love?" Over the messenger's face a smile was playing, as he merged into the invisible; but a voice, as if within my breast, yet heaven-like, replied, "This story has a foundation in fact—a meaning for thee, and a philosophy for those who mark it well. But ere you make the application, I refer you to the preface of 'Roderick Random.' Villainy in virtue veiled seems sometimes happy—it is the joy of misery; virtue has her sorrows—they are the miseries of joy. Intrigue and Frankness have their own reward.

'Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on Alps,  
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.'



## A FRAGMENT.

Yes, there is something in the Godlike soul,  
 When, with the ennobling purpose as its goal  
 Of good to misery's woe, despairing sons,  
 It tests its holiest energies, and runs  
 That race, whose issue is a deathless fame  
 On earth, and joy above ; that marks the name  
 And impress of the Deity ! Who craves  
 God's noblest boon, immortal Hope, that braves  
 The darkest tempests of despair, and burns  
 Unquenched and quenchless, when Creation turns  
 Back to its former elements ? O list,  
 An awful voice forever sounds—" Desist  
 From self ; be strong and labor, if ye would  
 Secure that prize,—'tis Godlike to do Good."

Oft note how Nature's various changes teach  
 The quick approach of life's extremest reach.  
 Perchance, one hour, the winds all fierce and bleak,  
 Rule o'er the cowering woods, as if to wreak  
 A double fury for their short-lived reign ;  
 While the Storm-Sprite careering o'er the plain,  
 Howls mid the tempest, and the din of storms  
 Resounds as if, with their embattled forms,  
 The elements were must'ring to some dire  
 And general conflict. But these scenes of ire  
 Pass off, and, the next hour, the weary day  
 Draws calmly to its close,—with whose last ray  
 The lowing herds retire from off the hills,  
 To welcome rest ; and oft there sweetly fills  
 The willing ear, the milkmaid's song, that floats  
 Upon the gentle breeze. So Nature notes  
 Her warnings in our path. We heap our hoard  
 Of gain, bustling awhile upon the broad  
 Arena of the world, and act with zeal,  
 Each his own separate part, for woe or weal,  
 In the great contest,—but full soon we lay  
 The panoply of strife aside, and day  
 From us departs, while to that last, that deep  
 And dreamless rest we sink,—that sleep  
 From which there's no awaking to this train  
 Of fierce, tumultuous conflicts, ere again.  
 Work and be strong ! for that long night may soon  
 Descend upon us in our smiling noon ;  
 Nor knowledge nor device can mortal crave,  
 In the dark, dreary chambers of the grave.

## THE JEW.

It was declared by God, that the Jews should be "a peculiar people," and well has the prediction been fulfilled. They differ in almost every point from all other nations ; in their origin, their religion, their government, their past history, their present state, and their future destiny, we read the command, "Come out from them and be ye separate." It will be no unprofitable task to trace out the plans of Infinite Wisdom in His dealings with the chosen people.

Their origin is a striking proof of God's wisdom in the selection of a people to serve him. He chose no warlike tribe to spread his name and worship with fire and sword ; He chose no peaceful nation to inhabit a second paradise, in luxurious indolence, with nothing to do but receive and enjoy His richest earthly blessings ; but took a single family, headed by one of His most tried and faithful servants, who "went forth not knowing whither he went ;" and this man he commanded to take possession of extensive territory, on the assurance that his descendants should be "as the sand on the sea-shore" for multitude : he did it, strong in unquestioning faith ; and in spite of subjection and opposition, the seed of Abraham grew and multiplied, until the promise was fulfilled. Such was the origin of the Jewish nation—perfectly in keeping with the events that followed, and appearing as if stamped by the Great Originator, as peculiarly His own work, and pregnant with designs such as He alone could form.

Their religion was peculiar, not only in its doctrines, but in the manner of its deliverance to them, and the nature of its service. And here let us speak with reverence ; let us remember that the system we are considering is not the crude mythology of a half-civilized nation, or the cold hypothesis of a visionary philosopher, but rules of faith and practice delivered by God himself, which it were impious to criticise and superfluous to praise. The sceptic and the unbeliever have called many of its ordinances useless, and many of its ceremonies unmeaning ; but let us rather "put off our shoes from our feet," and gaze on its perfections in silent awe, without attempting to pry further into its mysteries than God has given us to know. But the religious *character* of the Jews we may discuss with greater freedom, and here we shall find their distinctive peculiarities fully maintained. God had promised Abraham that "in his seed should the nations of the earth be blessed," and for nearly two thousand years they were guardians of pure religion for the world. We find inconsistencies in this part of Jewish character, which it is hard to reconcile. We cannot deny that the Jews were a highly religious nation, and sincerely devoted to the faith and practice enjoined upon them ; but at the same time their returns to idolatry were so general and so often repeated, that long periods of their history present little else than records of sin, punishment, and repentance. We cannot ascribe this to want of religious zeal or indifference to religious belief ; for Jewish constancy has been

tried too often to be doubted now. Their firmness was unshaken by Egyptian tyranny ; they held fast their faith through seventy years of Babylonish captivity ; but weariness of a desert-march brought them to the verge of open rebellion, and the rich abundance of Canaan led them into idolatry. In the time of trial and persecution, they were steadfast ; but in prosperity, the slightest temptation would lead them into the grossest sin. At times, all sense of duty or obligation to God seemed to be blotted in a moment from the mind of the nation. There is no record of gradual demoralization, or of the imperceptible advance of irreligion ; but whenever left in a measure to themselves by the death of an upright ruler or a faithful prophet, they seem to have relapsed immediately into idolatry, as if it were their natural state. Nor from all that appears, was their return to God less sudden or less general : no sooner did they feel the punishment of their sins, than they called upon their forgotten Father, who, in His own time, sent deliverance ; then followed long periods of faithful service, until some new change left them, like a helmless ship, to their own guidance. It would seem from this, that their religion had its principal hold, not on their devotional feelings, but on their nationality, which must have been a prevailing sentiment in their minds, to enable them to maintain so long their distinct existence under circumstances so unfavorable. In this view, their wanderings into idolatry seem to have been caused by individual evil inclination prevailing over public feeling. When they cried unto God in their distress, it was to save them from national destruction ; when they returned to His service, they did it as a matter of public policy ; when they adorned the temple, their gifts were not to the house where God dwelt, but to the *national* temple ; when they refused, in captivity, to bow down to other gods, they clung not to the Law of Moses, but to the faith of their fathers. Not that there was a want of real religious feeling among the Jews : if ever God had faithful servants anywhere, it was among them ; and we may be sure that Israel never departed from the true faith as long as their counsels or their influence could prevent it. The rest adhered to God merely as their political head, and it is not strange that they should have often fallen into idolatry.

Their government was a pure Theocracy, human rulers being but the medium through which the commands of God were promulgated and enforced. The pomp and splendor of royal state were never seen there, until they came as the first signs of corruption and debasement. The priest and ruler, often united in the same person, shared equally in the counsels of the nation ; the same law regulated the ceremonies of the temple-service, and the judgment of civil offences. Statesmen or diplomatists there were none, for the chosen people had no treaties to form, no alliances to seek. The general, going forth to war, took his directions from the priest ; and returning in triumph, asked God's will in the disposal of the vanquished. Thus the religion was loved as a national institution, the government was clothed with authority from on high, and both had God for their Source, Supporter, and Head. Happy people ! whose law was revelation, whose religion was law,

and whose ruler was God. Well would it have been for them, had they never desired a king to rule over them.

If the history of the Jews, instead of having been the earliest lesson of our childhood, and our daily reading ever since, had just been given to the world as an interesting novelty, with unquestionable evidence of its authenticity, and had been read by us for the first time as such, all other histories would appear uninteresting and uneventful in comparison. We find more here to excite wonder and interest, than in the annals of all the world beside. There we see the actions and the plans of those whose greatest strength is weakness, and who "know not what a day may bring forth;" here we trace the progress of counsels whose full consummation is reserved for thousands of years to come, and behold the deeds of the right hand of the Almighty. This difference is especially perceptible in the first thousand years of Jewish history. The Jews sojourn in Egypt, and the manner in which it was brought about—their departure thence, the passage of the Red Sea, the miraculous supply of their wants in the desert, the delivery of the law from Sinai, the removal of the former inhabitants from Canaan to make room for them—these do not look like the works of man. Where can we find a history of mercy and forbearance in a ruler, or of ingratitude and rebellion in a nation, like that of God's subsequent dealings with them? For nearly five hundred years, the record is the same—departure from God, chastisement, reform, and restoration, followed by renewed departure. Then comes their gradual advance in extent of territory, in power, and commercial prosperity, under Saul and David, until they reach the zenith of their glory, in the reign of Solomon. From that time until the destruction of their city by the Romans, the decline of their prosperity was slow but continual. In one respect, their history is like that of other nations of antiquity. We can trace the same progress from semi-barbarism to advanced civilization, accompanied by luxury and corruption, and followed by a rapid descent through all the successive steps of degradation, to the lowest point of national debasement, that we find in the history of Greece and Rome, and which posterity may have to record in the epitaph of our own country. Though it was reserved for Solomon to raise them to the highest state of prosperity that any nation had ever reached, yet, before his reign, they had taken the first steps preparatory to the downward course. Envious of the conquests and the warlike fame of surrounding nations, they asked that they might have a king, who would lead them out to battle, and the request was granted. But they repented of their rashness, when the arrogance and tyranny of their rulers had given rise to rebellion and dissolution. It was too late then for return to their former state; but bitterly was their imprudence atoned for in the long and fierce wars between Israel and Judah, and sorely did they feel its consequences in the weakness of divided power. From this time forward, as they wandered further and further from God, their history is more and more like that of the nations about them, and less marked by displays of Almighty power. But if we take their history, all in all, from the commencement of their existence,

until they were swallowed up in that great gulf of nations, the Roman Empire, we may challenge the world to produce its parallel.

Perhaps of all the Jews' peculiarities, the most remarkable is the state in which they now exist. Many a nation has been the scourge in the hand of God to chastise their iniquities, and of all that were so, not one now remains. To apply to the Jews, what was once said of the Huguenots, "they are the anvils on which many a hammer has been broken." The cultivated Greek, the haughty Roman, and the wealthy Assyrian, are swept away. And still, the Jews remain, scattered, yet united; down-trodden, yet proud; despised, yet powerful. Eighteen centuries have now rolled by, since the sceptre departed from Judah. All those ties which are wont to bind men to each other have long been severed among the Jews; they possess now no community of country, interests, or rulers; yet, scattered as they are through every land, engaged in every variety of occupation and pursuit, living under every kind of government, from the most liberal to the most tyrannical, and thriving under all, they are still held to their religion, and to each other, by a bond which death itself cannot dissolve. Nor can they be crushed by oppression or persecution; the fires of the Inquisition have slain their thousands, and popular persecution its tens of thousands, but they have yet a part to play among the nations of the world, and for this they are preserved.

There is no nation now existing, which has before it so glorious, yet so certain a destiny as is reserved for the Jews. If prophecy and interpretation fail not, the time shall come when God will visit his ancient people with salvation; when from north and south, from east and west, He will gather them in to their former home. They went forth in humiliation and disgrace, with mockery and insult; but they shall return in majesty and honor, as becomes the people of God's choice; not as conquerors, with the "pomp and circumstance of war," for the triumphs of those days shall be bloodless; but with joy and shouting, like exiles returning to their native land. We may think of them as passing in solemn pilgrimage through the land of their fathers; every step presenting some new memorial of God's goodness to their ancestors; or of His still greater mercy to themselves; every hill and valley attesting the goodness of their heritage; until at last they reach the holy city, and stand once more on the holy hill; but imagination can go no further. It may be found that we have gone further in this case than the strict letter of inspiration will allow, and that the Holy Land is never destined to revert to its ancient possessors; but we are sure of this, that the Jews will have their full share of the blessings which will attend the coming of that age of peace and happiness, which the Scriptures encourage us to expect. We cannot doubt that the seed of Abraham will again be the children of God, and believe in the Messiah they once rejected; that their willful blindness will be healed, and that they will at last behold the full lustre of the Law of Righteousness.

## THE PAST.

THERE is a pensive joy and gladness,  
 A pleasing, melancholy, sadness,  
 Steals o'er us, oftimes, as we cast  
 Our eyes back o'er the checkered Past ;  
 We feel the tear bedim the eye,  
 We heave the sympathetic sigh,  
 As buried years our minds fleet o'er,  
 And days that will return no more.

I love the Past ; I love to feel  
 That melancholy o'er me steal,  
 Which comes with thoughts of by-gone days,  
 As Memory fondly round them plays ;  
 It gives that chastened, saddened joy,  
 That bliss which here knows no alloy ;  
 And bears the soul far, far from Time,  
 Towards a brighter, purer clime.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

"We're with you once again."

KIND Readers,—We have now arrived at one of those stopping-places, posted along our road, where we can halt in our tiresome march, look back upon our path, and rest for a little time from the wearisomeness of the way. Time, in his rapid flight, has brought us to the close of another Collegiate year. Its scenes and events are all past, and numbered only with the things that were. Its privileges, improved and unimproved, are now no more ; its deeds, words, and thoughts, too, are irrevocably sealed. With pleasure and pain do we look back upon it. Some of its scenes we shall ever fondly cherish, and they will be dear to Memory as we shall recur to them in after years. But much there is (and oh ! how much !) which we would gladly blot forever from the tablets of our mind, and from that Book where it is all so legibly and so indelibly written. The unimproved *Past* ! Sad, bitter thought ! But vain our regrets. 'Tis gone like a dream. Years thus roll on : the pulse of Time never ceases.

With this No., gentle Reader, we commit to thy kind charity the XIIth Vol. of the *YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE*. In age, intrinsic excellence, and external appearance, we may safely say that it has been heretofore without a rival among similar periodicals of our land. Of its character since it was committed to our trust, it does not become us to speak. We only say that it has not been what it might be, and what we promise it shall be. If there has been any merit in it, take the credit yourselves. If it has been faulty, inexperience and laborious College duties must be our apology. But, kind Patrons and Friends, give us your liberal support, send in your contributions, literary as well as pecuniary, and we pledge you, that we will do all in our power to

make the coming Vol. of the Magazine such, that it shall not suffer in comparison with any former Vol.

Examination is over. And we are happy to say that those horrid grimaces, and scowls, and frowns, and terror-smitten faces, which for a whole week were the entire order of the day, and those direful execrations about "Mathematics," "boring," "colored books," "conditions," and *other* subjects improper to mention, have all been exchanged for the bright and joyous look, the sprightly joke, the peal of laughter, and the shout of joy. "All are as merry as a marriage bell." And yet, the pensive and thoughtful look which occasionally steals over the countenances of those who are about to leave us, clearly tell us that, though joy beams upon the face, there is another feeling more deeply seated within. One, two, and three short years, and we who remain shall all of us have stood in their places. Sad will it then be to look back; with fear and trembling shall we look ahead. But away with these gloomy thoughts. A bright time is before us. "Vacation has come with its pleasures again." Already are our feelings enlivened, and the heart beats high with exultation, at the thought of once more beholding the paternal roof, and embracing the loved ones we shall meet there. Oh! how many hallowed associations cluster around that lovely though humble spot! Home of my childhood, scene of my boyish days and merriment, endeared by a thousand grateful recollections and by the tender ties of kindred and love, how I long to be "with you once again!" For there shall I meet with the warm greeting of a brother's generous heart, the affection and sympathy of a sister's fondness, a kind old father's ingenuous welcome, and a mother's undying tenderness and love. Fellow-Students, that "good time is coming;" "wait a little longer" and we will all be there. And what shall I say of the journeys, rides, pic-nics, &c., &c., &c., of a long six weeks' vacation? And then there is the long list of bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked cousins, and—and—*her*—(softly, Reader, while I whisper in your ear)—*her*, who,

Many the hours in the watches of night,  
Comes o'er my sad soul like an angel of light;  
Fond Memory tells me how often her clear,  
Gentle, soft voice she's breathed in my ear,  
And sadness and gloom change to joy pure and bright,  
Nor cease till I wake from that dream of delight.

But—whew—that's personal! Reader, you must guess the rest. (*And here the grumbling Printers cut out three pages, leaving only*)

A COMPLIMENTARY SERIO-COMICO SATIRE—OTHERWISE A JUMBLIFICATION,

Addressed to a young Miss who gave me an Onion, and requested me to "invoke the Muse in relation thereto." And I have *did* it—for here it is—invocation, provocation, deprecation, and the "hull bunch of other fixins" except the *revocation*. If she *swallows* it all, I shouldn't wonder if she *eats* onions: the one is about as savory a dish as the other; both are insipid, but perhaps not *equally pungent*: either I would consider a dose for a human stomach—but physic is good in warm weather.

QUIGGS.

THE ONION.

Invocation!	Oh, Heavenly Muse! with thy magic inspire The bosom that woos thee with eager desire; Oh do not refuse to kindle anew The spark of sweet poesy's fire, (That once in my youthful affection I drew From the spirited halo that circles on you.) To inflame the weak chords of my long-hidden lyre!
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'Tis beauty that calls me—an Onion my theme—  
 The doubt that enthralls me is darker than dream,  
 And I dare not, through weakness, (I venture to own,)  
 Wing away through the shadowy vista alone.  
 Then be thou the guide of my passionate will,  
 The genius to glide on the flight of my quill,  
 And lead me to *truth* by the light of thy throne.

The *provoca-*  
 tion, &c. i. e.  
 the "hull on  
 'em."

Had Beauty, while charming that moon-beaming hour,  
 Transformed the foul Onion by the wand of her power,  
 And made it a lily or rose,  
 Then the blush of the one, so soft in its light,  
 Or the cheek of the other, enameled in white,  
 Would have served to disclose  
 The pulsing affection that inwardly glows—  
 With a charm to each fantasy's rapture that 'rose.

But so hideous the form of this earth-trodden root,  
 So noxious its odor—so loathsome its taste—  
 Unfit for the food of a mortal or brute—  
 That Satan himself must have given the fruit,  
 When the curse of the fall upon Adam was placed.  
 Oh who that has ever its vestiges traced,  
 When man in his folly—a terrible sinner!—  
 Had served it at table with the dishes of dinner,  
 Didn't feel a disgust from the depth of his soul,  
 And wish such a dish in the "watery waste,"  
 Or buried forever 'mid the ice of the pole?

Or if in its origin the Onion was given  
 (Or changed to a blessing) by the bounty of Heaven,  
 'Twas never intended by Nature or Reason  
 To be eaten by man, or his victuals to season,  
 But only a medicine quite sympathetic—  
 A speedy, magnetic and certain emetic.

The *root* is a bulb quite uncouth and insipid,  
 Surmounted with branches deformed and decrepid;  
 And its *stalk*, with the juices so foul it inherits,  
 Is as hollow within as its virtue or merits:  
 And that "seed-bearing stem," in its verdure, I ween,  
 Is at best but a rank and a sickening green.

Oh then, why should beauty—that beauty profane,  
 By the choice of a *weed* whose touch is a stain?  
 Why breathe in the breath of her purity's bloom  
 An odor to poison its sweetest perfume?  
 Has the rose yet, for her, lost its fragrance or pride,  
 Or the violet's modesty drooped by her side?  
 Have the shrubs once so charming—the flowrets that please  
 With their odors that sweeten the lip of the breeze,  
 All faded from Earth, and wafted to Heaven  
 Like the twilight of even, by night-shadows driven?  
 Shall *her hand* so immaculate, willingly wear  
 A spot and an odor indelibly there?  
 Shall the bosom, that swells with the glow of its love,  
 Make an Onion its symbol of pulses that move?  
 Shall the *Eye*, that from under its dark fringing lashes  
 So lightly—so brightly—so lovingly flashes,  
 Dim its radiance now on the dew of its sphere  
 By an Onion to mock it with Sympathy's tear?  
 Shall a *Being* so lovely—embodying love,  
 So near in her kindred to spirits above,



Descending so low from the region of bliss,  
Dishonor *her* nature by honoring *this*?

No! No! to the region of darkness consign  
This weed, so disgusting, so mean in its nature;  
And wash every trace, from that finger of thine,  
Of its horrible stain—of its odor and feature.  
Then—*then* thine own sweetness and beauty assuming,  
Undimmed shall the light of thy destiny shine;  
While the virtues of youth in futurity blooming,  
Shall hail thee—as ever—a *spirit divine*.

#### EXERCISES OF COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

The examination of candidates for admission to College will be held on Monday and Tuesday in the College Chapel.

On Tuesday, at 10 o'clock A. M., there will be held a General Convention of the Alpha Delta Phi Society.

On Tuesday evening the *Concio ad Clerum* will be preached in the North Church, by the Rev. Dr. Hooker, of East Windsor. Subject, "The Atonement."

On Wednesday, at 8 o'clock, there will be a business meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in the Theological Chamber.

On Wednesday, at 10 o'clock, will be the Social Gathering of the ALUMNI in the College Library, from which place they will proceed, at 11, to the North Church, to listen to an address by the Rev. William Adams, D. D., of New York city.

On the Afternoon of Wednesday, the exercises of the Theological Department will be held in the Centre Church.

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

##### SACRED MUSIC.

1. "Confidence in the Power of Truth," by DANIEL S. RODMAN, *Stonington, Ct.*
2. "The Single Eye," by GUY B. DAY, *Colchester, Ct.*
3. "Geneva," by WILLIAM S. HUGGINS, *New Haven, Ct.*
4. "The Maxim, Our Country, Right or Wrong," by GEO. A. BRYAN, *New Haven, Ct.*

##### MUSIC.

5. "Progress of Society under the Kingdom of Christ," by WILLIAM H. GOODRICH, *New Haven, Ct.*
6. "Simplicity in Worship Evidence of a more Just and Cultivated Taste," by MARTIN K. WHITTLESLEY, *Newington, Ct.*
7. "Reflex Influence of the Mission of Christ," by WILLIAM L. KINGSLEY, *New Haven, Ct.*

8. "The True Law of Moral and Intellectual Progress," by ROBERT P. STANTON, *Norwich, Ct.*

##### MUSIC.

9. "True Religion as exemplified in the Life of the Apostle Paul," by GLEN WOOD, *Greenbush, N. Y.*

10. "Mysteries in Revelation," by WILLIAM W. ATTERBURY, *Paterson, N. J.*

11. "The Revival Spirit," by ABRAHAM A. STEVENS, *Cheshire, Ct.*

12. "The Ministry we Need," by WILLIAM DE LOSS LOVE, *Barre, N. Y.*

##### PARTING SONG.

##### GRADUATING CLASS.

WILLIAM W. ATTERBURY, M. A.	WILLIAM L. KINGSLEY, M. A.	JOHN D. BANDA.
FREDERICK D. AVERY, B. A.	CHARLES LITTLE, B. A.	GEORGE S. F. SAVAGE, B. A.
JOHN AVERY, B. A.	CHARLES LONG, M. A.	ROBERT P. STANTON, M. A.
GEORGE A. BRYAN, B. A.	WILLIAM DE LOSS LOVE, B. A.	ABRAHAM A. STEVENS.
WILLIAM BURROUGHS, M. A.	SAMUEL D. MARSH, B. A.	EDWARD SWEET, B. A.
JAMES A. DARRAH, M. A.	JOHN MCLOUD, B. A.	JOSEPH W. TARLETON.
WILLIAM H. GOODRICH, M. A.	JAMES E. MERSHON, B. A.	MARTIN K. WHITTLESLEY, B. A.
GORDON HALL, M. A.	S. DRYDEN PHELPS, B. A.	GLEN WOOD, B. A.

On Wednesday, at 4 o'clock P. M., the LINONIAN and BROTHERS' Societies will each hold their Annual Meeting in their respective Society Halls.

On Wednesday evening an Oration will be delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, by Prof. North, of Hamilton College, and a Poem by Luzerne Ray, Esq., of Hartford.

The "Skull and Bones" and "Scroll and Key" Societies hold each their General Meeting on Wednesday evening.

Thursday will be devoted to the exercises of the Graduating Class. It numbers 124; the largest class that ever graduated at this or any other American College. They entered Freshman Year with 111; Sophomore with 137; Junior with 129; Senior with 121. The whole number who have been at *different* times connected with the class is 182. The greatest number connected with it at any *one* time is 143. Of the 58 who have left, 5 at least are married, &c.; 1 has been elected a member of his State Legislature; 1 is in Mexico, and fought at the battles of Palo Alto and Buena Vista; and 2, REUBEN S. BLODGET, Stafford, Ct., and JAMES B. MCCARTNEY, Madison Co., Ala., have been removed by death. At a meeting of the Class on Monday noon, Horatio Welles Gridley, Berlin, Ct., was appointed Class Secretary.

#### ORDER OF EXERCISES.

##### FORENOON.

1. MUSIC.
2. PRAYER by the President.
3. Salutatory Oration in Latin, by JAMES THOMAS HYDE, *Colchester.*
4. Dissertation, "The Philosophy of Causes," by EDWARD SHAW, *Attleborough, Mass.*
5. Oration, "The Necessity and Benefits of a Diversity of Languages," by BENJAMIN STEPHENS MILLER, *Oxford, N. Y.*
6. Oration, "The Immediate Effects of the Discovery of America on Europe," by JOHN MACDONOUGH BERRY, *Pittsfield, N. H.*
7. Dissertation, "On Humorous Poetry,"\* by STUKELEY ELLSWORTH, *Chautauque Co., N. Y.*
8. MUSIC.
9. Dissertation, "The Mathematics of Manners," by SETH ELI CASE, *Simsbury.*
10. Dissertation, "Mirabeau," by GOUVERNEUR MORRIS WILKINS, *Charleston, S. C.*
11. Dissertation, "The effect of the French Revolution on Burke," by HORATIO WILDMAN, *Danbury.*
12. Oration, "On the study of Accidents," by ALFRED MILLS, *Morristown, N. J.*
13. Dissertation, "The Present Crisis,"\* by JOHN EDMANDE, *Framingham, Mass.*
14. MUSIC.
15. Dissertation, "A Country Meeting-House in the West," by HEZEKIAH DAVIS MARTIN, *Paris, Ky.*
16. Oration, "Misanthropy," by ROGER SHERMAN BALDWIN, *New Haven.*
17. Dissertation, "The Contrast between the Ancients and the Moderns," by HENRY KUTZ, *Wyoming Valley, Pa.*
18. Dissertation, "The Fall of Byzantium,"\* by CHARLES AUGUSTUS NICHOLS, *Haverhill, Mass.*
19. Dissertation, "Columbus at the University of Salamanca," by LUTHER HART CONE, *Durham, N. Y.*
20. MUSIC.
21. Oration, "The Stability of the Federal Constitution," by FREDERICK WILLIAM MACKEY HOLLIDAY, *Winchester, Va.*
22. Oration, "Monuments as Affecting the Character of Nations," by GEORGE GIDEON WEBSTER, *Hartford.*
23. Oration "Sheridan," by SIDNEY TENNENT, *Philadelphia, Pa.*

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\* Several pieces, which had been prepared to be spoken, are with the consent of the speakers, omitted. The pieces are marked with an asterisk.

24. Dissertation, "The Efficacy of Criminal Law,"\* by WM. PEET, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*  
 25. Dissertation, "The Senate of the United States," by DANIEL THEW WRIGHT, *Cincinnati, Ohio.*  
 26. Music.  
 27. Dissertation, "The Influence of the Mathematics on the Imagination,"\* by ANDREW CLARK DENISON, *Hampton.*  
 28. Dissertation, "Morgan and his Riflemen," by WILLIAM HENRY BASCOCK, *Charleston, S. C.*  
 29. Oration, "The Connection of the Soul with the Body," by ANDREW TULLY PRATT, *New Haven.*  
 30. Dissertation, "Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland," by HENRY BARTON CHAPIN, *Rochester, N. Y.*  
 31. Dissertation, "The Regicides," by BENJAMIN GRATZ BROWN, *Frankfort, Ky.*  
 32. Music.

## AFTERNOON.

1. Music.  
 2. Oration, "The Glory of the Practical Man," by BENJAMIN WIENER BACON,† *New Haven.*  
 3. Dissertation, "The Natural Law of Government," by ANTHONY WAYNE BAKER, *Franklin, La.*  
 4. Oration, "Religious Belief," by CHARLES FREDERICK SANFORD, *New Haven.*  
 5. Dissertation, "Zenobia, the Queen of Palmyra," by JOHN CHRISTOPHER BURGE, *Macon, Ga.*  
 6. Dissertation, "The Harmony of Intellect and Heart," by JOHN DONNELL SMITH, *Baltimore, Md.*  
 7. Music.  
 8. Poem, "Huescal, a Tale of the Aztec Sacrifice," by CHARLES THEODORE HART PALMER, *Stonington.*  
 9. Dissertation, "Plato's Doctrine of Reminiscence," by SWIFT BRINGTON, *Terryville.*  
 10. Dissertation, "Poland," by MARTIN VAN BUREN WILCOXSON, *Kinderhook, N. Y.*  
 11. Oration, "La Fayette,"\* by ANTONIO POMA YANCEY, *Murfreesboro', N. C.*  
 12. Dissertation, "Elements of Empire in Rome," by EDWARD GRIFFIN PARKER, *Boston, Mass.*  
 13. Music.  
 14. Oration, "The Conservatism of the Clergy," by WM. EVES MOORE, *Cecil Co., Md.*  
 15. Dissertation, "The Embodiment of Thought in Language," by HENRY FAIRCHILD WILDMAN, *Danbury.*  
 16. Dissertation, "Scientific Discovery as promoted by Minute Investigation,"\* by SERENO WATSON, *East Windsor Hill.*  
 17. Oration, "Daniel O'Connell," by JOHN ROBINSON, *Armagh, Ireland.*  
 18. Music.  
 19. Dissertation, "Patient Thought,"\* by JACOB HOLLY LYON, *Greenwich.*  
 20. Dissertation, "The Prometheus of Aeschylus," by DANIEL TEMPLE NOTER, *Boston, Mass.*  
 21. Oration, "The Reign of Justinian," by THO. LEVINGSTON BAYNE, *Butler Co., Ala.*  
 22. The Philosophical Oration, "Earnestness," by DUGALD CAMERON HAIGHT, *St. Louis, Mo.*  
 23. Music.  
 24. Oration, "An American Literature," with the Valedictory Address, by HENRY HAMILTON HADLEY, *Geneva, N. Y.*  
 25. DEGREES CONFERRED. 26. PRAYER by the President. 27. Music.

## COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

The Beethoven Society will give their Annual Concert, on Thursday evening, in the Church St. Church, commencing at 8 o'clock.

From personal knowledge, we can confidently say that it will be superior even to any of the Society's previous Concerts, and that the highest expectations will be most fully realized.

† Excused on account of ill-health.



PROSPECTUS  
OF THE  
TWELFTH VOLUME  
OF THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

To be conducted by the Students of Yale College.

IN presenting the prospectus of a new volume of this periodical, we take occasion to express our sincere gratitude for the generous support which has hitherto been extended to us, and also for the earnest which we have already received of a continuance of the same kindly sympathy. We may also be permitted to say in this connection, that our efforts always have been and always shall be confined strictly to our own proper sphere; and that therefore whilst taking no part in College politics in any form or shape, we may fairly claim the benison of each and every one.

With such a course then, in view, we offer to the public a TWELFTH VOLUME of the YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE. We offer it not as a rival to the periodicals of the day, nor as an instructor in any of the departments of Science and Learning, nor yet as the oracle of our Alma Mater but as a quiet companion for leisure moments, a mirror to reflect the humor of the hour. Our aim shall be to make it agreeable to all. We shall offer themes for the thoughtful, whims for the curious, jests for the fun-loving. Whoever has a truth to utter, a song to sing, or an interesting tale to tell, shall receive from us a hearty welcome and a just consideration.

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